

*In Excelsis*



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B Hymn  
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# *In Excelsis*



HYMNS WITH TUNES  
FOR CHRISTIAN WORSHIP



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## The Lord's Prayer

**O**UR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN, HALLOWED BE THY NAME, THY KINGDOM COME, THY WILL BE DONE IN EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN; GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD, AND FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS, AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS; AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL; FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, AND THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOR EVER. AMEN.

Also No. 918 set to a chant.

## Opening Sentences

Set to music. Number 901.

## The Commandments

**G**OD spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I.—Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

III.—Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain: for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.

IV.—Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

V.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI.—Thou shalt not kill.

VII.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII.—Thou shalt not steal.

IX.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

Musical responses No. 919.

HEAR also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

*In Excelsis*



# In Excelsis

## The Beginning of Worship

### I THE OLD HUNDREDTH L. M.

L. Bourgeois, 1551

PRAISE God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A-men.

T. Ken, 1709

### 2 L. M.

1 ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:  
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,  
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;  
Without our aid He did us make:  
We are His flock, He doth us feed,  
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,  
Approach with joy His courts unto;  
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure;

His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom heaven and earth adore,  
From men and from the angel-host,  
Be praise and glory evermore.

W. Kethe, 1361

### 3 L. M.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise:  
Let the Redeemer's praise be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord!  
Eternal truth attends Thy word;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

J. Watts, 1719



# The Beginning of Worship

4 SALVATOR 8s, 7s. 8l.

J. Goss (1800—1880)

Wor - ship, hon - or, glo - ry, bless - ing, Lord, we of - fer un - to Thee;

Young and old Thy praise con - fess - ing, In glad hom - age bend the knee.

As the saints in heav'n a - dore Thee, We would bow be - fore Thy throne;

As Thine an - gels serve be - fore Thee, So on earth Thy will be done. A - men.

E. Osler, 1890

5

8s, 7s. 8l.

1 CROWN His head with endless blessing,  
Who, in God the Father's name,  
With compassion never ceasing,  
Comes salvation to proclaim.  
Lo, Jehovah, we adore Thee,  
Thee, our Saviour, Thee, our God;  
From Thy throne Thy beams of glory  
Shine through all the world abroad.

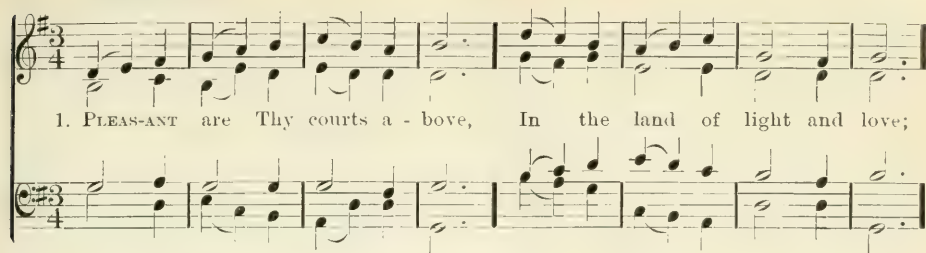
2 Jesus, Thee our Saviour hailing,  
Thee our God in praise we own;  
Highest honors, never failing,  
Rise eternal round Thy throne.  
Now, ye saints, His power confessing,  
In your grateful strains adore;  
For His mercy, never ceasing,  
Flows, and flows for evermore.

# The Beginning of Worship

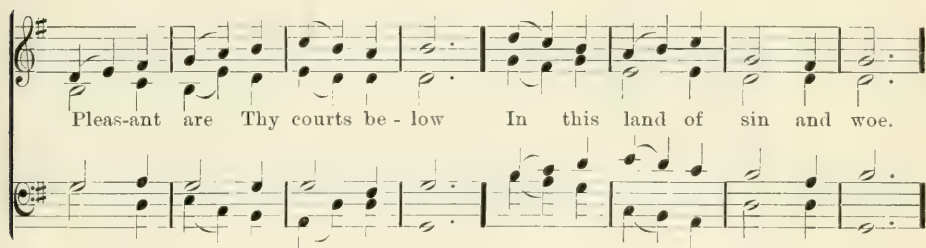
6

MAIDSTONE 7s. 81.

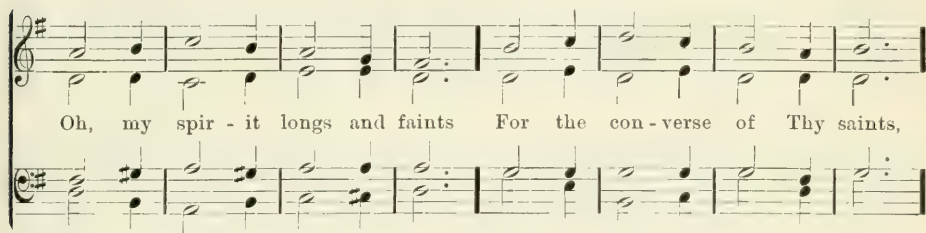
W. B. Gilbert, 1865



1. PLEAS-ANT are Thy courts a - bove, In the land of light and love;



Pleasant are Thy courts be - low In this land of sin and woe.



Oh, my spir - it longs and faints For the con - verse of Thy saints,



For the brightness of Thy face, For Thy ful - ness, God of grace! A - men.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly  
Round Thy altars, O Most High!  
Happier souls that find a rest  
In a heav'nly Father's breast!  
Like the wand'ring dove that found  
No repose on earth around,  
They can to their ark repair  
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow  
Even in this vale of woe;  
Waters in the desert rise,  
Manna feeds them from the skies;

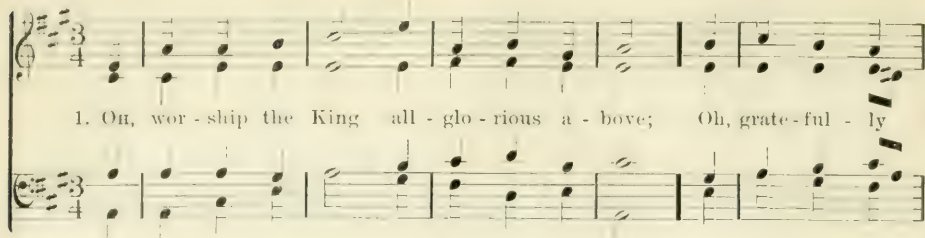
On they go from strength to strength  
Till they reach Thy throne at length;  
At Thy feet adoring fall,  
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win,  
Guide me through a world of sin;  
Keep me by Thy saving grace,  
Give me at Thy side a place;  
Sun and shield alike Thou art,  
Guide and guard my erring heart;  
Grace and glory flow from Thee,  
Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me!

# The Beginning of Worship

7 HANOVER 10, 10, 11, 11

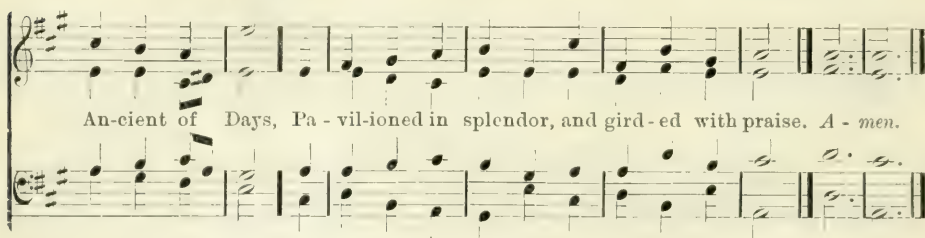
W. Croft (1678—1727)



1. Oh, wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove; Oh, grate - ful - ly



sing His power and His love; Our shield and de - fend - er, the



An - cient of Days, Pa - vil - ioned in splendor, and gird - ed with praise. A - men.

- 2 Oh, tell of His might, oh, sing of His grace!  
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy, space.  
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,  
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
- 3 The earth, with its store of wonders untold,  
Almighty, Thy power hath founded of old,  
Hath 'stablished it fast by a changeless decree,  
And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?  
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,  
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,  
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail.  
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!  
Our maker, defender, Redeemer, and friend!
- 6 O measureless Might! ineffable Love!  
While angels delight to hymn Thee above,  
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,  
With true adoration shall lisp to Thy praise.

# The Beginning of Worship

8

THE OLD 104TH 10, 10, 11, 11

T. Ravenscroft, 1621

1. YE servants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-broad His  
won-der-ful name; The name all-vic-to-rious of Je-sus ex-tol;  
His king-dom is glo-rious, He rules o-ver all. A-men.

2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save, The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,  
And still He is nigh—His presence we have; Fall down on their faces and worship the  
The great congregation His triumph shall Lamb.  
sing,  
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King. 4 Then let us adore and give Him His right,  
All glory and power, all wisdom and might,  
3 “Salvation to God, who sits on the Throne,” All honor and blessing, with angels above,  
Let all cry aloud and honor the Son; And thanks never ceasing for infinite Love.

C. Wesley, 1744.

(Second Tune.)

LYONS 10, 10, 11, 11

F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)

1. YE servants of God, your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a-broad His won-der-ful name; The  
name all-vic-to-rious of Je-sus ex-tol; His king-dom is glorious, He rules o-ver all. A-men.



# The Beginning of Worship

9 NICÆA P. M. (11, 12, 12, 10, Irregular)

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in Three Per - sons, blessèd Trin - i - ty! A - men.

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,  
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,  
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,  
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,  
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,  
Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!  
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;  
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!  
God in Three Persons, blessèd Trinity!

R. Heiler, 1927

# The Beginning of Worship

IO HOSANNA L. M., with Refrain (8, 8, 8, 8, 4, 7)

J. B. Dykes, 1865

1. Ho - san - na to the liv - ing Lord! Ho - san - na to th' In - car - nate Word!

To Christ, Cre - a - tor, Sav - iour, King. Let earth, let heav'n, Ho - san - na sing!

Ho - san - na, Lord! Ho - san - na in the high - - est! A - - men.

- 2 Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry;  
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply;  
Above, beneath us, and around,  
The dead and living swell the sound.  
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!
- 3 O Saviour, with protecting care,  
Return to this Thy house of prayer,  
Assembled in Thy sacred name,  
Where we Thy parting promise claim.  
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!
- 4 But, chiefest, in our cleanséd breast,  
Eternal! bid Thy Spirit rest,  
And make our secret soul to be  
A temple pure, and worthy Thee!  
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!
- 5 So, in the last and dreadful day,  
When earth and heaven shall melt away,  
Thy flock, redeem'd from sinful stain,  
Shall swell the sound of praise again.  
Hosanna, Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

# The Beginning of Worship

II ST. CHAD 8s, 7s. 8l.

R. Redhead (1825—)

1. LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee, For the bliss Thy love be - stows,

For the pard'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows;

*Voices in Unison.*  
Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull soul to rap - ture raise:...

*Organ.*

*In Harmony.*  
Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warm'd to praise. A - men.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,  
Wretched wanderer, far astray;  
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee  
From the paths of death away:  
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
Him, who saw the guilt-born fear,  
And, the light of hope revealing,  
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
Vainly would my lips express:  
Low before Thy foot-stool kneeling,  
Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless:  
Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
Love's pure flame within me raise,  
And, since words can never measure,  
Let my life show forth Thy praise.

L. S. Key, 1825

FABEN 8s, 7s. 8l.

(Second Time)

J. H. Wilcox, 1849

1. LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise Thee, For the bliss Thy love be - stows, For the pard'ning grace that

# The Beginning of Worship

saves me, And the peace that from it flows; Help, O God, my weak en-deav-or; This dull  
soul to rap-ture raise; Thou must light the flame, or nev-er Can my love be warm'd to praise, A-men.

## I2 MOULTRIE 8s, 7s. 8l.

G. F. Cobb (1838—)

1. Round the Lord in glo-ry seat-ed Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim  
Filled His tem-ple and re-pea-ted Each to each th'al-ter-na-te hymn:  
"Lord, Thy glo-ry fills the heav-en, Earth is with its ful-ness stored;  
Un-to Thee be glo-ry giv-en, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord!" A-men.

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,  
Earth takes up the angels' cry,  
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,  
"Lord of hosts, the Lord Most High!"  
With His seraph train before Him,  
With His holy Church below,  
Thus conspire we to adore Him,  
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

3 "Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,  
Earth is with its fulness stored;  
Unto Thee be glory given,  
Holy, holy, holy, Lord!"  
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing,  
We adopt Thine angels' cry,  
"Holy, holy, holy!" blessing  
Thee, the Lord of hosts Most High.



# The Beginning of Worship

13 GREENLAND 7s. 6s. 8s.

Lausanne Psalter

1. O SAVIOUR, precious SAVIOUR, Whom yet un-seen we love, O Name of might and

fa - vor. All oth - er names a - bove! We worship Thee, we bless Thee, To Thee, O

Christ, we sing: We praise Thee, and confess Thee Our ho - ly Lord and King A - men

Adapted to Lausanne No. 200

2 O bringer of salvation,  
Who wondrously hast wrought,  
Thyself the revelation  
Of love beyond our thought.  
We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
To Thee, O Christ, we sing:  
We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
Our gracious Lord and King.

We worship Thee, we bless Thee,  
To Thee, O Christ, we sing:  
We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
Our glorious Lord and King.

3 In Thee all fulness dwelleth,  
All grace and power divine;  
The glory that excelleth,  
O Son of God, is Thine;

4 Oh, grant the consummation  
Of this our song above,  
In endless adoration,  
And everlasting love:  
Then shall we praise and bless Thee  
Where perfect praises ring,  
And evermore confess Thee  
Our Saviour and our King.

F. R. Havergal 1880

CRUX CHRISTI 7s. 6s. D. (Second Time)

A. H. Mann, 1897

1. O SAVIOUR, precious SAVIOUR, Whom yet un-seen we love, O Name of might and favor, All other names above!

## The Beginning of Worship

We worship Thee, we bless Thee.  
To Thee, O Christ, we sing:

We praise Thee, and confess Thee  
Our holy Lord and King. Amen.

I4 BERTHOLD (Amsterdam) 7s. 6s. 81.

B. T. 255, 1872

1. To THEE, my God and Sav- iour. My heart ex- ult- ing sings. Re- joice-ing in Thy

fa - vor, Al - might-y King of kings, I'll cel - e - brate Thy glo - ry. With all Thy

saints a - bove, And tell the joy - ful sto - ry Of Thy re - deem - ing love

- 2 Soon as the morn with roses  
 Bedecks the dewy east,  
 And when the sun reposes  
 Upon the ocean's breast,  
 My voice in supplication.  
 Well pleaséd, Thou shalt hear:  
 Oh, grant me Thy salvation,  
 And to my soul draw near.

- 3 By Thee through life supported,  
I pass the dangerous road,  
With heavenly hosts escorted  
Up to their bright abode ;  
There cast my crown before Thee,  
Now all my conflicts o'er,  
And day and night adore Thee—  
What can an angel more ?

# The Beginning of Worship

15 ST. AUSTIN 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

F. A. G. Ouseley (1825—1889)

1. COME, Thou al - might - y King. Help us Thy name to sing. Help  
us to praise! Fa - ther all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri -  
ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days! A - men.

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,  
Scatter our enemies,  
And make them fall!  
Let Thine almighty aid  
Our sure defence be made,  
Our souls on Thee be stayed:  
Lord, hear our call!

3 Come, Thou Incarnate Word,  
Gird on Thy mighty sword,  
Our prayer attend!  
Come, and Thy people bless,  
And give Thy word success:  
Spirit of holiness,  
On us descend!

4 Come, Holy Comforter,  
Thy sacred witness bear,  
In this glad hour!  
Thou, who almighty art,  
Now rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power!

5 To the great One in Three  
The highest praises be,  
Hence evermore;  
His sovereign majesty  
May we in glory see,  
And to eternity  
Love and adore.

C. Wesley, 1757

ITALIAN HYMN 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4 (Second Tune.)

F. de Giardini, 1799

1. COME, Thou al - might - y King. Help us Thy name to sing. Help us to praise! Fa - ther all -  
glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days! A - men.

# The Beginning of Worship

I6 JORDAN L. M. 81.

J. Barnby, 1872

1. SING to the Lord a joy - ful song, Lift up your hearts, your voice - es' raise;

To us His gra - cious gifts be - long, To Him our songs of love and praise.

*Voices in Unison.* *In Harmony.*

For He is Lord of heav'n and earth, Whom an - gels serve, and saints a - dore,

*Voices in Unison.* *In Harmony.*

The Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, To whom be praise for ev - er - more. A - men.

2 For life and love, for rest and food,  
For daily help and nightly care,  
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,  
And praise His name, for it is fair.  
For He is Lord of heaven and earth,  
Whom angels serve, and saints adore,  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
To whom be praise for evermore.

3 For strength to those who on Him wait,  
His truth to prove, His will to do,  
Praise ye our God, for He is great;  
Trust in His name, for it is true.

For He is Lord of heaven and earth,  
Whom angels serve, and saints adore,  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
To whom be praise for evermore.

4 For life below, with all its bliss,  
And for that life, more pure and high,  
That inner life which over this  
Shall ever shine, and never die,  
Sing to the Lord of heaven and earth,  
Whom angels serve, and saints adore,  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
To whom be praise for evermore.



# The Beginning of Worship

**I7** STUTTGART 8s, 7s.

"Psalmody Sacra," Gotha, 1715

I. God, my King, Thy might con-fess-ing, Ev-er will I bless Thy Name;

Day by day Thy throne addressing, Still will I Thy praise proclaim. A-men.

- 2 Honor great our God befiteth;  
Who His majesty can reach?  
Age to age His works transmitteth,  
Age to age His power shall teach.
- 3 They shall talk of all Thy glory,  
On Thy might and greatness dwell,  
Speak of Thy dread acts the story,  
And Thy deeds of wonder tell.
- 4 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,  
Works by love and mercy wrought

Works of love surpassing measure,  
Works of mercy passing thought.

- 5 Full of kindness and compassion,  
Slow to anger, vast in love,  
God is good to all creation;  
All His works His goodness prove.
- 6 All Thy works, O Lord, shall bless Thee,  
Thee shall all Thy saints adore;  
King supreme shall they confess Thee,  
And proclaim Thy sovereign power.

R. Mant, 1824

**I8** TRURO L. M.

C. Burney, 1789

1. High in the heav'ns E-ter-nal God, Thy good-ness in full glo-ry shines;

Thy truth shall break thro' ev-ery cloud That veils and dark-ens Thy de-signs. A-men.

- 2 Forever firm Thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep;  
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 My God, how excellent Thy grace,  
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!

- The sons of Adam in distress  
Fly to the shadow of Thy wing.
- 4 Life, like a fountain rich and free,  
Springs from the presence of my Lord;  
And in Thy light our souls shall see  
The glories promised in Thy word.

L. Watts, 1719

# The Beginning of Worship

19 PARK STREET L. M.

F. M. A. Venua, 1810

1. Oh, come, loud an-thems let us sing, Loud thanks to our al-might-y King: For we our voic-es high should raise, When our sal-va-tion's rock we praise, When our sal-va-tion's rock we praise. A-men.

- 2 Into His presence let us haste  
To thank Him for His favors past;  
To Him address, in joyful songs,  
The praise that to His name belongs.
- 3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,  
Is with unrivall'd glory great,

- A King superior far to all  
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.
- 4 Oh, let us to His courts repair,  
And bow with adoration there,  
Down on our knees devoutly all  
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

Tate and Brady, 1696

20 LUTON L. M.

Geo. Burder, 1780

1. BE-FORE Je-ho-vah's aw-ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with sa-cred joy; Know that the Lord is God a-lone; He can cre-ate, and He de-destroy. A-men.

(Or to The Old Hundredth, No. 1)

- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
And when like wandering sheep we strayed, He brought us to His fold again.
- 3 We are His people, we His care,  
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;  
What lasting honors shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is Thy command,  
Vast as eternity Thy love;  
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

# The Beginning of Worship

## 21 ST. MICHAEL S. M.

The Geneva Psalter, 1543 (L. Bourgeois)

1. How charm - ing is the place Where my Re - deem - er God

Un - veils the beauties of His face, And sheds His love a - broad, A - men.

(Or to St. Thomas, opposite.)

- 2 Here, on the mercy-seat,  
With radiant glory crowned,  
Our joyful eyes behold Him sit,  
And smile on all around.
- 3 To Him their prayers and cries  
Each humble soul presents;  
He listens to their broken sighs,  
And grants them all their wants.

- 4 To them His sovereign will  
He graciously imparts,  
And in return accepts, with smiles,  
The tribute of their hearts.
- 5 Give me, O Lord, a place  
Within Thy blest abode,  
Among the children of Thy grace,  
The servants of my God.

S. Stennett, 1772

## 22 MORNINGTON S. M.

Earl of Mornington, 1760

1. Sing to the Lord, our might, With ho - ly fer - vor sing;

Let hearts and in - stru - ments u - nite To praise our heavenly King. A - men.

- 2 This is His holy house  
And this His festal day,  
When He accepts the humblest vows  
That we sincerely pay.
- 3 The Sabbath to our sires  
In mercy first was given;  
The Church her Sabbaths still requires  
To speed her on to heaven.

- 4 We still, like them of old,  
Are in the wilderness;  
And God is still as near His fold,  
To pity and to bless.
- 5 Then let us open wide  
Our hearts for Him to fill;  
And He that Israel then supplied  
Will help His Israel still.

# The Beginning of Worship

## 23 ST. THOMAS S. M.

A. Williams, 1762

1. COME, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known;

Join in a song of sweet ac-cord, And thus surround the throne. A - men.

2 Let those refuse to sing  
Who never knew our God;  
But children of the heavenly King  
Should speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below;  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields  
A thousand sacred sweets  
Before we reach the heavenly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound  
And every tear be dry; [ground  
We're marching through Emmanuel's  
To fairer worlds on high.

I. Watts, 1709

## 24 PHILIP S. M.

E. J. Hopkins (1818—)

1. A - WAKE, and sing the song Of Mo - ses and the Lamb, Wake

ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue To praise the Saviour's name. A - men.

2 Sing of His dying love,  
Sing of His rising power;  
Sing how He intercedes above  
For those whose sins He bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,  
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;  
Sing on, rejoicing every day  
In Christ, th' eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear Him say,  
"Ye blessèd children, come;"  
Soon will He call us hence away,  
And take His wanderers home.

5 There shall our raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim,  
And sweeter voices swell the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.



# The Beginning of Worship

25 EARLHAM 6, 6, 6, 6, 4, 4

J. Booth (1852—)

1. LORD of the worlds a - bove, How pleas-ant and how fair The  
dwellings of Thy love, Thine earthly tem-ples are! To Thine a - bode  
My heart as - pires, With warm de - sires To see my God. A - men.

(Or to Darwall, No. 730)

2 Oh, happy souls who pray  
Where God appoints to hear!  
Oh, happy men who pay  
Their constant service there!  
They praise Thee still;  
And happy they  
Who love the way  
To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength  
Through this dark vale of tears,  
Till each arrives at length,  
Till each in heaven appears.  
Oh, glorious seat,  
When God our King  
Shall thither bring  
Our willing feet!

L. Watts, 1713

26 (BLAYDON) S. M.

1 WITH joy we lift our eyes  
To those bright realms above,  
That glorious temple in the skies,  
Where dwells eternal Love.

2 Before Thy throne we bow,  
O Thou almighty King;  
Here we present the solemn vow,  
And hymns of praise we sing.

3 While in Thy house we kneel,  
With trust and holy fear,  
Thy mercy and Thy truth reveal  
And lend a gracious ear.

4 Lord, teach our hearts to pray  
And tune our lips to sing;  
Nor from Thy presence cast away  
The sacrifice we bring.

# The Beginning of Worship

27 NEANDER 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

J. Neander (1640—1680)

1. O - PEN now Thy gates of beau - ty, Zi - on, let me en - ter there, /  
Where my soul in joy - ful du - ty, Waits for Him who an - swers pray'r: /  
Oh, how bless - ed is this place, Filled with sol - ace, light, and grace. A - men.

2 Yes, my God, I come before Thee,  
Come Thou also down to me;  
Where we find Thee and adore Thee,  
There a heaven on earth must be.  
To my heart, oh, enter Thou,  
Let it be Thy temple now.

4 Thou my faith increase and quicken,  
Let me keep Thy Gift divine,  
Howsoe'er temptations thicken;  
May Thy Word still o'er me shine,  
As my pole-star through my life,  
As my comfort in my strife.

3 Here Thy praise is gladly chanted,  
Here Thy seed is duly sown;  
Let my soul, where it is planted,  
Bring forth precious sheaves alone,  
So that all I hear may be  
Fruitful unto life in me.

5 Speak, O God, and I will hear Thee,  
Let Thy will be done indeed;  
May I undisturbed draw near Thee  
Whilst Thou dost Thy people feed.  
Here of life the fountain flows,  
Here is balm for all our woes.

B. Schmolck, 1732 Tr. C. Winkworth, 1863

BLAYDON S. M.

H. W. Little

1. With joy we lift our eyes To those bright realms a - bove, That  
glo - rious tem - ple in the skies, Where dwells e - ter - nal Love. A - men.

# The Beginning of Worship

28 BEMERTON C. M.

H. W. Greatorex, 1849

1. LORD, when we bend be - fore Thy throne, And our con - fes - sions pour,

Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore. A - men.

(Or to Martyrdom, No. 270)

2 Our broken spirit pitying see;  
True penitence impart;  
Then let a kindling glance from Thee  
Beam hope upon the heart.

4 When we disclose our wants in prayer  
May we our wills resign;  
And not a thought our bosom share  
That is not wholly Thine.

3 When our responsive tongues essay  
Their grateful hymns to raise,  
Grant that our souls may join the lay  
And mount to Thee in praise.

5 May faith each meek petition fill  
And waft it to the skies,  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
That grants it or denies.

J. D. Carlyle, 1862

DOWN'S C. M.

(Second Tune)

L. Mason, 1832


1. LORD, when we bend be - fore Thy throne, And our con - fes - sions pour,

Teach us to feel the sins we own, And hate what we de - plore. A - men.

# The Beginning of Worship

29 ST. STEPHEN (Nayland) C. M.

W. Jones, 1789



1. COME, Thou de - sire of all Thy saints, Our hum - ble strains at - tend,



While with our prais-es and complaints, Low at Thy feet we bend. A - men.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 2 How should our songs, like those above,<br>With warm devotion rise! | 4 Dear Saviour, let Thy glory shine,<br>And fill Thy dwellings here,     |
| How should our souls, on wings of love,<br>Mount upward to the skies! | Till life, and love, and joy divine<br>A heav'n on earth appear.         |
| 3 Come, Lord, Thy love alone can raise<br>In us the heav'nly flame;   | 5 Then shall our hearts enraptured say,<br>Come, great Redeemer, come!   |
| Then shall our lips resound Thy praise<br>Our hearts adore Thy name.  | And bring the bright, the glorious day,<br>That calls Thy children home. |

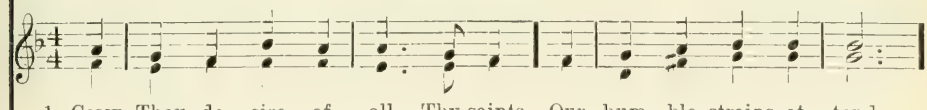
(Or to St. Flavian, 656)

Anne Steele (1716—1778) Ab.


DALEHURST C. M.

(Second Tune)

A. Cottman, 1872



1. COME, Thou de - sire of all Thy saints, Our hum - ble strains at - tend,



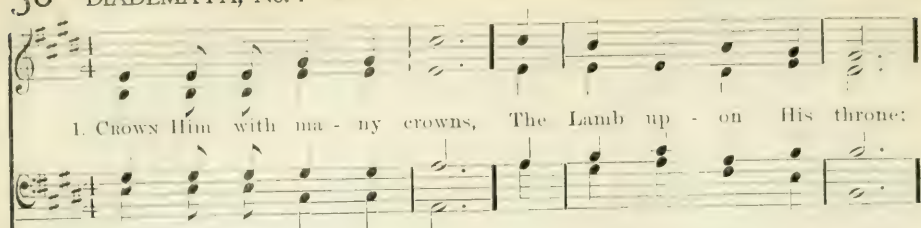
While with our prais - es and complaints, Low at Thy feet we bend. A - men.



# The Beginning of Worship

30 DIADEMATATA, No. 1 S. M. 81.

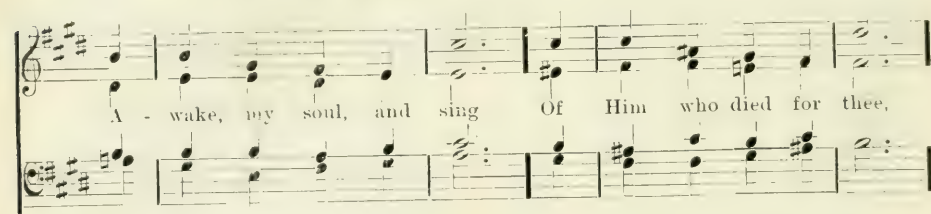
G. J. Elvey, 1868



1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;



Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own;



A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,



And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

2 Crown Him the Lord of love;  
Behold His hands and side,  
Rich wounds, yet visible above  
In beauty glorified:  
No angel in the sky  
Can fully bear that sight,  
But downward bends his wond'ring eye  
At mysteries so bright.

3 Crown Him the Lord of peace,  
Whose power a sceptre sways  
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
And all be prayer and praise.  
His reign shall know no end,  
And round His pierced feet  
Fair flowers of Paradise extend  
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown Him the Lord of years.  
The potentate of time,  
Creator of the rolling spheres,  
Ineffably sublime.  
All hail, Redeemer, hail!  
For Thou hast died for me;  
Thy praise shall never, never fail  
Throughout eternity.

# The Beginning of Worship

DIADEMATA, No. 2 S. M. 81. (Second Time.)

J. Barnby (1838 - 1896)

1. CROWN Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne; Hark!

how the heav'n - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own;

A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee, And

hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

*Org.*

31

S. M. 81.

(Or to Silver Street, No. 247)

1 COME, sound His praise abroad,  
And hymns of glory sing:  
Jehovah is the sovereign God,  
The universal King.  
He formed the deeps unknown,  
He gave the seas their bound;  
The watery worlds are all His own,  
And all the solid ground.

2 Come, worship at His throne;  
Come, bow before the Lord:  
We are His works, and not our own;  
He formed us by His word.  
To-day attend His voice,  
Nor dare provoke His rod;  
Come, like the people of His choice,  
And own your gracious God.

# The Beginning of Worship

32 TOULON 108.

The Geneva Psalter, 1551 (L. Bourgeois)

1. AS PANTS the wea - ried hart for cool - ing springs, That sinks ex -

haust - ed in the sum - mer's chase, So pants my soul for Thee, great

King of kings, So thirsts to reach Thy sa - cred dwell - ing - place. A - men.

- 2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,  
 My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;  
 And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,  
 To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.
- 3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?  
 Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;  
 Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid;  
 Unquestioned be His faithfulness and love.

R. Lowth Tr. G. Gregory, 1722, *Ab.*

PAX DEI 108.

(Second Tune.)

J. B. Dykes, 1868

1. AS PANTS the wearied hart for cool - ing springs, That sinks exhausted in the

sum - mer's chase, So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings.

# The Beginning of Worship

So thirsts to reach Thy sa - cred dwell - ing - place. A - men.

## 33 FELIX (Raynolds) 105. (Also a favorite tune for No. 32) F. Mendelssohn (1809—1847)

1. FA - THER, a - gain in Je - sus' name we meet, And bow in

pen - i - tence be - neath Thy feet; A - gain to Thee our fee - ble voic - es

raise, To sue for mer - cy, and to sing Thy praise. A - men.

(Or to Longwood, No. 822 Or to Dalkeith, No. 664)

- 2 Oh, we would bless Thee for Thy ceaseless care,  
And all Thy work from day to day declare!  
Is not our life with hourly mercies crowned?  
Does not Thine arm encircle us around?
- 3 Alas! unworthy of Thy boundless love,  
Too oft with careless feet from Thee we rove;  
But now, encouraged by Thy voice, we come,  
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.
- 4 Oh, by that name in which all fulness dwells,  
Oh, by that love which every love excels,  
Oh, by that blood so freely shed for sin,  
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in!



# The Beginning of Worship

34 FILIUS DEI C. M. 81.

A. R. Gaul (1837—)

1. O ver - y God of ver - y God, And ver - y Light of Light,

Thy feet this earth's dark val - ley trod, That so it might be bright.

Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong, Thick dark-ness blinds our eyes;

Cold is the night, and oh, we long That Thou, our sun, wouldst rise. A - men.

2 And even now, though dull and gray,  
The east is brightening fast,  
And kindling to the perfect day  
That never shall be past.  
Oh, guide us till our path is done,  
And we have reached the shore  
Where Thou, our everlasting sun,  
Art shining evermore.

3 We wait in faith, and turn our face  
To where the daylight springs,  
Till Thou shalt come, our gloom to chase  
With healing in Thy wings.  
To God the Father, power and might  
Both now and ever be;  
To Him that is the light of light,  
And, Holy Ghost, to Thee!

# The Beginning of Worship

CALVARY C. M.

(Second Tune.)

R. P. Stewart (1825—1894)

1. O VER - y, God of ver - y God, And ver - y Light of Light,  
Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong, Thick darkness blinds our eyes;

Thy feet this earth's dark val - ley trod, That so it might be bright,  
Cold is the night, and oh, we long That Thou, our sun, wouldst rise. } A - men

## 35 WORCESTER 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

W. G. Whinfield

1. Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to God the Son,

Glo - ry be to God the Spir - it, Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One!

Glo - ry, glo - ry, While e - ter - nal a - - - ges run! A - men.

2 Glory be to Him who loved us,  
Washed us from each spot and stain;  
Glory be to Him who bought us,  
Made us kings with Him to reign!  
Glory, glory,  
To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels,  
Glory to the Church's King,  
Glory to the King of nations,

Heaven and earth your praises bring!  
Glory, glory,  
To the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!  
Thus the choir of angels sings;  
Honor, riches, power, dominion!  
Thus its praise creation brings,  
Glory, glory,  
Glory to the King of kings!

# The Beginning of Worship

36

ST. RAPHAEL 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

E. J. Hopkins (1818—)



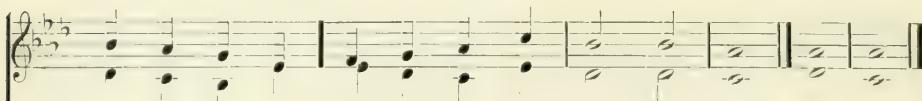
1. In Thy name, O Lord, as - sembling, We, Thy peo - ple, now draw near;



Teach us to re - joice with trembling. Speak, and let Thy ser - vants hear—



Hear with meek-ness, Hear Thy word with god - ly fear. A - men.



2 While our days on earth are lengthened,  
 May we give them, Lord, to Thee;  
 Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,  
 May we run, nor weary be,  
 Till Thy glory  
 Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There in worship purer, sweeter,  
 Thee Thy people shall adore;  
 Tasting of enjoyment greater  
 Far than thought conceived before—  
 Full enjoyment,  
 Full, unmixed, and evermore.

# The Beginning of Worship

37 ST. NINIAN 7s. 6l.

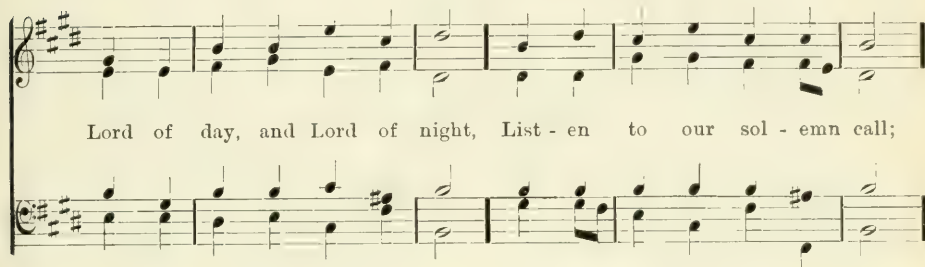
E. G. Monk, 1862



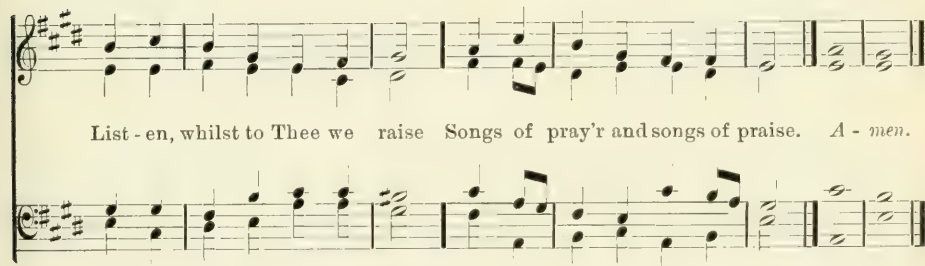
1. LORD of pow - er, Lord of night, God and Fa - ther of us all,



Lord of day, and Lord of night, List - en to our sol - emn call;



List - en, whilst to Thee we raise Songs of pray'r and songs of praise. A - men.



2 Light and love and life are Thine,  
Great Creator of all good.  
Fill our souls with light divine;  
Give us, with our daily food,  
Blessings from Thy heavenly store—  
Blessings rich for evermore.

3 Graft within our heart of hearts  
Love undying for Thy name;  
Bid us, ere the day departs,  
Spread afar our Maker's fame;  
Young and old together bless;  
Clothe our souls with righteousness.

4 Full of years, and full of peace,  
May our life on earth be blest.  
When our trials here shall cease,  
And at last we sink to rest,  
Fountain of eternal love,  
Call us to our home above.



# The Beginning of Worship

38 NORTHREPPS C. M.

J. Booth, 1887

I. Ap - proach, my soul, the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus an - swers pray'r;

There hum-bly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there. A - men.

(Or to Dal-hurst, No. 29)

2 Thy promise is my only plea,  
With this I venture nigh;  
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,  
And such, O Lord, am I.

4 Be Thou my shield and hiding-place,  
That, sheltered near Thy side,  
I may my fierce accuser face,  
And tell him, Thou hast died!

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,  
By Satan sorely pressed,  
By war without, and fears within,  
I come to Thee for rest.

5 Oh, wondrous love! to bleed and die,  
To bear the cross and shame,  
That guilty sinners, such as I,  
Might plead Thy gracious name.

J. Newton, 1773

(Second Time.)

PHILIPPI C. M.

S. Wesley (1766—1837)

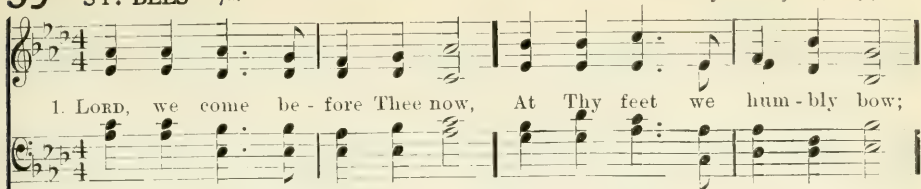
1. Ap-proach, my soul, the mer - cy - seat, Where Je - sus an - swers pray'r;

There hum-bly fall be - fore His feet, For none can per - ish there. A - men.

# The Beginning of Worship

39 ST. BEES 7s.

J. B. Dykes, 1874



1. LORD, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;



O do not our suit dis - dain, Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? A - men.

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;  
In compassion, now descend,  
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,  
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way,  
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;  
Lord, we know not how to go,  
Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Send some message from Thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford;

Let Thy Spirit now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.

5 Comfort those who weep and mourn,  
Let the time of joy return;  
Those that are cast down lift up,  
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.

6 Grant that those who seek may find  
Thee a God sincere and kind;  
Heal the sick, the captive free,  
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

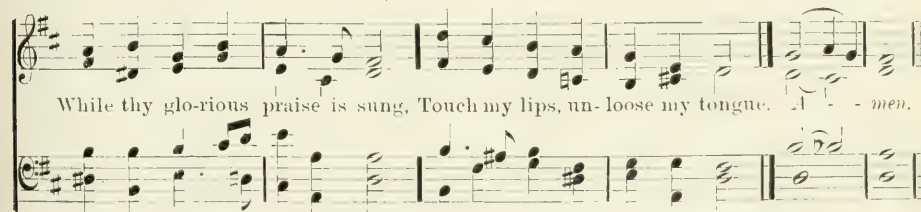
W. Hammond, 1745

40 PRUEN 7s.

F. A. G. Ouseley (1825—1889)



1. To THY tem - ple I re - pair; Lord, I love to wor - ship there,



While thy glo - rious praise is sung, Touch my lips, un - loose my tongue. A - - men.

2 While the prayers of saints ascend,  
God of love, to mine attend;  
Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads;  
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

3 While I hearken to Thy law,  
Fill my soul with humble awe,  
Till Thy Gospel bring to me  
Life and immortality.

4 While Thy ministers proclaim  
Peace and pardon in Thy Name,  
Through their voice, by faith, may I  
Hear Thee speaking from the sky.

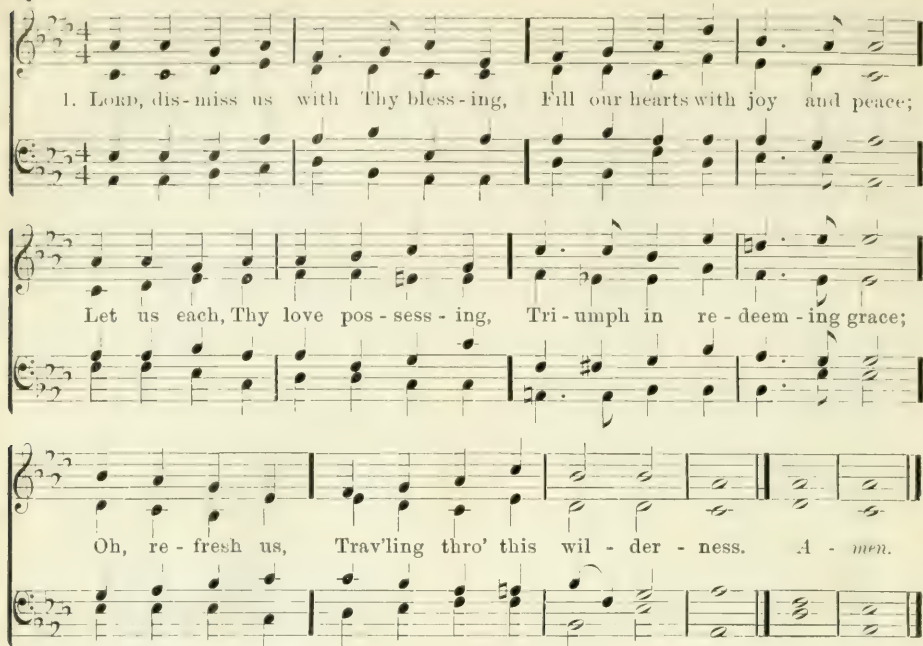
5 From Thy house when I return,  
May my heart within me burn;  
And at evening let me say,  
"I have walked with God to-day."

J. Montgomery, 1812

# The Close of Worship

4I ST. RAPHAEL 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

E. J. Hopkins (1818—)



1. Lord, dis-miss us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
Let us each, Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace;  
Oh, re-fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil-der-ness. A-men.

2 Thanks we give and adoration  
For Thy Gospel's joyful sound;  
May the fruits of Thy salvation  
In our hearts and lives abound;  
Ever faithful  
To the truth may we be found!

3 So, whene'er the signal's given  
Us from earth to call away,  
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,  
Glad the summons to obey,  
May we ever  
Rise, and reign in endless day.

J. Fawcett, 1773

SICILIAN MARINERS' HYMN 8s, 7s. 6l. (Second Tune.)

Sicilian Melody



1. { LORD, dis-miss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; }  
Let us each, Thy love pos-sess-ing, Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace; }  
Oh, re-fresh us, Oh, re-fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil-der-ness. A-men.

# The Close of Worship

42 ELMHURST 8, 8, 8, 6

E. D. Drewett, 1887

1. THE Sab-bath-day has reach'd its close, Yet, Sav-iour, ere I seek re- pose,

Grant me the peace Thy love be-stows: Smile on my eve-ning hour. A - men.

2 O heavenly comforter, sweet guest!  
Hallow and calm my troubled breast;  
Weary, I come to Thee for rest:  
Smile on my evening hour.

3 Let not the gospel seed remain  
Unfruitful, or be sown in vain;  
Let heavenly dew descend like rain:  
Smile on my evening hour.

4 Oh, ever present, ever nigh,  
Thou hear'st the contrite spirit's sigh;

Jesus, on Thee I fix mine eye;  
Smile on my evening hour.

5 My only intercessor Thou,  
Mingle Thy fragrant incense now  
With every prayer, and every vow:  
Smile on my evening hour.

6 And, oh, when life's short course shall end,  
And death's dark shades around impend,  
My God, my everlasting Friend,  
Smile on my evening hour.

Charlotte Elliott, 1835

43 SOUTHWELL C. M.

H. S. Irons, 1861

1. O God, by whom the seed is giv - en, By whom the har-vest blest, Thy

word, like man - na shower'd from heav'n, Im - plant with-in our breast. A - men.

2 Preserve it from the passing feet,  
And plunderers of the air,  
The sultry sun's intenser heat,  
And thorns of worldly care.

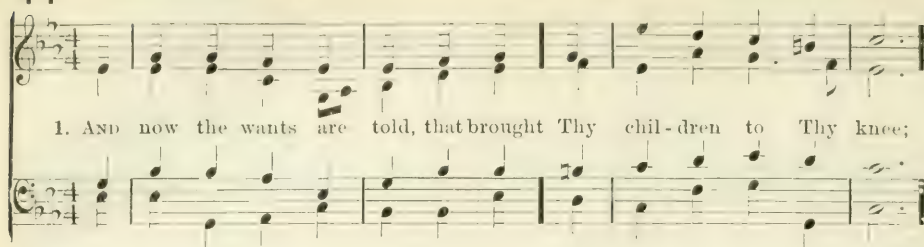
3 Though buried deep, or thinly sown,  
Do Thou Thy grace supply;  
The hope in earthly furrows strown,  
Shall ripen in the sky.



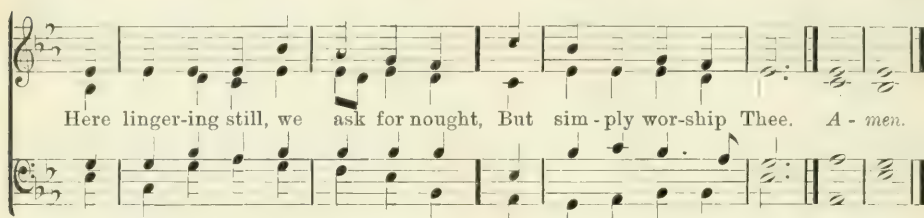
# The Close of Worship

44 WEYBRIDGE C. M.

W. H. Sangster From Hymns A. & M.



1. AND now the wants are told, that brought Thy chil- dren to Thy knee;



Here linger- ing still, we ask for nought, But sim- ply wor-ship Thee. A - men.

2 The hope of heaven's eternal days  
Absorbs not all the heart  
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,  
For being what Thou art.

3 For Thou art God, the one, the same,  
O'er all things high and bright;  
And round us, when we speak Thy name,  
There spreads a heaven of light.

4 Oh, wondrous peace, in thought to dwell  
On excellence divine;

To know that nought in man can tell  
How fair Thy beauties shine!

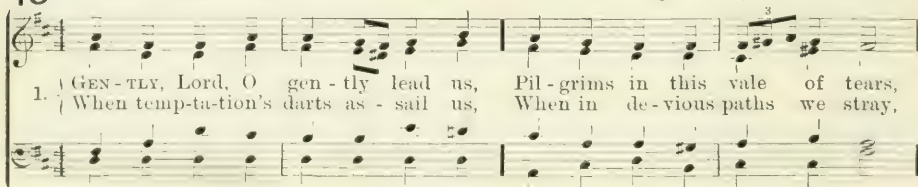
5 O Thou, above all blessing blest,  
O'er thanks exalted far,  
Thy very greatness is a rest  
To weaklings as we are;

6 For when we feel the praise of Thee  
A task beyond our powers,  
We say, "A perfect God is He,  
And He is fully ours."

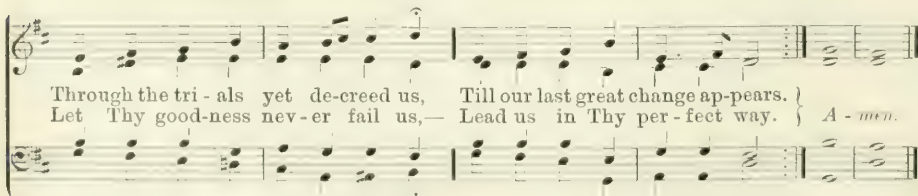
W. Bright, 1866

45 HASTINGS 8s, 7s.

J. Barnby (1838—1896)



1. GEN - tly, Lord, O gen - tly lead us, Pil - grims in this vale of tears,  
When temp - ta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray,



Through the tri - als yet de - creed us, Till our last great change ap - pears. }  
Let Thy good - ness nev - er fail us, - Lead us in Thy per - fect way. } A - men.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,  
In the hour when death draws near,  
Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
Suffer not our souls to fear.

And, when mortal life is ended,  
Bid us in Thine arms to rest,  
Till, by angel bands attended,  
We awake among the blest.

# The Close of Worship

CHRISTI GRATIA 8s, 7s. 8l. (Second Tune.) A. R. Reinagle (1799-1877)

1. GEN - tly, Lord, O gen - tly lead us, Pil - grims in this vale of tears,  
 2. In the hour of pain and an - guish, In the hour when death draws near.

Thro' the tri - als yet de - creed us, Till our last great change ap - pears.  
 Suf - fer not our hearts to lan - guish, Suf - fer not our souls to fear.

When temp - ta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray,  
 And, when mor - tal life is en - ded, Bid us in Thine arms to rest,

Let Thy goodness nev - er fail us, Lead us in Thy per - fect way.  
 Till, by an - gel bands at - tend - ed, We a - wake a - mong the blest. A - men.

T. Hastings, 1830.

**46** 8s, 7s. (Or to Chilton, No. 849)

MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour,  
 And the Father's boundless love,  
 With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
 Rest upon us from above.  
 Thus may we abide in union  
 With each other, and the Lord;  
 And possess, in sweet communion,  
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

J. Newton, 1779

(Either of these hymns may be sung to Hastings, No. 45.)

**47** 8s, 7s. Evening (Or to Love Divine, No. 883)

LO, THE day of rest declineth,  
 Gather fast the shades of night;  
 May the Sun which ever shineth,  
 Fill our souls with heavenly light!  
 While Thine ear of love addressing,  
 Thus our parting hymn we sing,  
 Father, grant Thine evening blessing,  
 Fold us safe beneath Thy wing!

C. Robbins, 1845

# The Close of Worship

48

BENEDICTION (Ellers) 108.

E. J. Hopkins, 1867

1. Sav - our, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our

part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor - ship cease;

Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - men.

(Or to Longwood, No. 822)

- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;  
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;  
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,  
That in this house have called upon Thy name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;  
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;  
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,  
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;  
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,  
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

J. Ellerton, 1866

49

(ST. HUGH) C. M.

- 1 THE Lord be with us as we bend  
His blessing to receive;  
His gift of peace upon us send,  
Before His courts we leave.
- 2 The Lord be with us as we walk  
Along our homeward road;  
In silent thought or friendly talk  
Our hearts be still with God.
- 3 The Lord be with us till the night  
Shall close the day of rest;  
Be He of every heart the light,  
Of every home the guest.
- 4 The Lord be with us still, we pray,  
His nightly watch to keep;  
Crown with His peace His own blest day,  
And guard His people's sleep.

# The Close of Worship

SAN SALVADOR 108.

(Second Tune.)

H. Houseley, 1896

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our

part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease;

Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace. A - men.

ST. HUGH. C. M.

E. J. Hopkins, 1862

1. THE Lord be with us as we bend His bless - ing to re - ceive;

His gift of peace up - on us send, Be - fore His courts we leave. A - men.



# The Close of Worship

50

ST. MATTHIAS

L. M. 61.

Evening

W. H. Monk, 1861

1. SWEET Sav-iour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - stil;  
And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low-ly love and fer-vent will.  
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen-tle Je-sus, be our light. *A-men.*

(Or to Valette, No. 502)

- 2 The day is gone, its hours have run,  
And Thou hast taken count of all,  
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
The broken vow, the frequent fall.  
Through life's long day, etc.
- 3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways  
True absolution and release,  
And bless us, more than in past days,  
With purity and inward peace.  
Through life's long day, etc.

- 4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful, unto Thee we call;  
O let Thy mercy make us glad;  
Thou art our Saviour, and our all.  
Through life's long day, etc.
- 5 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;  
Thro' night and darkness near us be;  
Good angels watch about our home,  
And we are one day nearer Thee.  
Through life's long day, etc.

F. W. Faber, 1850

## 51 (GOUNOD) 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

- 1 SAVIOUR, now the day is ending  
And the shades of evening fall,  
Let Thy Holy Dove, descending,  
Bring Thy mercy to us all;  
Set Thy seal on every heart,  
Jesus, bless us ere we part.
- 2 Bless the gospel-message, spoken  
In Thine own appointed way;  
Give each longing soul a token  
Of Thy tender love to-day;  
Set Thy seal on every heart,  
Jesus, bless us ere we part.

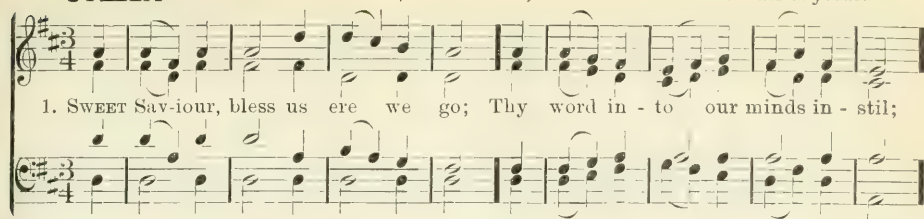
- 3 Comfort those in pain and sorrow,  
Watch each sleeping child of Thine;  
Let us all arise to-morrow  
Strengthened by Thy grace Divine;  
Set Thy seal on every heart,  
Jesus, bless us ere we part.
- 4 Pardon Thou each deed unholy,  
Lord, forgive each sinful thought;  
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,  
By Thy great example taught;  
Set Thy seal on every heart,  
Jesus, bless us ere we part.

# The Close of Worship

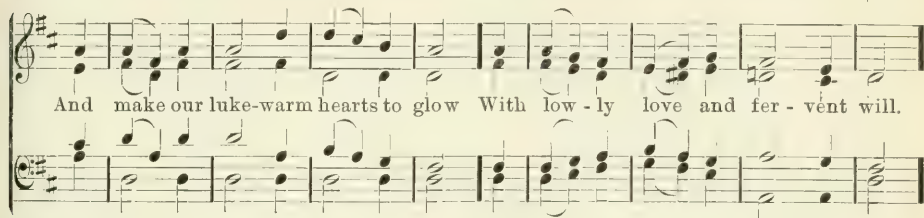
STELLA L. M. 61.

(Second Tune.)

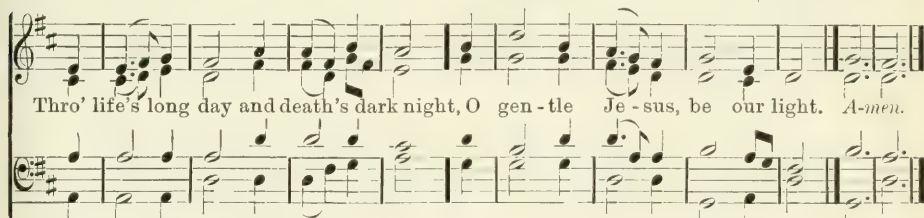
From "Crown of Jesus."



1. SWEET Sav-iour, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - stil;



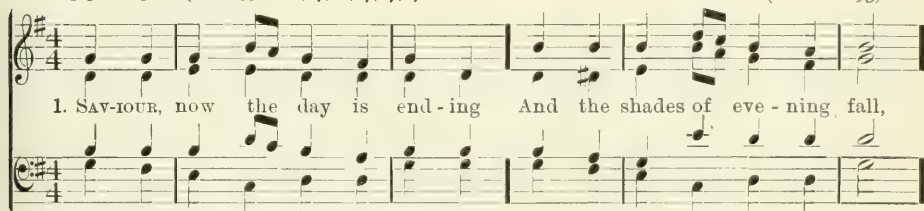
And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.



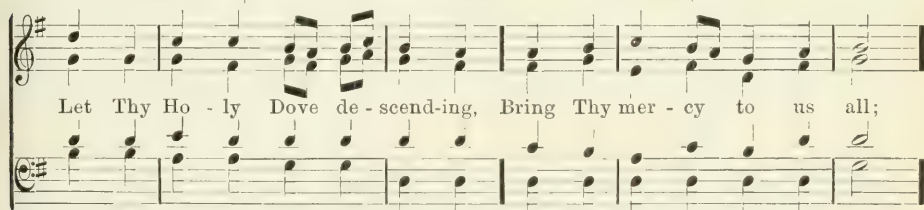
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light. A-men.

GOUNOD (Muriel) 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

C. F. Gounod (1818—1893)



1. SAV-IOUR, now the day is end-ing And the shades of eve - ning fall,



Let Thy Ho - ly Dove de - scend-ing, Bring Thy mer - cy to us all;

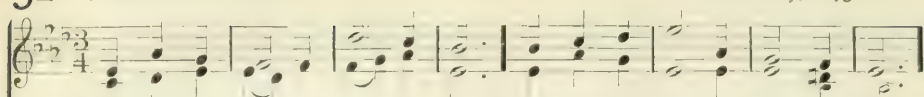


Set Thy seal on ev - ery heart, Je - sus, bless us ere we part. A - men.

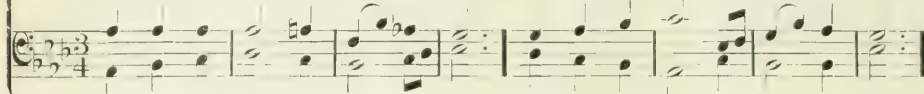
# The Close of Worship

52 ABENDS L. M.

H. S. Oakeley, 1873



1. AL-MIGHT-Y Fa-ther, bless the word Which thro' Thy grace we now have heard;  
2. We praise Thee for the means of grace, Thus in Thy courts to seek Thy face.



O may the pre-cious seed take root, Spring up, and bear a - bun-dant fruit.  
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here May all, at last, in heaven ap-pear. A - men.



Anon.

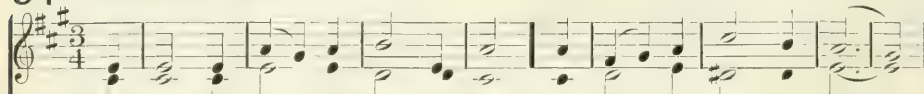
53 L. M.

- 1 DISMISS us with Thy blessing, Lord;  
Help us to feed upon Thy word;  
All that has been amiss, forgive,  
And let Thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, Thou art good;  
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;  
Give every burdened soul release,  
And bid us all depart in peace

J. Hart, 1762

54 SABBATA (Sharon) C. M.

H. F. Hemy, 1865



1. AL-MIGHT-Y God, Thy word is cast Like seed in - to the ground;



O may it grow in hum-ble hearts, And right-eous fruits a - bound. A - men.



- 2 Let not the foe of Christ and man  
This holy seed remove,  
But give it root in praying souls  
To bring forth fruits of love.
- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares  
The rising plant destroy,

- But may it, in converted minds,  
Produce the fruits of joy.
- 4 Let not Thy word, so kindly sent  
To raise us to Thy throne,  
Return to Thee, and sadly tell  
That we reject Thy Son.

I. C. WOODS, 1816

# Morning

55 MELCOMBE L. M.

S. Webbe, 1790

1. New ev - ery morning is the love Our wakening and up - ris - ing prove;  
Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought, Restor'd to life, and pow'r, and tho't. A - men.

2 New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If on our daily course our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.

4 Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,  
As more of heaven in each we see;

Some softening gleam of love and prayer  
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

5 The trivial round, the common task,  
Will furnish all we ought to ask —  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.

6 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,  
Fit us for perfect rest above,  
And help us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray.

J. Keble, 1827

56 ROSS 7s.

S. S. Wesley, 1864

1. AS THE sun doth dai - ly rise, Bright'ning all the morn - ing skies;  
So to Thee with one ac - cord Lift we up our hearts, O Lord. A - men.

2 Thou, by whom all things are fed,  
Give us for the day our bread;  
Strength unto our souls afford  
From the Bread of heaven, O Lord.

3 Be our guard in sin and strife;  
Be the leader of our life;

While we daily search Thy word,  
Wisdom true impart, O Lord.

4 When the sun withdraws his light,  
When we seek our beds at night,  
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,  
Hear the prayer of faith, O Lord.



# Morning

57

LAUDES DOMINI 6s. 6l.

J. Barnby, 1868

1. WHEN morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries

May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and pray'r,

To Je - sus I re - pair;... May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - men.

2 When'er the sweet church bell  
Peals over hill and dell  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
Oh, hark to what it sings,  
As joyously it rings,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

3 My tongue shall never tire  
Of chanting with the choir,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
This song of sacred joy,  
It never seems to cloy,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

4 When sleep her balm denies,  
My silent spirit sighs,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
When evil thoughts molest,  
With this I shield my breast,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

5 Does sadness fill my mind?  
A solace here I find,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

Or fades my earthly bliss,  
My comfort still is this,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

6 The night becomes as day,  
When from the heart we say,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
The powers of darkness fear,  
When this sweet chant they hear,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

7 In heaven's eternal bliss  
The loveliest strain is this,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
Let earth, and sea, and sky  
From depth to height reply,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

8 Be this, while life is mine,  
My canticle divine,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!  
Be this the eternal song  
Through ages all along,  
May Jesus Christ be praised!

58

## MORNING HYMN L. M.

## Morning

F. H. Barthélémon (1741-1808)

1. A - WAKE, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;

Shake off dull sloth, and joy-ful rise To pay thy morn-ing sac - ri - fice. A - men.

2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem;  
Each present day thy last esteem;  
Improve thy talent with due care,  
For the great day thyself prepare.

3 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long, unwearied, sing  
High praise to the eternal King.

4 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,  
And hast refreshed me while I slept.  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless light partake.

5 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;  
Disperse my sins as morning dew;  
Guard my first springs of thought and will;  
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

59

## STEDMAN II, II, II, 5

T. Ken, 1695 (text of 1709)

S. P. Warren, 1896

1. BEHOLD, the shade of night is now receding, Kindling with splendors fair the dawn is

glowing; With fervent hearts, oh, let us all im-plore Him, Rul-er Al-might-y. A-men.

2 That He, our God, will look on us in pity,  
Send strength for weakness, grant us His salvation,  
And with a Father's pure affection give us  
Glory eternal.

3 This grace oh, grant us, Godhead ever-blessèd  
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in union,  
Whose praises be through earth's most distant regions  
Ever resounding.

# Morning

60

MELITA L. M. 61.

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. WHEN, streaming from the east-ern skies, The morn-ing light sa-lutes mine eyes,

O Sun of Right-eous-ness di-vine, On me with beams of mer-cy shine,

Chase the dark clouds of guilt a-way, And turn my darkness in-to day. A-men.

2 As every day, Thy mercy spares,  
Will bring its trials and its cares,  
O Saviour, till my life shall end,  
Be Thou my counselor and friend;  
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,  
And be Thy great example mine.

Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;  
And as each morning's sun shall rise,  
Oh, lead me onward to the skies!

3 When each day's scenes and labors close,  
And wearied nature seeks repose,  
With pardoning mercy richly blest,

4 And at my life's last setting sun,  
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,  
Jesus, Thy heavenly radiance shed,  
To cheer and bless my dying bed;  
Then from death's gloom my spirit raise,  
To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

W. Shrubsole, 1813

BROWNELL L. M. 61.

(Second Tune.)

F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)

1. WHEN, streaming from the east-ern skies, The morn-ing light sa-lutes mine eyes,

# Morning

O Sun of Right-eous-ness di - vine, On me with beams of mer - cy shine,

Chase the dark clouds of guilt a - way, And turn my dark - ness in - to day. A - men.

## 61 KENT (Devonshire) L. M.

J. F. Lampe (1693—1751)

1. My God, how end-less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - ery eve - ning new,

And morning mercies from a - bove Gen - tly dis - til like ear - ly dew. A - men.

2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,  
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;  
Thy sovereign word restores the light  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to Thy command,  
To Thee I consecrate my days;  
Perpetual blessings from Thine hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.



# Morning

62 RATISBON 7s. 6l.

J. Crüger (Psalmodia sacra), 1658

1. CHRIST, whose glo - ry fills the skies, Christ, the true, the on - ly light,  
Sun of Right-eous-ness, a - rise, Tri-umph o'er the shades of night;  
Day-spring from on high, be near, Day-star, in my heart ap - pear. A - men.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn  
Unaccompanied by Thee;  
Joyless is the day's return,  
Till Thy mercy's beams I see;  
Till Thou inward light impart,  
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit then this soul of mine,  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
Fill me, Radiancy Divine,  
Scatter all my unbelief;  
More and more Thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day.

C. Wesley, 1740

63 KELSO 7s. 6l.

E. J. Hopkins, 1872

1. Ev' - ry morn-ing mer - cies new Fall as fresh as morn-ing dew;  
Ev' - ry morn-ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day;

# Morning

For Thy mer-cies, Lord, are sure, Thy com-pas-sion doth en - dure. A - men.

2 Still the greatness of Thy love  
Daily doth our sins remove;  
Daily, far as east from west,  
Lifts the burden from the breast;  
Gives unbought, to those who pray,  
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,  
That these gifts may never fail;  
And, as we confess the sin

And the tempter's power within,  
Feed us with the Bread of Life,  
Fit us for our daily strife.

4 As the morning light returns,  
As the sun with splendor burns,  
Teach us still to turn to Thee,  
Ever blessed Trinity,  
With our hands our hearts to raise,  
In unfailing prayer and praise.

G. Phillimore, 1863

BARMOUTH 7s. 6l.

(Second Tune.)

W. Macfarren, 1868

1. Ev' - ry morn - ing mer-cies new Fall as fresh as morn-ing dew;

Ev' - ry morn - ing let us pay Trib - ute with the ear - ly day;

For Thy mer - cies, Lord, are sure, Thy com-pas-sion doth en - dure. A - men.

No Org. Ped. Ped

# Morning

64

WAKING 8, 4, 7, 8, 4, 7

S. P. Warren, 1896

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2 Pray that He may prosper ever  
Each endeavor,  
When thine aim is good and true;  
But that He may ever thwart thee,  
And convert thee,  
When thou evil would'st pursue.

3 Think that He thy ways beholdeth;  
He unfoldeth  
Every fault that lurks within;  
He the hidden shame glossed over  
Can discover,  
And discern each deed of sin.

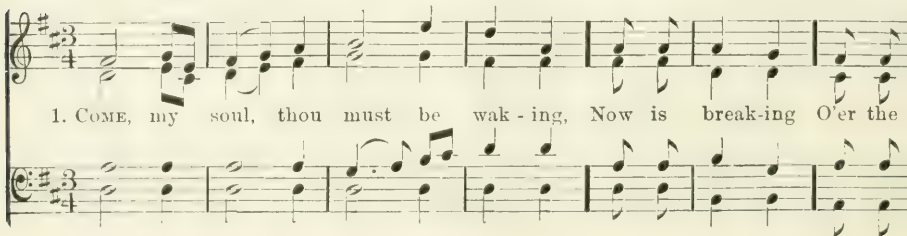
4 Mayest thou on life's last morrow,  
Free from sorrow,  
Pass away in slumber sweet;  
And, released from death's dark sadness  
Rise in gladness,  
That far brighter Sun to greet.

5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,  
Light refuse not,  
But His Spirit's voice obey;  
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding  
Light enfolding  
All things in unclouded day.

F. R. L. von Canitz, 1699 Tr. H. J. Buckoll, 1843

EDNA (Haydn) 8, 4, 7, 8, 4, 7 (Second Tune.)

Arr. fr. J. Haydn (1732—1809)



# Morning

earth an - oth - er day; Come, to Him who made this

splen-dor See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay. A - men.

STAINER 8, 4, 7, 8, 4, 7

(Third Tune.)

J. Stainer, 1872

1. COME, my soul, thou must be wak - ing, Now is break - ing O'er the earth an -

oth - - er day; Come, to Him who made this splen-dor

See thou ren - der All thy fee - ble strength can pay. A - men.



# Morning

65 WARWICK C. M.

S. Stanley, 1800

1. LORD, in the morn-ing Thou shalt hear My voice as-cend-ing high;

To Thee will I di-rect my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye—A-men.

(Or to St. Fulbert, No. 125)

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone  
To plead for all His saints,  
Presenting, at His Father's throne,  
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand;  
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,  
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

4 But to Thy house will I resort  
To taste Thy mercies there;  
I will frequent Thy holy court  
And worship at Thy fear.

5 Oh, may Thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness,  
Make every path of duty straight  
And plain before my face.

I. Watts, 1719

66 WINCHESTER OLD C. M.

Este's Psalter, 1592

1 O God, be-fore the sun's bright beams All night's dark shad-ows fly: When on the soul Thy mer-cy gleams,

All doubts and ter-rors die. A-men.

(Or to St. Peter's, No. 166)

2 So freshly falls Thy heaven-sent grace  
As morning's gladdening breath;  
Gives light to all to seek Thy face,  
And guides in life and death.

3 O holy light! O light of God!  
O light unseen below,  
Which fills the courts of Thine abode,  
Which there the blest shall know!

4 Swift comes the hour when none can toil,  
Short is the rugged way;  
Teach us our lamps to fill with oil  
Whilst it is called to-day.

5 Then we shall see that glorious light  
Which to the saints is given,  
So sweet, so fair, so passing bright,  
The eternal morn of heaven.

# Morning

67 BRACONDALE C. M.

J. Booth (1852—)

1. My soul, a - wake! thy rest for - sake, And greet the morn - ing light;

With song a - rise— glad sac - ri - fice For mer - cies of the night. A - men.

- 2 With courage drest, strong-hearted, blest, And thou shalt find, by faith enshrined,  
Fulfil thy work abroad; The Father in thy heart.  
Fearless and true, thy way pursue, 5 Oh, blessed rest! With such a guest  
A happy child of God. Life's duty grows divine,  
3 Amid the strife of daily life, Dross becomes gold, and, as of old,  
Amid its noontide heat, The water turns to wine.  
Fear not to miss thy secret bliss, 6 Eternal praise to Thee we raise,  
The rest of sonship sweet. Who deign'st with men to dwell;  
4 In liberty of holy glee, Great Word of God, Jehovah! Lord!  
Accept thy childhood's part, Adored Emmanuel!

J. E. Livock, 1855

68 ST. ETHELDREDA C. M.

T. Turton (1780—1864)

1. O FA - THER, hear my morn - ing prayer, Thy aid im - part to me,

That I may make my life to - day Ac - cep - ta - ble to Thee. A - men.

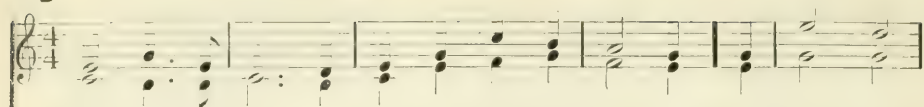
- 2 May this desire my spirit rule, Some sin that strives for mastery,  
And, as the moments fly, Find overthrow complete.  
Something of good be born in me, 4 That so throughout the coming day  
Something of evil die. The hours shall carry me  
3 Some grace that seeks my heart to win, A little farther from the world,  
With shining victory meet, A little nearer Thee.

# Morning

69

MORNING PRAISE 118, 108.

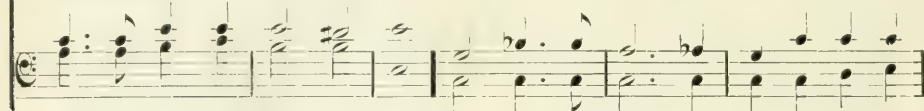
J. Stainer, 1872



1. Now, when the dusk - y shades of night, re - treat - ing Be - fore the



sun's red ban - ner, swift - ly flee; Now, when the ter - rors of the dark are



flee - ing, O Lord, we lift our thank - ful hearts to Thee. A - men.



- 2 To Thee, whose word, the fount of life unsealing,  
When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,  
Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,  
And bade the eve and morn complete the day.
- 3 Look from the height of heaven and send to cheer us  
Thy light and truth, and guide us onward still;  
Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,  
And lead us safely to Thy holy hill.
- 4 So, when that morn of endless light is waking,  
And shades of evil from its splendors flee,  
Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale forsaking,  
Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.
- 5 Be this by Thee, O God thrice holy, granted.  
O Father, Son, and Spirit, ever blest;  
Whose glory by the heaven and earth is chanted,  
Whose name by men and angels is confest.

1. O LORD of life, Thy quick'ning voice A - wakes my morn-ing song;

In gladsome words I would re-joice That I to Thee be - long. A - men.

- 2 I see Thy light, I feel Thy wind;  
Earth is Thy uttered word;  
Whatever wakes my heart and mind,  
Thy presence is, my Lord.
- 3 Therefore I choose my highest part,  
And turn my face to Thee;

- Therefore I stir my inmost heart  
To worship fervently.
- 4 Within my heart, speak, Lord, speak on,  
My heart alive to keep  
Till the night comes, and, labor done,  
In Thee I fall asleep.

C. Macdonald, 1880

## 71 PRESBYTER L. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, (1805—1876)

1. O JE - sus, Lord of heav'n-ly grace, Thou brightness of Thy Fa - ther's face;

Thou fountain of e - ter-nal light, Whose beams disperse the shades of night! A-men.

- 2 Come, holy sun of heavenly love,  
Shower down Thy radiance from above,  
And to our inward hearts convey  
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.
- 3 May He our actions deign to bless,  
And loose the bonds of wickedness;  
From sudden falls our feet defend,  
And bring us to a prosperous end.
- 4 May faith, deep-rooted in the soul,  
Subdue our flesh, our minds control;

- May guile depart, and discord cease,  
And all within be joy and peace.
- 5 Oh, hallowed be the approaching day!  
Let meekness be our morning ray,  
And faithful love our noonday light,  
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.
- 6 O Christ, with each returning morn  
Thine image to our hearts is borne:  
Oh, may we ever clearly see  
Our Saviour and our God in Thee!

Ambrose Tr. J. Chandler, 1837



# Morning

## 72 LITLINGTON TOWER L. M.

J. Barnby, 1862

1. Lord God of morn-ing and of night, We thank Thee for Thy gift of light:

As in the dawn the shad-ows fly, We seem to find Thee now more nigh. A - men.

- 2 Fresh hopes have wakened in the heart, 4 O Lord of lights, 'tis Thou alone [own:  
 Fresh force to do our daily part; Canst make our darkened hearts thine  
 Thy thousand sleeps our strength restore Though this new day with joy we see,  
 A thousand-fold to serve Thee more. Great Dawn of God, we cry for Thee!
- 3 Yet whilst Thy will we would pursue, 5 Praise God, our Maker and our friend,  
 Oft what we would we cannot do; Praise Him thro' time till time shall end,  
 The sun may stand in zenith skies, Till psalm and song His name adore  
 But on the soul thick midnight lies. Through heaven's great day of evermore.

F. T. Palgrave, 1867

## 73 WINDSOR 11s, 10s. Iambic

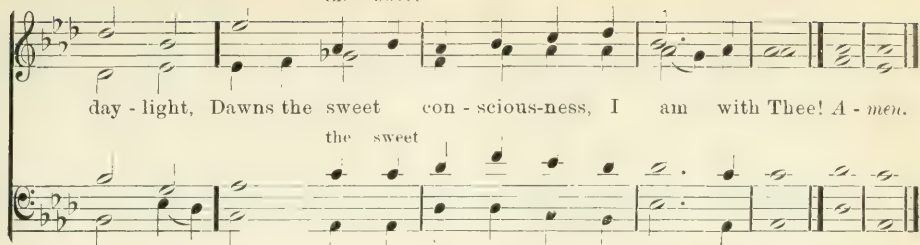
J. Barnby (1838—1896)

1. STILL, still with Thee, when pur-ple morn-ing break-eth, When the bird

wak-eth, and the shad-ows flee; Fair-er than morn-ing, love-lier than the

# Morning

the sweet

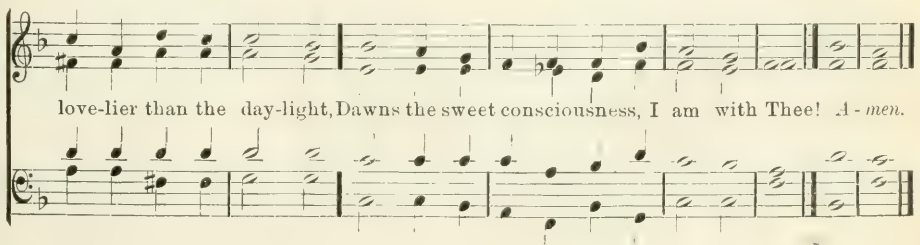
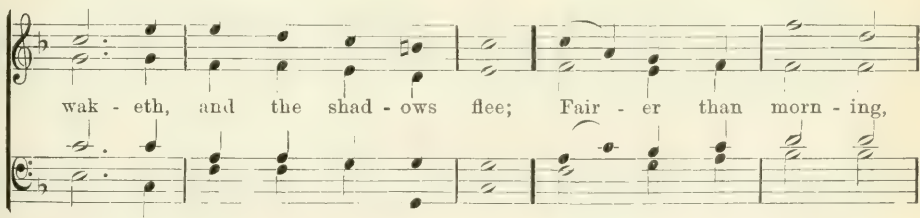
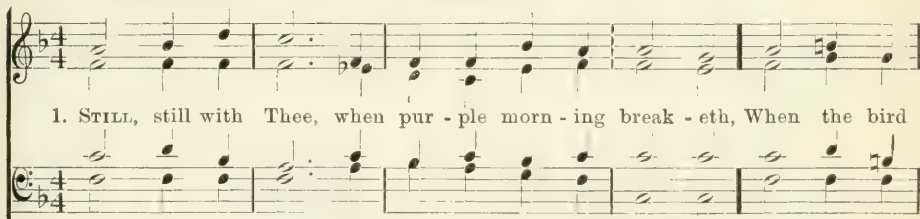


- 2 Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,  
The solemn hush of nature newly born;  
Alone with Thee, in breathless adoration,  
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
- 3 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,  
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;  
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,  
But sweeter still, to wake and find Thee there.
- 4 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,  
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;  
Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,  
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!

Mrs. H. B. Stowe, 1855

## CULLINGWORTH 118, 108. (Second Tune.)

E. Moss.



# Morning

74 HINCHMAN 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7

U. C. Burnap, 1869

1. LIGHT of light, en - light-en me! Now a - new the day is dawn - ing;

Sun of grace, the shad-ows flee; Bright-en Thou my Sab-bath morn-ing!

With Thy joy - ous sun-shine blest, Hap - py is my day of rest. A - men.

2 Fount of all our joy and peace,  
To Thy living waters lead me;  
Thou from earth my soul release,  
And with grace and mercy feed me;  
Bless Thy word that it may prove  
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

3 Kindle Thou the sacrifice  
That upon my lips is lying;  
Clear the shadows from mine eyes,  
That, from every error flying,  
No strange fire may in me glow  
That Thine altar doth not know.

4 Let me with my heart to-day,  
Holy, holy, holy, singing,  
Rapt awhile from earth away,  
All my soul to Thee up-springing,  
Have a foretaste inly given,  
How they worship Thee in heaven.

5 Rest in me and I in Thee,  
Build a paradise within me;  
O reveal Thyself to me,  
Blessed Love, who died'st to win me;  
Fed from Thine exhaustless urn,  
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

6 Hence all care, all vanity,  
For the day to God is holy:  
Come, thou glorious majesty,  
Deign to fill this temple lowly;  
Naught to-day my soul shall move,  
Simply resting in Thy love.

# Morning

75 ALMSGIVING 8, 8, 8, 4

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. My God is a - ny hour so sweet, From blush of morn to eve - ning

star, As that which calls me to... Thy feet, The hour of prayer? A - men.

(Or to Riseholme, No. 833)

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,<br>And blest that solemn hour of eve,<br>When, on the wings of prayer upborne,<br>The world I leave. | What strength for warfare, balm for grief,<br>What peace of mind.  |
| 3 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;<br>Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;<br>Then dost Thou cheer my solitude<br>With hopes of heaven.   | 5 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear,<br>My spirit seems in heaven to stay,<br>And e'en the penitential tear<br>Is wiped away.  |
| 4 No words can tell what sweet relief<br>Here for my every want I find,   | 6 Lord, till I reach that blissful shore,<br>No privilege so dear shall be<br>As thus my inmost soul to pour<br>In prayer to Thee. |

C. Elliott, 1834

LUX LUCIS 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7 (Second Tune)

J. Barnby (1838—1896)

1. LIGHT of light, eu-light-en me! Now a - new the day is dawning; Sun of grace, the shadows flee;

Brighten thou my Sabbath morning! With thy joy and sunshine blest, Happy is my day of rest. A - men.



# Evening

76

HOPKINS (Twilight) ♩, 4, 6, 6

J. H. Hopkins, 1872

1. THE sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies;

Let love a - wake, and pay Her eve - ning sac - ri - fice. A - men.

2 As Christ upon the Cross  
His head inclined,  
And to His Father's hands  
His parting soul resigned,

3 So now herself my soul  
Would wholly give  
Into His sacred charge,  
In whom all spirits live;

4 So now beneath His eye  
Would calmly rest,  
Without a wish or thought  
Abiding in the breast,

5 Save that His will be done,  
Whate'er betide—  
Dead to herself, and dead  
In Him to all beside.

6 Thus would I live: yet now  
Not I, but He,  
In all His power and love,  
Henceforth alive in me.

7 One sacred Trinity,  
One Lord divine,  
May I be ever His,  
And He for ever mine.

18th Century Tr. E. Caswall, 1858

ST. COLUMBA 6, 4, 6, 6

(Second Tune.)

H. S. Irons, 1861

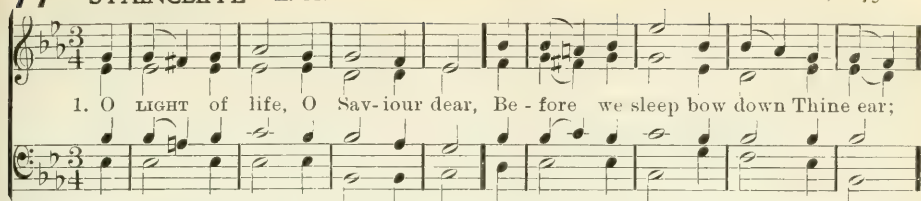
1. THE sun is sink - ing fast, The day - light dies; Let

love a - wake, and pay Her eve - ning sac - ri - fice. A - men.

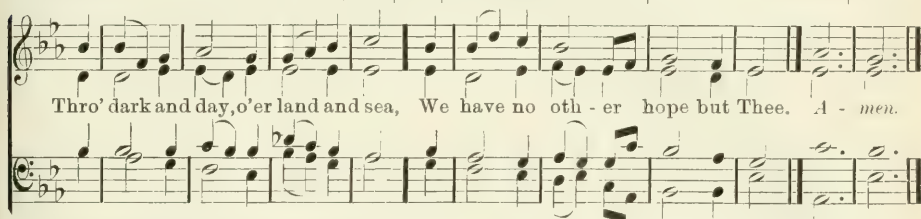
# Evening

77 STAINCLIFFE L. M.

R. W. Dixon, 1875



1. O LIGHT of life, O Sav-iour dear, Be-fore we sleep bow down Thine ear;



Thro' dark and day, o'er land and sea, We have no oth-er hope but Thee. A - men.

2 Oft from Thy royal road we part,  
Lost in the mazes of the heart;  
Our lamps put out, our course forgot,  
We seek for God, and find Him not.

3 What sudden sunbeams cheer our sight!  
What dawning risen upon the night!  
Thou giv'st Thyself to us, and we  
Find guide and path and all in Thee.

4 Through day and darkness, Saviour dear,  
Abide with us, more nearly near,  
Till on Thy face we lift our eyes,  
The Sun of God's own Paradise.

5 Praise God, our Maker and our Friend,  
Praise Him through time, till time shall  
Till psalm and song His name adore [end,  
Through heaven's great day of evermore.

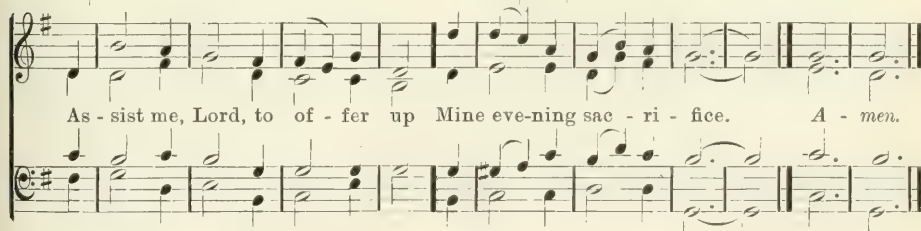
F. T. Palgrave, 1865

78 BELMONT C. M.

W. Gardiner, 1812



1. NOW FROM the al-tar of my heart Let in-cense-flames a-rise;



As-sist me, Lord, to of-fer up Mine eve-ning sac-ri-fice. A - men.

2 Awake, my love! awake, my joy!  
Awake, my heart and tongue!  
Sleep not: when mercies loudly call,  
Break forth into a song.

3 This day God was my sun and shield,  
My keeper and my guide;  
His care was on my frailty shown,  
His mercies multiplied.

4 New time, new favor, and new joys  
Do a new song require.  
Till I shall praise thee as I would,  
Accept my heart's desire.

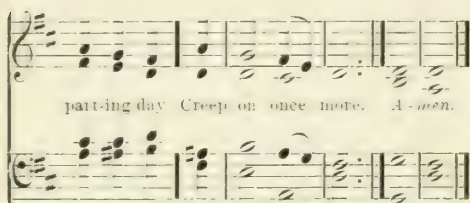
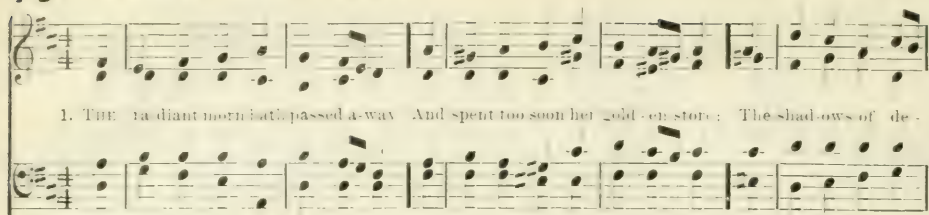
5 Lord of my time, whose hand hath set  
New time upon my score,  
Then shall I praise for all my time,  
When time shall be no more.

J. Mason, 1683. A.B.

# Evening

79 RADIANT MORN S. S. S. 4

C. F. Gounod, 1872



(Or to St. Gabriel, No. 712)

3 Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace  
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;  
Help us to look to that bright place  
Beyond the sky,

4 Where light and life and joy and peace  
In undivided empire reign,  
And thronging angels never cease  
Their deathless strain;

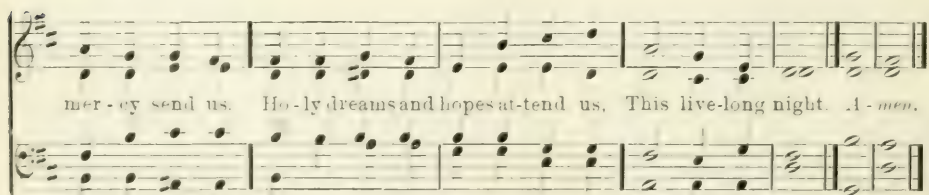
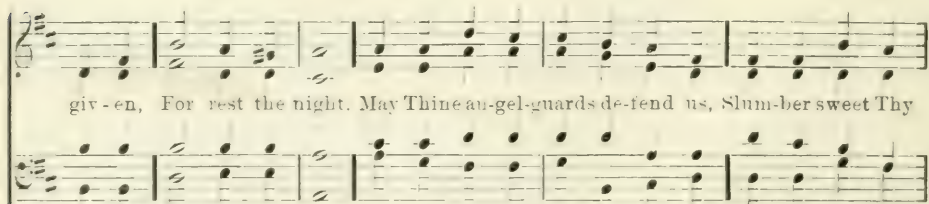
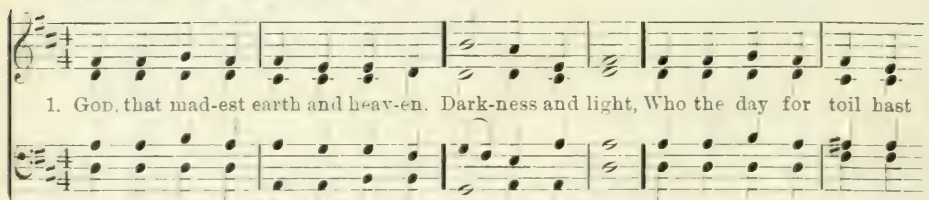
2 Our life is but an autumn day,  
Its glorious noon how quickly past!  
Lead us, O Christ, Thou living way,  
Safe home at last.

5 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,  
And evening shadows never fall,  
Where Thou, eternal Light of light,  
Art Lord of all.

G. Thring, 1864

TEMPLE S. 4. S. 4. S. S. S. 4 (Third Time)

E. J. Hopkins, 1872



# Evening

80 NUTFIELD 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4

W. H. Monk (1823—1889)

1. God, that mad-est earth and heav-en, Dark-ness and light, Who the day for toil hast

giv-en. For rest the night, May Thine an-gel-guards de-fend us, Slum-ber sweet Thy

mer-cy send us, Ho-ly dreams and hopes at-tend us, This live-long night. A-men.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,  
And, when we die,  
May we in Thy mighty keeping,  
All peaceful lie.

When the last dread call shall wake us,  
Do not Thou, our God, forsake us,  
But to reign in glory take us  
With Thee on high.

R. Heber, 1827, and R. Whateley, 1855

HARRIETTELE 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4 (Second Tune.)

H. G. B. Hunt (1847—)

1. God, that mad-est earth and heav-en, Dark-ness and light, Who the day for

toil hast giv-en, For rest the night, May Thine an-gel-guards de-fend us, Slum-ber sweet Thy

mer-cy send us, Ho-ly dreams and hopes at-tend us, This live-long night. A-men.



# Evening

81 ST. ANATOLIUS, No. 2 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8

A. H. Brown, 1862

1. THE day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!

I pray Thee now that sin - less The hours of dark may be. O Je - sus,

keep me in Thy sight And save me thro' the com - ing night! A - men.

2 The joys of day are over.  
I lift my heart to Thee,  
And ask Thee, that offenceless  
The hours of dark may be.  
O Jesus, make their darkness light,  
And save me through the coming night!

3 The toils of day are over.  
I raise the hymn to Thee,  
And ask that free from peril  
The hours of fear may be.  
O Jesus, keep me in Thy sight,  
And guard me through the coming night!

4 Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,  
Or sleep in death shall I,  
And he, my wakeful tempter,  
Triumphantly shall cry  
"He could not make their darkness light,  
Nor guard them through the hours of night."

5 Be Thou my soul's preserver,  
O God, for Thou dost know  
How many are the perils  
Through which I have to go.  
Lover of men, oh, hear my call,  
And guard and save me from them all!

Anatolius, 800 Tr. J. M. Neale, 1853

ST. ANATOLIUS, No. 3 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8 (Second Tune.)

J. B. Dykes, 1862

1. THE day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!

# Evening

I pray Thee now that sin - less The hours of dark may be. O Je - sus.

keep me in Thy sight And save me thro' the com - ing night! A - men.

SPENCER 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8

(Third Time.)

A. H. Prentiss, 1896

1. THE day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!

I pray Thee now that sin - less The hours of dark may be. O Je - sus.

keep me in Thy sight And save me thro' the com - ing night! A - men.

# Evening

## 82 HOLY TRINITY C. M.

J. Barnby, 1861

1. As now the sun's de-clin-ing rays At e-ven-tide de-scend,

So life's brief day is sink-ing down To its ap-point-ed end. A-men.

2 Lord, on the cross Thine arms were  
To draw Thy people nigh; [stretched  
Oh, grant us then that cross to love,  
And in those arms to die.

3 All glory to the Father be,  
All glory to the Son,  
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
While endless ages run.

C. Coffin, (1676-1749) Tr. J. Chandler, 1837

## 83 JESU, MAGISTER BONE 7s, 6s. 8l.

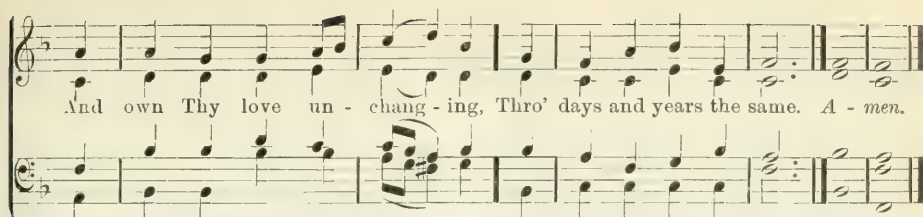
J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. THE hours of day are o-ver, The eve-ning calls us home;

Once more, to Thee, O Fa-ther, With thank-ful hearts we come.

For all Thy count-less bless-ings We praise Thy ho-ly name.

# Evening



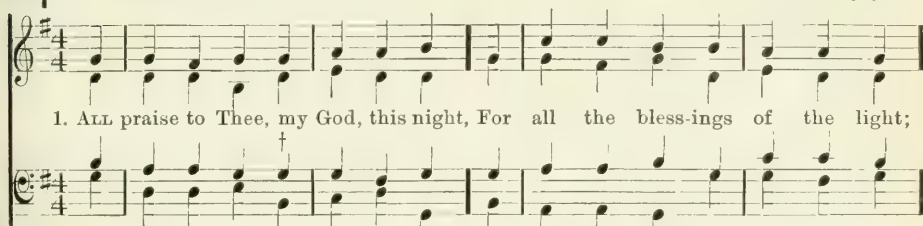
2 For this O Lord, we bless Thee,  
For this, we thank Thee most,  
The cleansing of the sinful,  
The saving of the lost;  
The Teacher ever present,  
The Friend for ever nigh,  
The home prepared by Jesus  
For us above the sky.

3 Lord, gather all Thy children  
To meet Thee there at last,  
When earthly tasks are ended,  
And earthly days are past;  
With all our dear ones round us  
In that eternal home,  
Where death no more shall part us,  
And night shall never come!

J. Ellerton, 1871

## 84 TALLIS' CANON L. M.

T. Tallis, 1565



† At this note the Tenor takes up the melody of the Soprano.



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,<br/>The ill that I this day have done;<br/>That with the world, myself and Thee,<br/>I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.</p> <p>3 Teach me to live, that I may dread<br/>The grave as little as my bed;<br/>Teach me to die that so I may<br/>Rise glorious at Thy judgment day.</p> <p>4 Oh, may my soul on Thee repose,<br/>And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close—<br/>Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make<br/>To serve my God when I awake.</p> <p>5 When in the night I sleepless lie,<br/>My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;</p> | <p>Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,<br/>No powers of darkness me molest.</p> <p>6 The faster sleep the senses binds,<br/>The more unfetter'd are our minds;<br/>Oh, may my soul, from matter free,<br/>Thy loveliness unclouded see.</p> <p>7 Oh, when shall I, in endless day,<br/>For ever chase dark sleep away,<br/>And hymns with the supernal choir<br/>Incessant sing, and never tire?</p> <p>8 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;<br/>Praise Him, all creatures here below;<br/>Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;<br/>Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.</p> |
|--|--|



# Evening

85

SCHUMANN (Heath) S. M.

Arr. fr. R. Schumann (1810—1856)

1. Our day of praise is done, The eve-ning shad-ows fall;

But pass not from us with the sun, True light that light'nest all. A - men.

2 Around the throne on high,  
Where night can never be,  
The white-robed harpers of the sky  
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here,  
Too soon of praise we tire;  
But oh the strains how full and clear  
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord, to Thy dear will  
If Thou attune the heart,

We in Thine angels' music still  
May bear our lower part.

5 'Tis Thine each soul to calm,  
Each wayward thought reclaim,  
And make our life a daily psalm  
Of glory to Thy name.

6 A little while, and then  
Shall come the glorious end;  
And songs of angels and of men  
In perfect praise shall blend.

J. Ellerton, 1867

GARDEN CITY S. M.

(Second Tune.)

H. W. Parker

1. OUR day of praise is done, The eve-ning shad-ows fall,...

But pass not from us with the sun, True light that light'nest all. A - men.

# Evening

86 BALCOM L. M.

T. E. Aylward (1844—)

1. THE bright'ning dawn and voice-ful day Thy lov-ing-kind-ness, Lord, pro-claim; And

night, with its sub-lime ar-ray Of star-ry worlds, doth praise Thy name. A-men.

2 Yea, while adoring seraphim  
Before Thee bend the willing knee,  
From every star a choral hymn  
Goes up unceasingly to Thee.

3 O holy Father, 'mid the calm  
And stillness of this evening hour,  
We, too, would lift our solemn psalm  
To praise Thy goodness and Thy power;

4 For over us, as over all,  
Thy tender mercies still extend,

Nor vainly shall the contrite call  
On Thee, our Father and our Friend.

5 Kept by Thy goodness through the day,  
Thanksgiving to Thy name we pour;  
Night o'er us with its stars, we pray  
Thy love to guard us evermore.

6 In grief, console; in gladness, bless;  
In darkness, guide; in sickness, cheer;  
Till, perfected in righteousness,  
We all before Thy throne appear.

W. H. Burleigh, 1844

ST. IGNATIUS S. M.

(Third Tune.)

J. Barnby, 1869

1. Our day of praise is done, The eve-ning shad-ows fall; But

pass not from us with the sun, True light that light-'nest all. A-men.

# Evening

87 HURSLEY L. M.

P. Ritter, 1792 Arr. by W. H. Monk, 1861

1. Son of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes. A-men.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My weary eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,

Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take,  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

(Or to Maryton, No. 228)

J. Keble, 1827

KEBLE (Streatham) L. M. (Second Tune.)

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. Son of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes. A-men.

# Evening

88 ANGELUS L. M.

G. Josephi, 1657

1. At e - ven, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a - round Thee lay;  
Oh, in what di - vers pains they met! Oh, with what joy they went a - way! A - men.

- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we  
Oppress'd with various ills draw near;  
What if Thy form we cannot see?  
We know and feel that Thou art here.
- 3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel,  
For some are sick, and some are sad,  
And some have never loved Thee well,  
And some have lost the love they had.
- 4 And some have found the world is vain,  
Yet from the world they break not free,  
And some have friends who give them pain,  
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.
- 5 And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,  
For none are wholly free from sin;  
And they who fain would serve Thee best  
Are conscious most of wrong within.
- 6 Oh, Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man,  
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;  
Thy kind, but searching glance can scan  
The very wounds that shame would hide.
- 7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;  
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;  
Hear, in this solemn evening hour,  
And in Thy mercy heal us all.

H. Twells, 1868

89 ABENDS L. M.

H. S. Oakeley, 1873

1. GREAT God who know-est each man's need, Bless Thou our watch and guard our sleep:  
2. We thank Thee for the day that's done, We trust Thee for the days to be;  
Forgive our sins of thought and deed, And in Thy peace Thy ser-vants keep.  
Thy love we learn in Christ Thy Son—Oh, may we all His glo - ry see. A - men.

Org.



1. A - BIDE with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep - ens;

Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee,

Help of the help - less, Oh, a - bide with me. A - men.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see:  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me!
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour:  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies.  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee—  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

H. F. Lyte, 1847

## BATTELL 108.

(Second Tune.)

R. Battell, 1882

1. A - BIDE with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness

# Evening

876

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bid: When oth - er help - ers fail, and

com - forts flee, Help of the help-less, Oh, a - bid with me. A - men.

TROYTE, No. 1 (Chant) 10s. (Third Tune.) A. H. D. Troyte (1811—1857)

A - men.

## 91 REDHEAD, 47 7s.

R. Redhead, 1852

1. God the Fa - ther, be Thou near, Save from ev - 'ry harm to - night;

Make us all Thy chil - dren dear, In the dark-ness be our light. A - men.

2 God the Saviour, be our peace,  
Put away our sins to-night;  
Speak the word of full release,  
Turn our darkness into light.

3 Holy Spirit, deign to come,  
Sanctify us all to-night;

In our hearts prepare Thy home,  
Turn our darkness into light.

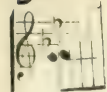
4 Holy Trinity, be nigh,  
Mystery of love ador'd;  
Help to live and help to die;  
Lighten all our darkness,

# Evening

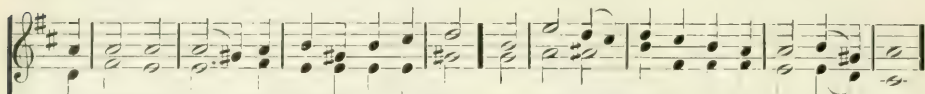
90 EV

D ios, 61.

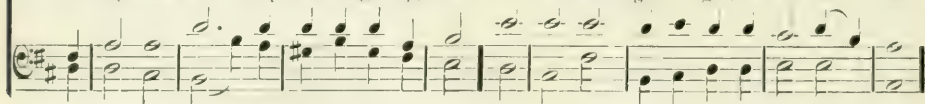
H. Smart, 1872



ly sink ing to a close, Faint er and yet more faint the sunlight glows:



O bright ness of Thy Fa ther's glo ry, Thou E - ter - nal Light of light, be with us now:



Where Thou art pres - ent, dark ness cannot be: Mid night is glo ri ous noon, O Lord, with Thee. A - men.



- 2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end;  
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;  
O conqueror of the grave, be Thou our guide;  
Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide:  
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,  
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.
- 3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear  
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,  
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,  
And earthly hopes and human succors fail:  
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh  
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

weary world is mouldering to decay,  
glories wane, its pageants fade away;  
that last sunset when the stars shall fall,  
we arise awakened by Thy call,  
with Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide  
that blest day which has no eventide.



ord.

C. Rawson, 1858

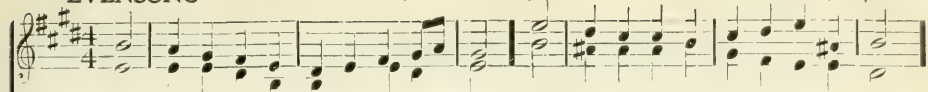
C. Wordsworth, 1863

# Evening

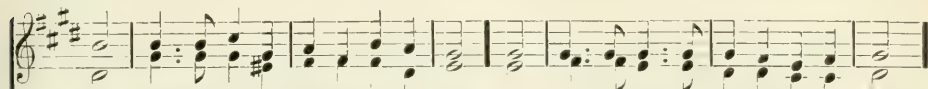
EVENSONG 108. 61.

(Second Tune)

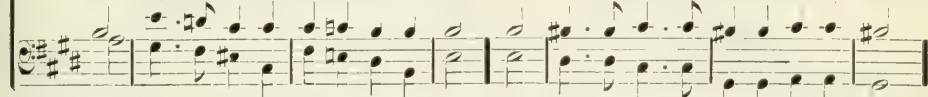
W. B. Gilbert, 1876



1. THE day is gen tly sink ing to a close, Faint-er and yet more faint the sun-light glows:



O brightness of Thy Father's glo-ry, Thou E - ter - nal Light of light, be with us now:



Where Thou art present, darkness cannot be: Mid-night is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee. A-men.

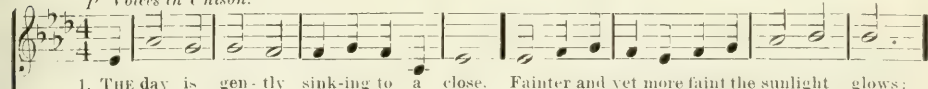


SUNDOWN 108. 61.

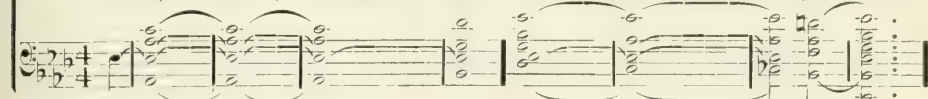
(Third Tune)

J. H. Gower, 1890

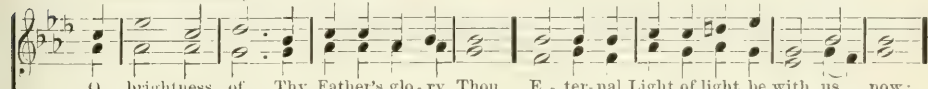
*p* Voices in Unison.



1. THE day is gen tly sink-ing to a close, Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows:



Voices in Harmony.



O brightness of Thy Father's glo-ry, Thou E - ter - nal Light of light, be with us now:



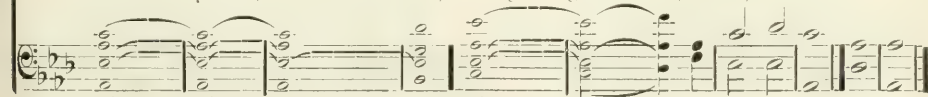
*p* Unison.

*cres.*

Harmony. *f*



Where Thou art present, darkness can-not be; Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with Thee. A - men.





# Evening

93 ST. LEONARD C. M. 81.

H. Hiles, 1867

1. THE shad-ows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark-ning sky;

Up - on the fra-grance of the flow'rs The dew's of eve-ning lie.

Be - fore Thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day;

Look on Thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray. A - men.

2 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,  
Oh, do not Thou despise,  
But let the incense of our prayers  
Before Thy mercy rise.  
The brightness of the coming night  
Upon the darkness rolls;  
With hopes of future glory chase  
The shadows from our souls.

3 Slowly the rays of daylight fade:  
So fade within our heart  
The hopes in earthly love and joy,  
That one by one depart.

Slowly the bright stars, one by one,  
Within the heavens shine:  
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven.  
And trust in things divine.

4 Let peace, O Lord, Thy peace, O God,  
Upon our souls descend;  
From midnight fears, and perils, Thou  
Our trembling hearts defend.  
Give us a respite from our toil;  
Calm and subdue our woes;  
Through the long day we labor, Lord,  
Oh, give us now repose.

# Evening

94 TWILIGHT 6s, 5s.

J. Barnby, 1868

1. Now THE day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh;.....

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky; A - men.  
Eve-ning steal a - cross the sky;

2 Jesus, give the weary  
Calm and sweet repose;  
With Thy tenderest blessing  
May our eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children  
Visions bright of Thee;  
Guard the sailors tossing  
On the deep, blue sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer  
Watching late in pain;

Those who plan some evil  
From their sins restrain.

5 Through the long night-watches,  
May Thine angels spread  
Their white wings above me,  
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,  
Then may I arise  
Pure, and fresh, and sinless  
In Thy holy eyes.

S. Baring-Gould, 1865

BARD 6s, 5s.

(Second Tune)

W. H. Aylward, 1869

1. Now THE day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh;

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky; A - men.

# Evening

## 95 VESPERI LUX 7, 7, 7, 5

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. Ho - ly Fa - ther, cheer our way With Thy love's per - pet - ual ray;  
Grant us ev - 'ry clos - ing day... Light at eve - ning - time. A - men.

2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears  
When earth's brightness disappears;  
Grant us in our later years  
Light at evening-time.

Grant us, as we come to die,  
Light at evening-time.

3 Holy Spirit, be Thou nigh  
When in mortal pains we lie;

4 Holy, blessèd Trinity,  
Darkness is not dark to Thee;  
Those Thou keepest always see  
Light at evening-time.

(Or to Vesper, opposite)

R. H. Robinson, 1869

## 96 CAPETOWN 7, 7, 7, 5

F. Filitz (1804—1876)

1. THREE in One, and One in Three, Rul - er of the earth and sea,  
Hear us, while we lift to Thee Ho - ly chant and psalm. A - men.

2 Light of lights, with morning shine,  
Lift on us Thy light divine;  
And let charity benign  
Breathe on us her balm.

Fold us in the peace of heaven,  
Shed a holy calm.

3 Light of lights, when falls the even,  
Let it close on sin forgiven;

4 Three in One, and One in Three,  
Dimly here we worship Thee;  
With the saints hereafter, we  
Hope to bear the palm.

## Evening

J. Barnby (1838—1896)

1. WHEN the day of toil is done, When the race of life is run,  
Fa - ther, grant Thy wea - ried one Rest for ev - er - more! A - men.

- 2 When the strife of sin is stilled,  
When the foe within is killed,  
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,  
Peace for evermore!
- 3 When the darkness melts away  
At the breaking of the day,  
Bid us hail the cheering ray—  
Light for evermore!
- 4 When the heart by sorrow tried  
Feels at length its throbs subside,

- Bring us, where all tears are dried,  
Joy for evermore!
- 5 When for vanished days we yearn,  
Days that never can return,  
Teach us in Thy love to learn  
Love for evermore!
- 6 When the breath of life is flown,  
When the grave must claim its own,  
Lord of life, be ours Thy crown—  
Life for evermore!

J. Ellerton, 1871

J. Stainer (1840 )

1. JE - sus, Shep - herd of the sheep, Who Thy Fa - ther's flock doth keep,  
Safe we wake and safe we sleep, Guard - ed still by Thee. A - men.

- 2 In Thy promise firm we stand,  
None can pluck us from Thy hand,  
Speak, we hear, at Thy command,  
We will follow Thee.
- 3 By Thy blood our souls were bought,  
By Thy life salvation wrought,  
By Thy light our feet are taught,  
Lord, to follow Thee.

- 4 Father, draw us to Thy Son,  
We with joy will follow on,  
Till the work of grace is done,  
And from sin set free,
- 5 We in robes of glory drest  
Join the assembly of the blest,  
Gathered to eternal rest,  
In the fold with Thee.

H. Cook, 1808



# Evening

99 WARREN 8s. 7s.

E. J. Hopkins (1818—)

1. HEAL our pray'r, O Heav'nly Fa-ther, Ere we lay us down to sleep;

Bid Thine an-gels, pure and ho-ly, Round our bed their vig-ils keep. A-men.

*Major—last verse, or all, at option.*

5. Par-don all our past trans-gres-sions, Give us strength for days to come;

Guide and guard us with Thy bless-ing, Till Thine an-gels bear us home. A-men.

2 Heavy though our sins, Thy mercy  
Far outweighs them every one;  
Down before the cross we cast them,  
Trusting in Thy help alone.

3 Keep us through this night of peril  
Safe beneath its sheltering shade;  
Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee,  
When our pilgrimage is made.

4 None can measure out Thy patience  
By the span of human thought;  
None can bound the tender mercies  
Which Thy holy Son has bought.

5 Pardon all our past transgressions,  
Give us strength for days to come;  
Guide and guard us with Thy blessing,  
Till Thine angels bear us home.

# Evening

100 NIGHTFALL 11, 12, 11, 5

J. Barnby, 1872

1. Now God be with us, for the night is clos - ing; The light and

dark - ness are of His dis - pos - ing. And 'neath His shad - ow

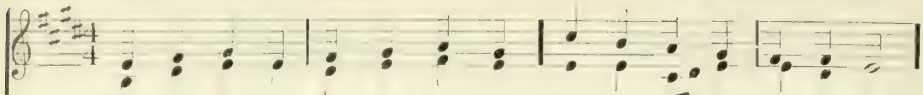
here to rest we yield us, For He will shield.. us. A - men.

- 2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us;  
Till morning cometh, watch, O Master, o'er us;  
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,  
Thine angels send us.
- 3 Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us;  
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us.  
All sick and mourners we to Thee commend them.  
Do Thou befriend them.
- 4 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us  
But Thee, O Father, who Thine own hast made us.  
Keep us in life; forgive our sins; deliver  
Us now and ever.
- 5 Praise be to Thee through Jesus our salvation,  
God, Three in One, the ruler of creation,  
High throned, o'er all Thine eye of mercy casting,  
Lord everlasting.

# Evening

101 HOLLYWOOD 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

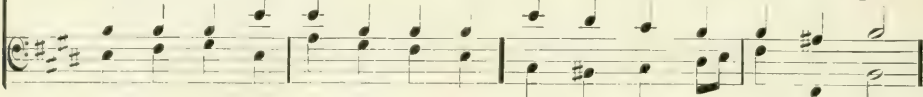
S. Webbe, 1740—1816)



1. Thro' the day Thy love has spared us, Now we lay us down to rest;  
2. Pil - grims here on earth and stran - gers, Dwell - ing in the midst of foes,



Thro' the si - lent watch - es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest;  
Us and ours pre - serve from dan - gers; In Thine arms may we re - pose,



Je - sus, Thou our guardian be, Sweet it is to trust in Thee.  
And, when life's short day is past, Rest with Thee in heaven at last. A - men.



T. Kelly, 1806

GUNTHER 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7 (Second Tune)

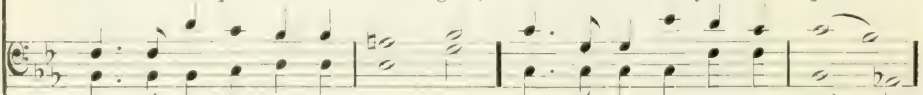
J. Barnby, 1872



1. Thro' the day Thy love has spared us, Now we lay us down to rest;  
2. Pil - grims here on earth, and stran - gers, Dwell - ing in the midst of foes,



Thro' the si - lent watch - es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest;  
Us and ours pre - serve from dan - gers; In Thine arms may we re - pose,



# Evening

Je - sus, Thou our guardian be, Sweet it is to trust in Thee.  
And, when life's short day is past, Rest with Thee in heav'n at last. *A - men.*

## 102 ARTAVIA 10, 10, 10, 6

E. J. Hopkins, (1818—)

1. THE day is end - ed. Ere I sink to sleep, My wea - ry

spir - it seeks re - pose in Thine. Fa - ther, for - give my tres - pass -

es and keep This lit - tle life of mine. *A - men.*

2 With loving-kindness curtain Thou my bed,  
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;  
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,—  
So shall my sleep be sweet.

3 At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,  
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;  
All's well, whichever side the grave for me  
The morning light may break.



## 103 ST. FIDELIS L. M.

J. Barry, 1899

1. A - gain, as evening's shadow falls. We gather in these hallowed walls.

And ves-per hymn and ves-per prayer Rise ringing on the ho - ly air A - gain

2 May struggling hearts, that seek release, Give deeper calm than night can bring;  
Here find the rest of God's own peace: Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.  
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer, Lay down the burden and the care.

3 O God, our light, to Thee we bow!  
Within all shadows standest Thou.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,  
We cannot at the shrine remain:  
But in the spirit's secret cell,  
May hymn and prayer forever dwell!

S. J. Schaeffer, 1899

## 104 ST. NICHOLAS M. M.

C. C. Schaeffer, 1899

1. O power-ness of the eter-nal Fa-ther's love Most ho - ly, most pure, most

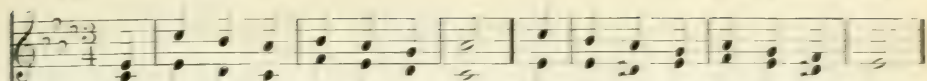
Love, O Christ in whom His truth and grace are ris - ing, ex-pressed, O most

2 The sun is sinking now and now by now 3 Worthy art Thou at all times to receive  
The songs of evening close: Our hallowed praises, Lord.  
We hymn the eternal Father, and the Son, O Son of God, be Thou, in whom we live,  
And Holy Ghost art Thou Through all the world adored.

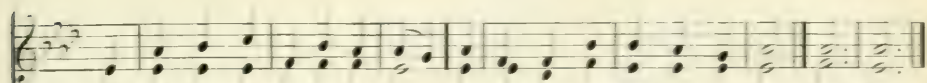
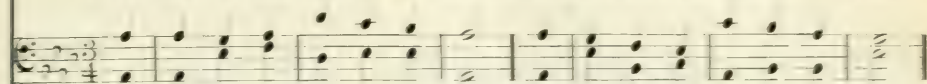
# Evening

105 DEVOTION 8s.

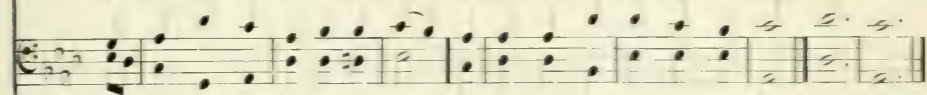
J. A. Johnson, 1894



1. IN-SPER-RE and hear-er of prayer: Thou shep-herd and guardian of Thine-



My all to Thy sov-er-eign care I sleep-ing or wak-ing re-sign. A-men



2 If Thou art my shield and my sun.

The night is no darkness to me;

And, fast as my minutes roll on,

They bring me but nearer to Thee.

Unchangeably faithful to save.

Almighty to rule and command.

4 His smiles and His comforts abound,

His grace, as the dew, shall descend;

And walls of salvation surround

The soul He delights to defend.

3 A sovereign protector I have.

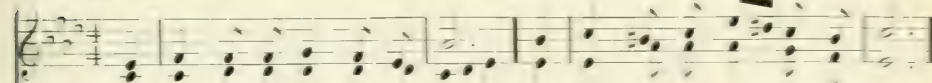
Unseen, yet for ever at hand:

W. H. Thompson, 1894

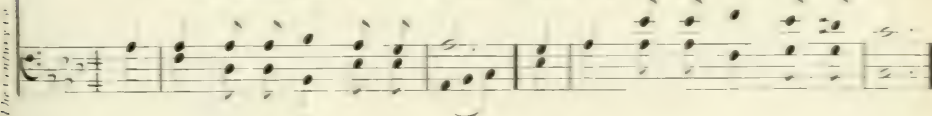
INSPIRER 8s.

(Second Time)

S. B. Warren, 1896



1. IN-SPER-RE and hear-er of prayer: Thou shep-herd and guardian of Thine-



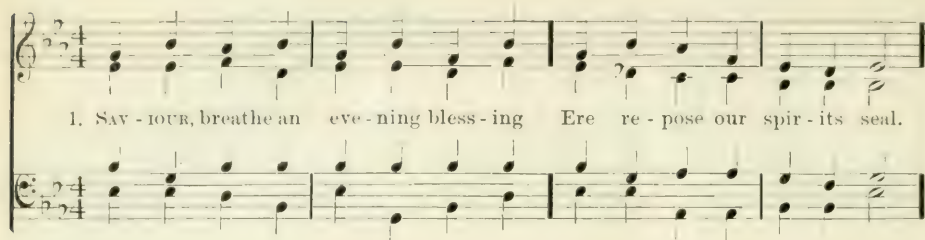
My all to Thy sov-er-eign care I sleep-ing or wak-ing re-sign. A-men



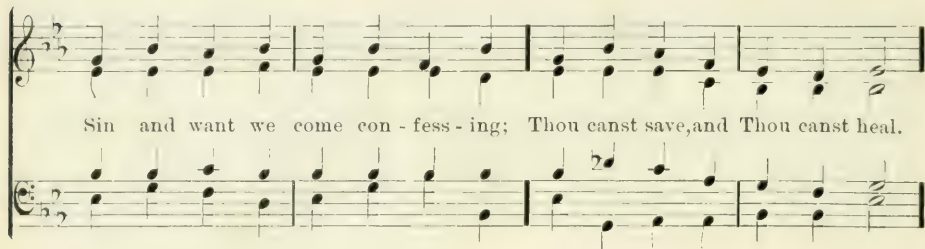
# Evening

106 VESPER HYMN 8s, 7s. 81.

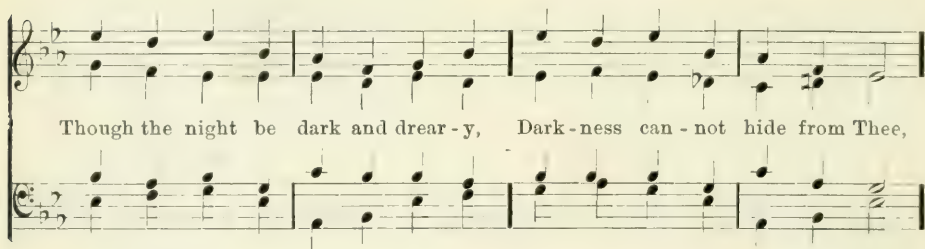
D. S. Bortniansky (1751—1825)



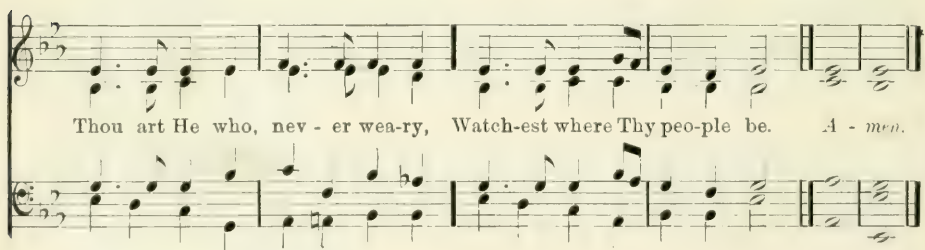
1. SAV - IOUR, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing Ere re - pose our spir - its seal.



Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.



Though the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness can - not hide from Thee,



Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where Thy peo - ple be. A - men.

2 Though destruction walk around us,  
 Though the arrow past us fly,  
 Angel guards from Thee surround us;  
 We are safe if Thou art nigh.  
 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,  
 And our couch become our tomb,  
 May the morn in heaven awake us,  
 Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

3 Father, to Thy holy keeping  
 Humbly we ourselves resign;  
 Saviour, who hast slept our sleeping,  
 Make our slumbers pure as Thine;  
 Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,  
 Chase the darkness of our night,  
 Till the perfect day before us  
 Breaks in everlasting light.

# Evening

GLoucester 8s, 7s. 8l. (Second Tune)

S. S. Wesley

1. { SAV - IOUR, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing Ere re - pose our spir - its seal.  
Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Darkness can - not hide from Thee;

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal. }  
Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where Thy peo - ple be. } A - men.

(Or to Salvator, No. 4)

STOCKWELL 8s, 7s. 8l. (Third Tune)

D. E. Jones, 1847

1. { SAVIOUR, breathe an evening bless - ing Ere re - pose our spir - its seal.  
Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Darkness can - not hide from Thee;

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal. }  
Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where Thy peo - ple be. } A - men.



# Evening

107 AUBER 8s. 7s. 8l.

W. H. Monk (1823—1889)

1. VAIN-LY thro' night's wea-ry hours, Keep we watch, lest foes a-larm;

Vain our bulwarks, and our tow-ers, But for God's pro-TECT-ing arm.

Vain were all our toil and la-bor, Did not God that la-bor bless:

Vain, with-out His grace and fa-vor, Ev-ery ta-lent we pos-sess A-men.

2 Vainer still the hope of heaven,  
Which on human strength relies;  
But to him shall help be given,  
Who in humble faith applies.

Seek we, then, the Lord's anointed;  
He will grant us peace and rest:  
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed,  
Who through Christ his prayer addressed.

H. Auber, 1820

108 DULCE 7s.

(First Tune)

J. Barnby, 1880

1. SOFT-LY now the light of day Fades up-on my sight a-way;

Free from care, from la-bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee. A-men.

# Evening

CENTURY 7s. 81.

(Second Tune)

S. P. Warren, 1896

*Expressively.*

1. SOFT - LY now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with Thee.

2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,

Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin. A - men.

SEYMOUR 7s.

(Third Tune.)

Arr. fr. C. M. von Weber, 1826

1. SOFT - LY now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee. A - men.

- 2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye  
Naught escapes, without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault, and secret sin.
- 3 Soon, for me, the light of day  
Shall for ever pass away;

- Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
- 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known  
All of man's infirmity,  
Then, from Thine eternal throne,  
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

1. I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King,  
I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King.

2. I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King,  
I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King.

3. I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King,  
I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King.

4. I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King,  
I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King.

5. I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King,  
I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King.

1. I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King,  
I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King,  
I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King,  
I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King,  
I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King,  
I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King,  
I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King,  
I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King.

2. I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King,  
I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King,  
I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King,  
I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King,  
I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King,  
I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King,  
I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King,  
I will be true to thee, my Lord, my King.





# Evening

## III VESPERTINE S. M.

H. Smart, 1877

1. THE day is past and gone, The eve - ning shades ap - pear;

Oh, may we all re - mem - ber well The night of death draws near. A - men.

2 We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest;  
So death shall soon disrobe us all  
Of what is here possest.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,  
Secure from all our fears;  
May angels guard us while we sleep,  
Till morning light appears.

J. Leland, 1792, *Ab.*

## II2 EMMAUS (Neale) S. M.

J. Barnby, 1862

1. THE day, O Lord, is spent; A - bid with us, and rest;

Our heart's de - sires are ful - ly bent On mak - ing Thee our guest. A - men.

(Or to St. Ignatius, No. 85)

2 We have not reached that land,  
That happy land, as yet,  
Where holy angels round Thee stand,  
Whose sun can never set.

3 Our sun is sinking now,  
Our day is almost o'er;

O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou  
Shine on us evermore!

4 The grace of Christ our Lord,  
The Father's boundless love,  
The Spirit's blest communion, too,  
Be with us from above.

J. M. Neale, 1842

# The Lord's Day

II13 GRANGE 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

R. Brown-Borthwick (1840—)

1. AL - LE - LU - IA! fair-est morn - ing, Fair - er than our words can say!

Down we lay the heav - y bur - den Of life's toil and care to - day;

While this morn of joy and love Brings fresh vig - or from a - bove. A - men.

2 Sun-day, full of holy glory,  
Sweetest rest-day of the soul,  
Light upon the world of darkness  
From thy blessed moments roll!  
Holy, happy, heavenly day,  
Thou canst charm our grief away.

3 In the gladness of God's worship  
We will seek our joy to-day:  
It is then we learn the fulness  
Of the grace for which we pray:  
When the word of life is given,  
Like the Saviour's voice from heaven.

4 Let the day with Thee be ended,  
As with Thee it has begun;  
And Thy blessing, Lord, be granted,  
Till earth's days and weeks are done;  
That, at last, Thy servants may  
Keep eternal Sabbath-day.

# The Lord's Day

II4 ROSWELL 7s, 6s, 8l. With Refrain—6, 6, 8, 4 A. Cottman (1842—1879)

1. A - GAIN the morn of glad - ness, The morn of light is here; And

earth it - self looks fair - er, And heaven it - self more near. The bells, like an - gel

voic - es, Speak peace to ev - ery breast; And all the land lies qui - et To

*Refrain.* His chil-dren

keep the day of rest.... Glo - ry be to Je - sus! Let all His chil-dren

say :  
 chil - dren say :  
 say : He rose a - gain, He rose a gain, On this glad day! A - men.

chil - dren say :

2 Again, O loving Saviour,  
 The children of Thy grace  
 Prepare themselves to seek Thee  
 Within Thy chosen place.  
 Our song shall rise to greet Thee,  
 If Thou our hearts wilt raise;  
 If Thou our lips wilt open,  
 Our mouth shall show Thy praise.—*Ref.*

3 The shining choir of angels  
 That rest not day or night,  
 The crowned and palm-decked martyrs,  
 The saints arrayed in white,  
 The happy lambs of Jesus  
 In pastures fair above,—  
 These all adore and praise Him,  
 Whom we too praise and love.—*Ref.*

# The Lord's Day

4 The Church on earth rejoices  
To join with these to-day;  
In every tongue and nation  
She calls her sons to pray;  
Across the northern snow-fields,  
Beneath the Indian palms,  
She makes the same pure offering,  
And sings the same sweet psalms.—*Ref.*

5 Tell out, sweet bells, His praises;  
Sing, children, sing His name! .  
Still louder and still further  
His mighty deeds proclaim,  
Till all whom He redeemed  
Shall own Him Lord and King,  
Till every knee shall worship  
And every tongue shall sing.—*Ref.*

J. Ellerton, 1886

II 5 PAX DEI 108.

J. B. Dykes, 1868

1. A - GAIN re - turns the day of ho - ly... rest...

Which, when He made the world, Je - ho - vah blessed;

When, like His own, He... bade our la - bors cease,

And... all be pi - e - ty, and all be peace. A - men.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day  
To learn His will, and all we learn obey;  
So shall He hear, when fervently we raise  
Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3 Father of heaven, in whom our hopes confide,  
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,  
In life our guardian and in death our Friend,  
Glory supreme be Thine till time shall end.



# The Lord's Day

116

ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON 7s, 6s, 81.

J. Walch, 1875

1. THE dawn of God's dear Sab - bath Breaks o'er the earth a - gain,  
As some sweet sum - mer morn - ing Af - ter a night of pain;  
It comes as cool - ing show - ers To some ex - haust - ed land,  
As shade of clustered palm-trees 'Mid wea - ry wastes of sand. A - men.

2 Lord, we would bring for offering,  
Though marred with earthly soil,  
A week of earnest labor,  
Of steady, faithful toil;  
Fair fruits of self-denial,  
Of strong, deep love to Thee,  
Fostered by Thine own Spirit,  
In our humility.

3 And we would bring our burden  
Of sinful thought and deed,  
In Thy pure presence kneeling,  
From bondage to be freed;  
Our heart's most bitter sorrow  
For all Thy work undone—  
So many talents wasted!  
So few bright laurels won!

4 And with that sorrow mingling,  
A steadfast faith, and sure,  
And love so deep and fervent,  
That tries to make it pure;  
In His dear presence finding  
The pardon that we need,  
And then the peace so lasting—  
Celestial peace indeed.

5 So be it, Lord, for ever.  
Oh, may we evermore,  
In Jesus' holy presence  
His blessed name adore.  
Upon His peaceful Sabbath,  
Within His temple-walls—  
Type of the stainless worship  
In Zion's golden halls.

# The Lord's Day

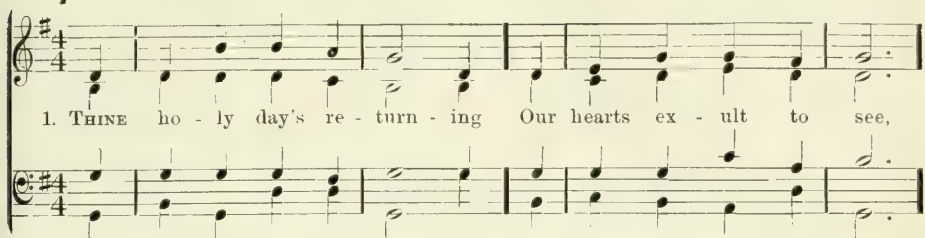
6 So that, in joy and gladness,  
We reach that home at last,  
When life's short week of sorrow  
And sin and strife is past;

When angel-hands have gathered  
The fair, ripe fruit for Thee,  
O Father, Lord, Redeemer!  
Most Holy Trinity!

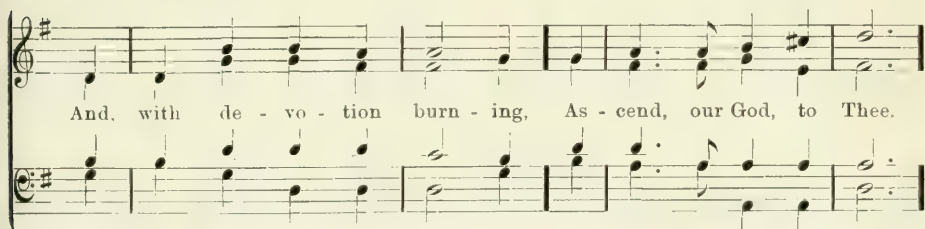
A. C. Cross, v. 4, l. 3 *alt.* Ab. 1866

## II7 CHENIES 7s, 6s. 8l.

T. R. Matthews, 1855



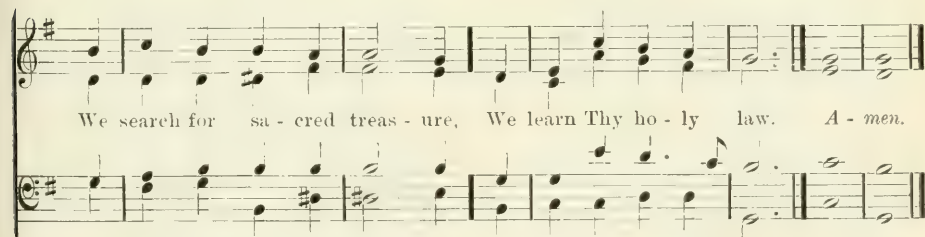
1. THINE ho - ly day's re - turn - ing Our hearts ex - ult to see,



And, with de - vo - tion burn - ing, As - cend, our God, to Thee.



To - day with pur - est pleas - ure. Our thoughts from earth with - draw;



We search for sa - cred treas - ure, We learn Thy ho - ly law. A - men.

(Or to Munich, No. 367 Or to St. George's, Bolton, opposite)

2 We join to sing Thy praises,  
God of the Sabbath day;  
Each voice in gladness raises  
Its loudest, sweetest lay.

Thy richest mercies sharing,  
Oh, fill us with Thy love,  
By grace our souls preparing  
For nobler praise above.

# The Lord's Day

118 DAY OF REST 7s. 6s. 8l.

J. W. Elliott, (1833—)

1. O DAY of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,

O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright,

On thee the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,

Sing ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! To the great God Tri - une. A - men.

2 On thee, at the creation,  
The light first had its birth;  
On thee for our salvation  
Christ rose from depths of earth;  
On thee our Lord victorious  
The Spirit sent from heaven;  
And thus on thee most glorious  
A triple light was given.

3 Thou art a port protected  
From storms that round us rise,  
A garden intersected  
With streams of Paradise;  
Thou art a cooling fountain  
In life's dry dreary sand;  
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,  
We view our promised land.

4 To-day on weary nations  
The heavenly manna falls;  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls,  
Where Gospel-light is glowing,  
With pure and radiant beams  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.

5 New graces ever gaining  
From this our day of rest,  
We reach the Rest remaining  
To spirits of the blest.  
To Holy Ghost be praises,  
To Father, and to Son;  
The Church her voice upraises  
To Thee, blest Three in One.

# The Lord's Day

GLADNESS, No. 1 (St. Anselm) 7s, 6s. 8l. (Second Tune)

J. Barnby, 1869

1. O DAY of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright, On thee the high and low - ly, Through a-ges joined in tune, Sing ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! To the great God Tri-une. A-men.

MENDEBRAS 7s, 6s. 8l. (Third Tune) German Melody Arr. L. Mason, 1839

1. O DAY of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, On thee the high and lowly, O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beautiful, most bright, Thro' a-ges joined in tune, Sing ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! To the great God Tri-une. A-men.

(Or to Dies Dominica, No. 367 Or to Rotterdam, No. 290 Or to Gladness [No. 2], No. 269)



# The Lord's Day

**II9 BROCKHAM** L. M.

J. Clarke, 1700

1. SWEET is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing;

To show Thy love by morning light, And talk of all Thy truth at night. A - men.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;  
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless His works, and bless His word;  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine,  
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

4 Lord, I shall share a glorious part,  
When grace hath well refined my heart,  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
All I desired or wished below;  
And every power find sweet employ,  
In that eternal world of joy.

(Or to Germany.)

I. Watts, 1719

**I20 GERMANY** L. M.

Arr. fr. Beethoven, 1815

1. LORD of the Sab-bath, hear us pray, In this Thy house, on this Thy day;

And own, as grate-ful sac - ri - fice, The songs which from Thy temple rise. A - men.

2 Now met to pray, and bless Thy Name,  
Whose mercies flow each day the same,  
Whose kind compassions never cease,  
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.

3 Thy day of rest, O Lord, we love,  
But look for truer rest above;

To that our laboring souls aspire  
With ardent hope and strong desire.

4 In Thy blest kingdom we shall be  
From every mortal trouble free.  
No sighs shall mingle with the songs  
Resounding from immortal tongues;

# The Lord's Day

5 No rude alarms of raging foes;  
No cares to break the long repose;  
No midnight shade, no waning moon,  
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

6 O long-expected day, begin,  
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;  
Break, morn of God, upon our eyes,  
And let the world's true sun arise!

P. Doddridge, 1737 *Alt.* Cotterill's Sel., 1819

## 121 SWABIA S. M.

German Arr. W. H. Havergal, 1849

1. THIS is the day of light. Let there be light to - day:

O Day-spring, rise up - on our night And chase its gloom a - way. A - men.

2 This is the day of rest.  
Our failing strength renew;  
On weary brain and troubled breast  
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

4 This is the day of prayer.  
Let earth to heaven draw near;  
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;  
Come down to meet us here.

3 This is the day of peace.  
Thy peace our spirits fill;  
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,  
The waves of strife be still.

5 This is the first of days.  
Send forth Thy quickening breath,  
And wake dead souls to love and praise,  
O vanquisher of death!

J. Ellerton, 1867

## DOMENICA (St. Domenica) S. M. (Second Tune.)

H. S. Oakeley, 1874

1. THIS is the day of light. Let there be light to - day:

O Day-spring, rise up - on our night And chase its gloom a - way. A - men.

1. This is the day the Lord hath made. He calls the hours His own;

Let heav'n re-joice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne. A - men.

(Or to St. John's College, No. 513)

- 2 To-day He rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell;  
To-day the saints His triumphs spread  
And all His wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna, to the anointed King,  
To David's holy Son!  
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring  
Salvation from the throne.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace;  
Who comes in God His Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna, in the highest strains  
The Church on earth can raise!  
The highest heavens in which He reigns  
Shall give Him nobler praise.

I. Watts, 1719

## I23 BELMONT C. M.

W. Gardiner, 1812

1. BLEST day of God, most calm, most bright, The first, the best of days;...

The laborer's rest, the saint's delight, The day of prayer and praise. A - men.

- 2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine;  
His rising thee did raise,  
And made thee heavenly and divine  
Beyond all other days.
- 3 The first-fruits oft a blessing prove  
To all the sheaves behind;
- And they the day of Christ who love,  
A happy week shall find.
- 4 This day I must with God appear,  
For, Lord, the day is Thine;  
Help me to spend it in Thy fear,  
And thus to make it mine.

# The Lord's Day

**I24** ST. STEPHEN (Nayland) C. M.

W. Jones, 1789

1. With joy we hail the sa - cred day Which God hath called His own:

With joy the sum-mons we o - bey To wor-ship at His throne. A - men.

2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!  
As here Thy servants throng  
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,  
And pour the choral song.

3 Spirit of grace, O deign to dwell  
Within Thy Church below;  
Make her in holiness excel,  
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;  
Let all her sons unite  
To spread with holy zeal around  
Her clear and shining light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day  
Which Thou hast called Thine own;  
With joy the summons we obey  
To worship at Thy throne.

H. Auber, 1831

**I25** ST. FULBERT C. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1852

1. A - RISE, O King of grace, a - rise, And en - ter to Thy rest!

Lo, Thy church waits with long-ing eyes, Thus to be owned and blest. A - men.

2 Enter with all Thy glorious train,  
Thy Spirit and Thy word;  
All that the ark did once contain  
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,  
Here let Thy praise be spread;  
Bless the provisions of Thy house,  
And fill Thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,  
Let God's Anointed shine,  
Justice and truth His court maintain,  
With love and power divine.

5 Here let Him hold a lasting throne;  
And, as His kingdom grows,  
Fresh honors shall adorn His crown,  
And shame confound His foes.



# The Lord's Day

I26

ST. GEORGE S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1848

1. HAIL to the Sab - bath day, The day di - vine - ly giv'n, When  
men to God their hom - age pay, And earth draws near to heav'n! A - men.

2 Lord, in this sacred hour,  
Within Thy courts we bend,  
And bless Thy love, and own Thy power,  
Our Father and our Friend.

3 But Thou art not alone  
In courts by mortals trod;  
Nor only is the day Thine own  
When man draws near to God.

4 Thy temple is the arch  
Of yon unmeasured sky;  
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march  
Of grand eternity.

5 Lord, may that holier day  
Dawn on Thy servants' sight;  
And purer worship may we pay  
In heaven's unclouded light.

S. G. Bulfinch, 1832

I27

BARNES S. M.

F. E. L. Barnes, 1875

1. WEL - COME, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Wel -  
come to this re - viv - ing breast And these re - joic - ing eyes. A - men.

2 The King Himself comes near,  
And feasts His saints to-day;  
Here we may sit, and see Him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day amidst the place  
Where my dear Lord hath been

Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit, and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

1. My Lord, my Love, was cru - ci - fied, He all the pains did bear:

But in the sweet-ness of His rest He makes His ser - vants share. A - men.

2 How sweetly rest Thy saints above  
Who in Thy bosom lie;  
The Church below doth rest in hope  
Of that felicity.

3 Thou, Lord, who daily feed'st Thy sheep,  
Mak'st them a weekly feast;  
Thy flocks meet in their several folds  
Upon this day of rest.

4 Welcome and dear unto my soul  
Are these sweet feasts of love;

But what a Sabbath shall I keep  
When I shall rest above!

5 I bless Thy wise and wondrous love,  
Which binds us to be free;  
Which makes us leave our earthly snares,  
That we may come to Thee.

6 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,  
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;  
I sing to think this is the way  
Unto my Saviour's face.

J. Mason, 1683

1. SWEET is the work, O Lord, Thy glo - rious acts to sing, To

praise Thy name, and hear Thy word, And grate - ful of-f'rings bring. A - men.

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,  
Thy boundless love to tell;  
And, when approach the shades of night,  
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,  
To join in heart and voice

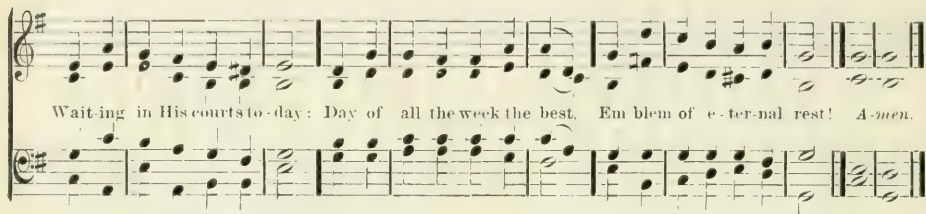
With those who love and serve Thee best,  
And in Thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy  
Be every Sabbath given,  
That such may be our blest employ  
Eternally in heaven.

# The Lord's Day

I 30 VERONA 7s. 6l.

J. H. Deane



2 Mercies multiplied each hour  
Through the week our praise demand;  
Guarded by almighty power,  
Fed and guided by His hand,  
Though ungrateful we have been,  
And repaying love with sin.

3 While we pray for pardoning grace,  
Through the dear Redeemer's name,  
Show Thy reconciled face,  
Take away our sin and shame:  
From our worldly cares set free,  
May we rest this day in Thee.

4 As we come Thy name to praise  
May we feel Thy presence near;  
May Thy glory meet our eyes,  
While we in Thy house appear:  
Here afford us, Lord, a taste  
Of our everlasting feast.

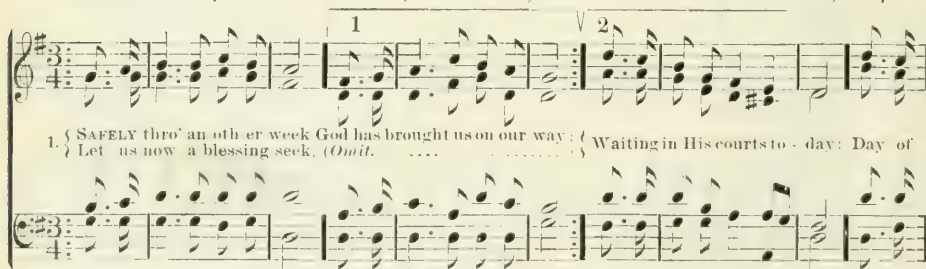
5 May Thy gospel's joyful sound  
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;  
Make the fruits of grace abound,  
Bring relief for all complaints:  
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove  
Till we join the Church above.

J. Newton, 1774

SABBATH 7s. 6l.

(Third Tune)

L. Mason, 1824



# The Lord's Day

131 HEBRON L. M.

L. Mason, 1830

1. AN - OTH - ER six days' work is done, An - oth - er Lord's day has be - gun;  
Re - turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest, Im - prove the hours thy God hath blest. A - men.

(Or to Ernan, No. 570)

- 2 This day may our devotion rise  
As grateful incense to the skies,  
And heaven that sweet repose bestow  
Which none but they who feel it know!
- 4 Which for the church of God remains,—  
The end of cares, the end of pains.  
In holy duties let the day,  
In holy pleasures, pass away:  
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.
- 3 That peaceful calm within the breast  
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,

J. Stennett, 1712

SHEPHERD'S 7s. 6l.

(Third Tune)

J. H. Sheppard

1. SAFE - LY thro' an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;  
Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day  
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest! A - men.



# The Lord's Day

I32 WALTHAM L. M.

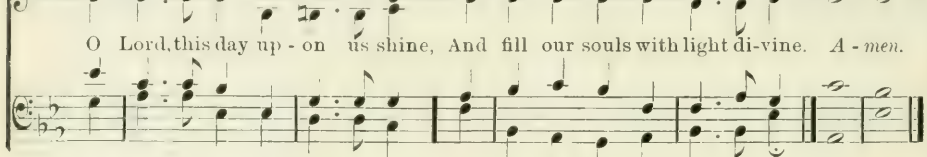
J. B. Calkin, 1872



1. This day at Thy ere - at - ing word First o'er the earth the light was poured:



O Lord, this day up - on us shine, And fill our souls with light di-vine. A - men.



2 This day the Lord for sinners slain  
In might victorious rose again:

O Jesus, may we raised be  
From death of sin, to life in Thee.

3 This day the Holy Spirit came  
With fiery tongues of cloven-flame:

O Spirit, fill our hearts this day  
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

4 O day of Light, and Life, and Grace,  
From earthly toils sweet resting-place,  
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,  
Give we again to God above!

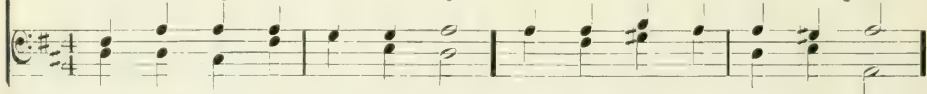
W. W. How, 1854

I33 LÜBECK 7s.

J. A. Freylinghausen, 1705



1. ON this day, the first of days, God the Fa - ther's name we praise,



Who, cre - a - tion's fount and spring. Did the world from darkness bring. A - men.



2 On this day the eternal Son  
Over death His triumph won;  
On this day the Spirit came  
With His gifts of living flame.

3 Oh, that fervent love to-day  
May in every heart have sway,  
Teaching us to praise aright  
God, the source of life and light!

4 Father, who didst fashion me  
Image of Thyself to be,  
Fill me with Thy love divine,  
Let my every thought be Thine.

5 Holy Jesus, may I be  
Dead and buried here with Thee,  
And, by love inflamed, arise  
Unto Thee a sacrifice.

# The Lord's Day

**I34** WREFORD 8, 6, 8, 4

E. S. Carter, 1874

1. HAIL! sa - cred day of earth - ly rest, From toil and trou - ble free;  
Hail! day of light, that bring - est light And joy to me. A - men.

- 2 A holy stillness, breathing calm  
On all the world around,  
Uplifts my soul, O God, to Thee,  
Where rest is found.  
3 On all I think, or say, or do,  
A ray of light divine

- Is shed, O God, this day by Thee,  
For it is Thine.  
4 Accept, O God, my hymn of praise,  
That Thou this day hast given,  
Sweet foretaste of that endless day  
Of rest in heaven.

G. Thring, 1858, *Ab.*

**I35** WAREHAM L. M.

W. Knapp, 1738

1. HOW PLEAS-ANT, how di - vine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts, Thy dwellings are!  
With long de - sire my spir-it faints, To meet th'as-sem-blies of Thy saints. A - men.

- 2 Blest are the saints who sit on high,  
Around Thy throne of majesty;  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.  
3 Blest are the souls who find a place  
Within the temple of Thy grace;  
There they behold Thy gentler rays,  
And seek Thy face, and learn Thy praise.  
4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate;  
God is their strength, and through the  
They lean upon their helper, God.  
5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength  
Till all shall meet in heaven at length,  
Till all before Thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

# The Lord's Day

I36 BEVAN 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

J. Goss (1800—1880)

1. A - WAKE, ye saints, a - wake, And hail the sa - cred day! In lof - tiest

songs of praise Your joy - ful hom - age pay: Come, bless the day that

God hath blest, The type of heaven's e - ter - nal rest. A - men.

2 On this auspicious morn  
The Lord of life arose,  
And burst the bars of death,  
And vanquished all our foes;  
And now He pleads our cause above  
And reaps the fruit of all His love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!  
Heaven with hosannas rings,  
And earth, in humbler strains,

Thy praise responsive sings:  
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign!

4 Great King, gird on Thy sword,  
Ascend Thy conquering car,  
While justice, power, and love  
Maintain the glorious war:  
This day let sinners own Thy sway,  
And rebels cast their arms away!

E. Scott, 1756 T. Cotterill, 1810

I37 LISCHER 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

Arr. fr. F. J. C. Schneider, by L. Mason, 1841

1. { WEL - COME, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest; }  
I hail thy kind re - turn: Lord, make these mo - ments blest. }

# The Lord's Day

From the low train of mor - tal toys I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys,

soar... to reach im - mor - tal joys. A - men.

I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

(Or to Croft's 148th, No. 398 Or to Bevan, opposite)

2 Now may the King descend,  
And fill His throne of grace;  
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,  
While saints address Thy face;  
Let sinners feel Thy quickening word  
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers,  
Disclose a Saviour's love,  
And bless these sacred hours:  
Then shall my soul new life obtain,  
Nor Sabbaths e'er be spent in vain.

Hayward, in J. Dobell's Coll., 1806

## 138 CHURCH TRIUMPHANT L. M.

J. W. Elliott (1833—)

1. A - GAIN the Lord's own day is here, The day to Chris-tian peo - ple dear,

As, week by week, it bids them tell How Je - sus rose from death and hell. A - men.

2 For by His flock their Lord declared  
His resurrection should be shared;  
And we who trust in Him to save  
With Him are risen from the grave.

3 We, one and all, of Him possessed,  
Are with exceeding treasures blessed;  
For all He did, and all He bare,  
He gives us as our own to share.

4 Eternal glory, rest on high,  
A blessed immortality,  
True peace and gladness, and a throne,  
Are all His gifts, and all our own.

5 And therefore unto Thee we sing,  
O Lord of peace, eternal King;  
Thy love we praise, Thy name adore,  
Both on this day and evermore.



# The Holy Trinity

139 ST. ATHANASIUS 78. 61.

E. J. Hopkins, 1872

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, God of hosts, e - ter - nal King,

By the heavens and earth a - dored! An - gels and arch - an - gels sing,

Chant - ing ev - er - last - ing - ly To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty. A - men.

(Or to Ratisbon, No. 62 Or to Shepherd's, No. 130)

2 Since by Thee were all things made,  
And in Thee do all things live,  
Be to Thee all honor paid,  
Praise to Thee let all things give,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessed Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,  
Spirits blest before Thy throne,  
Speeding thence at Thy command;  
And, when Thy behests are done,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessed Trinity.

4 Cherubim and seraphim  
Veil their faces with their wings;  
Eyes of angels are too dim  
To behold the King of kings,  
While they sing eternally  
To the blessed Trinity.

5 Thee, apostles, prophets, Thee,  
Thee, the noble martyr band,  
Praise with solemn jubilee,  
Thee, the Church in every land,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessed Trinity.

6 Alleluia, Lord, to Thee,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Three in One, and One in Three!  
Join we with the heavenly host,  
Singing everlastingly  
To the blessed Trinity.

# The Holy Trinity

I40 CHERUBIM 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

G. F. LeJeune (1842—)

From The Tucker Hymnal, by per. of the Editor

1. HARK! the loud ce - les - tial hymn, An - gel choirs a - bove are rais - ing.

Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing,

Fill the heavens with sweet ac - cord,—Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! A - men.

- 2 Lo! the apostolic train  
 Join Thy sacred name to hallow.  
 Prophets swell the loud refrain,  
 And the white-robed martyrs follow;  
 And from morn to set of sun,  
 Through the church the song goes on.
- 3 Holy Father, Holy Son,  
 Holy Spirit, Three we name Thee,  
 While in essence only One,  
 Undivided God, we claim Thee;  
 And, adoring, bend the knee,  
 While we own the mystery.
- 4 Spare Thy people, Lord, we pray,  
 By a thousand snares surrounded;  
 Keep us without sin to-day,  
 Never let us be confounded.  
 Lo! I put my trust in Thee;  
 Never, Lord, abandon me.

# The Holy Trinity

141 HONITON 7s. 8l.

E. Flood, 1845

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of hosts! when heav'n and earth,

Out of dark - ness, at Thy word, Is - sued in - to glo - rious birth,

All Thy works be - fore Thee stood, And Thine eye be - held them good,

While they sang, with one ac - cord. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! A - men.

2 Holy, holy, holy! Thee,  
 One Jehovah evermore,  
 Father, Son, and Spirit, we,  
 Dust and ashes, would adore:  
 Lightly by the world esteemed,  
 From that world by Thee redeemed,  
 Sing we here, with glad accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy, Lord!

3 Holy, holy, holy! all  
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,  
 When the ransomed nations fall  
 At the footstool of their King:  
 Then shall saints and seraphim,  
 Hearts and voices, swell one hymn,  
 Round the throne with full accord,  
 Holy, holy, holy Lord!

# The Holy Trinity

I42 WATTS 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

J. S. B. Hodges (1830 -)

1. We give im-mor-tal praise To God the Father's love, For all our comforts here, And all our

hopes a - bove: He sent His own E - ter-nal Son To die for sins that man had done. A-men.

(Or to Croft's 148th, No. 398 Or to St. Godric, No. 635)

2 To God the Son belongs

Immortal glory too,

Who saved us by His blood

From everlasting woe:

And now He lives and now He reigns,  
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit praise

And endless worship give,

Whose new-creating power

Makes the dead sinner live:

His work completes the great design,

And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to Thee

Be endless honors done;

The sacred Persons Three,

The Godhead only One;

Where reason fails with all her powers,

There faith prevails and love adores.

I. Watts, 1709

HADDAM 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

(Second Tune)

Arr. L. Mason, 1822

1. WE give im-mor-tal praise To God the Fa-ther's love, And all our hopes a - bove: He

For all our comforts here, (Omit.....) sent His own E - ter-nal Son To die for sins that man had done. A-men.



# The Holy Trinity

I43 GROSTETTE L. M.

H. W. Greatorex, 1849

1. O HO-LY, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord! Bright in Thy deeds and in Thy name,  
For - ev - er be Thy name a - dored, Thy glo - ries let the world pro - claim. A - men.

(Or to Rivaux, below Or to Winchester, New, No. 249)

- 2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified  
To take our load of sins away,  
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide  
Along the realms of upper day.
- 3 O Holy Spirit from above,  
In streams of light and glory given,

- Thou source of ecstasy and love, [heaven.  
Thy praises ring through earth and
- 4 O God Triune, to Thee we owe  
Our every thought, our every song;  
And ever may Thy praises flow  
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

J. W. Eastburn, 1815

I44 RIVAUX L. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. FA-THER of all, whose love pro-found A ran-som for our souls hath found,  
Be - fore Thy throne we sin - ners bend; To us Thy pard'ning love ex - tend. A - men.

- 2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,  
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us Thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath  
The soul is raised from sin and death,

- Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
To us Thy quickening power extend.
- 4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,  
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,  
Before Thy throne we sinners bend;  
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

# The Holy Trinity

I45 SPARK L. M.

W. Spark (1825—)

1. E - TER - NAL Fa - ther, when to Thee, Be - yond all worlds by faith I soar,

Be - fore Thy bound - less maj - es - ty I stand in si - lence, and a - dore. A - men.

(Or to Rivaulx, opposite)

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2 But, Saviour, Thou art by my side;<br>Thy voice I hear, Thy face I see.<br>Thou art my friend, my daily guide,<br>God over all, yet God with me. | The Holy Ghost of God Thou art,<br>Yet dwellest in this house of clay.  |
| 3 And Thou, Great Spirit, in my heart<br>Dost make Thy temple day by day:  | 4 Blest Trinity, in whom alone<br>All things created move or rest,<br>High in the heavens Thou hast Thy throne,<br>Thou hast Thy throne within my breast. |

H. D. Ganse, 1872

I46 WEARMOUTH 8, 8, 8

C. Steggall (1826—)

1. O God of life, whose pow'r be - nign Doth o'er the world in

mer - cy shine, Ac - cept our praise, for we are Thine. A - men.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2 O Father, uncreated Lord,<br>Be Thou in every land adored,<br>Be Thou by all with faith implored.            | 4 O Holy Ghost, whose guardian care<br>Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,<br>May we in Thy communion share. |
| 3 O Son of God, for sinners slain,<br>We bless Thee, Lord, whose dying pain<br>For us did endless life regain. | 5 O Holy, Blessèd Trinity,<br>With faith we sinners bow to Thee;<br>In us, O God, exalted be.               |

A. T. Russell, 1848

# God the Father

I47 MONKLAND 7s.

J. B. Wilkes, 1861

1. LET us with a glad-some mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind:

For His mer-cies aye en-dure, Ev-er faith-ful, ev-er sure. A-men.

- 2 He, with all-commanding might,  
Filled the new-made world with light:  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 He His chosen race did bless  
In the wasteful wilderness:  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 4 He hath, with a piteous eye,  
Looked upon our misery:

- For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 All things living He doth feed,  
His full hand supplies their need:  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Let us therefore warble forth  
His high majesty and worth:  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

J. Milton, 1623

I48 ST. HUGH C. M.

E. J. Hopkins, 1862

1. O LORD, how good, how great art Thou, In heav'n and earth the same:

There an-gels at Thy foot-stool bow, Here babes Thy grace pro-claim. A-men.

- 2 When glorious in the nightly sky  
Thy moon and stars I see,  
Oh, what is man, I wondering cry,  
To be so loved by Thee.
- 3 Close to Thine own bright seraphim  
His favored path is trod;

- And all beside are serving him,  
That he may serve his God.
- 4 O Lord, how good, how great art Thou,  
In heaven and earth the same:  
There angels at Thy footstool bow,  
Here babes Thy grace proclaim.

# God the Father

149 INNOCENTS 7s.

Old French melody

1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang

When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When He spake and it was done. A - men.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn  
When the Prince of Peace was born;  
Songs of praise arose when He  
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;  
Songs of praise shall crown that day:  
God will make new heavens and earth;  
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And can man alone be dumb,  
Till that glorious kingdom come?

No; the church delights to raise  
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,  
Still in songs of praise rejoice,  
Learning here, by faith and love,  
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,  
Songs of praise shall conquer death;  
Then amidst eternal joy,  
Songs of praise their powers employ.

(Or to Thanksgiving, No. 159)

J. Montgomery, 1819

VIENNA 7s.

(Second Tune.)

J. H. Knecht, 1797

1. Songs of praise the an - gels sang, Heav'n with al - le - lu - ias rang

When Je - ho - vah's work be - gun, When He spake and it was done. A - men.



# God the Father

150

BROOKFIELD L. M.

T. B. Southgate (1814—1868)

1. O LOVE of God, how strong and true, E - ter - nal, and yet ev - er new,

Un-com-pre-hend-ed and unbought, Beyond all knowledge and all thought. A - men.

- 2 O heavenly love, how precious still,  
In days of weariness and ill,  
In nights of pain and helplessness,  
To heal, to comfort and to bless.
- 3 O wide-embracing, wondrous love!  
We read thee in the sky above,  
We read thee in the earth below,  
In seas that swell and streams that flow.
- 4 We read thee best in Him who came  
To bear for us the cross of shame,

- Sent by the Father from on high  
Our life to live, our death to die.
- 5 We read thy power to bless and save,  
E'en in the darkness of the grave;  
Still more in resurrection light,  
We read the fulness of thy might.
- 6 O love of God, our shield and stay  
Through all the perils of our way!  
Eternal love, in thee we rest,  
For ever safe, for ever blest.

H. Bonar, 1864

151

KESTON (Lythe) 8s, 7s.

J. Stainer (1840—)

1. God is love; His mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He light-ens: God is wis-dom, God is love. A - men.


- 2 Chance and change are busy ever;  
Man decays, and ages move;  
But His mercy waneth never:  
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
Will His changeless goodness prove;

- From the gloom His brightness streameth:  
God is wisdom, God is love.
- 4 He with earthly cares entwineth  
Hope and comfort from above;  
Everywhere His glory shineth:  
God is wisdom, God is love.

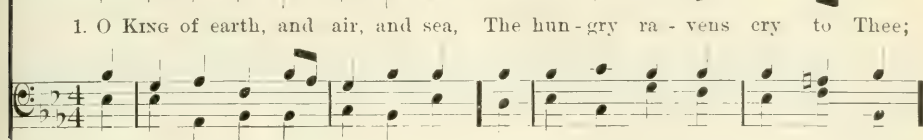
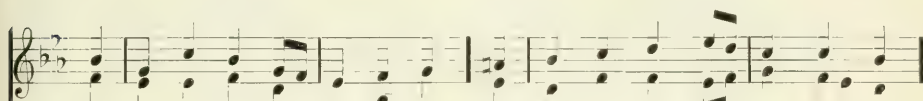
# God the Father

152 JORDAN L. M. 81.

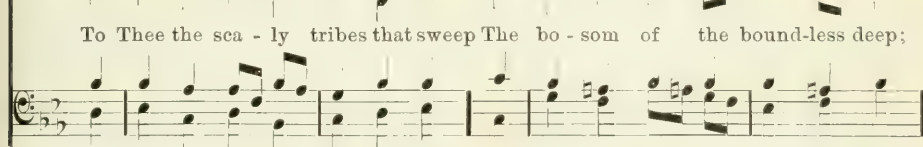
J. Barnby, 1872



1. O KING of earth, and air, and sea, The hun- gry ra- vens cry to Thee;





To Thee the sea- ly tribes that sweep The bo- som of the bound- less deep;

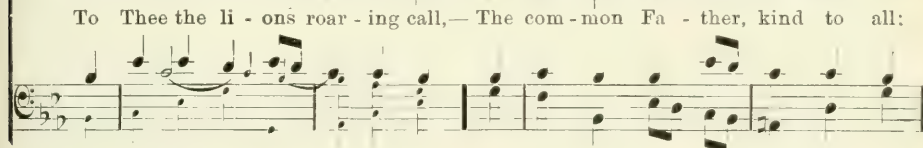


*Voices in Unison.*

*In Harmony.*




To Thee the li- ons roar- ing call,— The com- mon Fa- ther, kind to all:

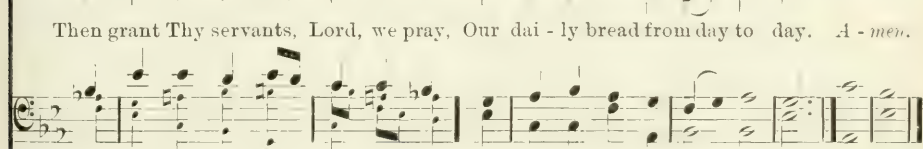


*Voices in Unison.*

*In Harmony.*



Then grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray, Our dai- ly bread from day to day. A- men.



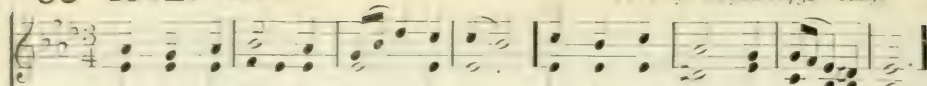
2 The fishes may for food complain,  
The ravens spread their wings in vain,  
The roaring lions lack and pine;  
But, God, Thou carest still for Thine.  
Thy bounteous Hand with food can bless  
The bleak and lonely wilderness;  
And Thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray  
For daily bread from day to day.

3 And oh, when through the wilds we roam,  
That part us from our Heavenly Home;  
When, lost in danger, want, and woe,  
Our faithless tears begin to flow;  
Do Thou the gracious comfort give,  
By which alone the soul may live,  
And grant Thy servants, Lord, we pray,  
The bread of life from day to day.

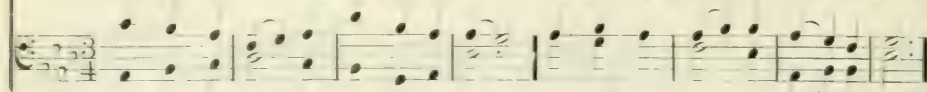
# I53 BOWEN L. M.

## God the Father

Fr F J Haydn (1732—1809)



1. Lord of all be - ing, throned a - bove. Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;



Centre and soul of ev - ery sphere. Yet to each lov - ing heart how near! A - men.



2 Sun of our life Thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day;  
Star of our hope, Thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn:  
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn:  
Our rainbow arch, Thy mercy's sign;  
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,  
Before Thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us Thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,  
Till all Thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

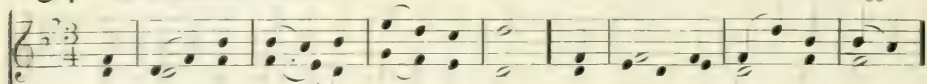
(Hymn Society, Nov. 20)

O. W. Holmes, 1848

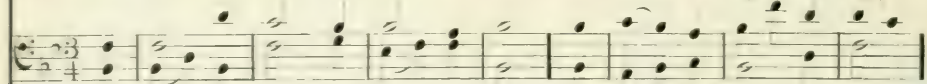
# I54 WILTSHIRE C. M.

(Hymn Society, Nov. 20)

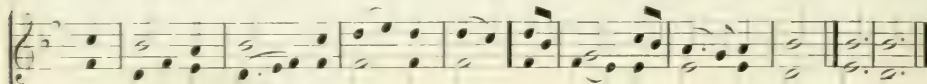
G. T. Smart, 1833



1. THROUGH all the chang - ing scenes of life, In trou - ble and in joy



The prais - es of my God shall still My heart and tongue em - ploy. A - men.



2 Of His deliverance I will boast,  
Till all that are distressed,  
From mine example comfort take,  
And soothe their griefs to rest.

3 Oh, magnify the Lord with me,  
With me exalt His name;  
When in distress to Him I called,  
He to my rescue came.

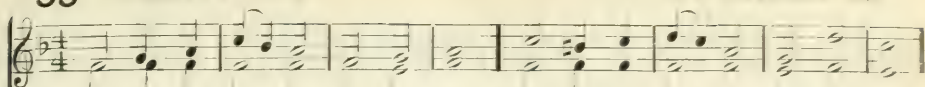
4 Oh, make but trial of His love,  
Experience will decide  
How blest are they, and only they,  
Who in His truth confide.

5 Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear;  
Make but His service your delight,  
Your wants shall be His care.

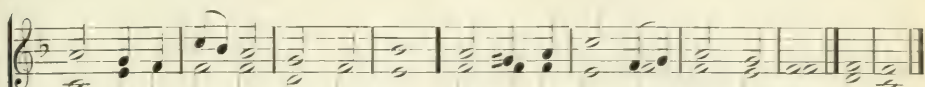
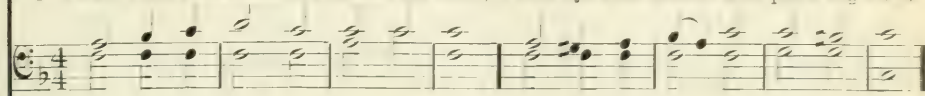
# God the Father

**I55 HUMILITY** L. M.

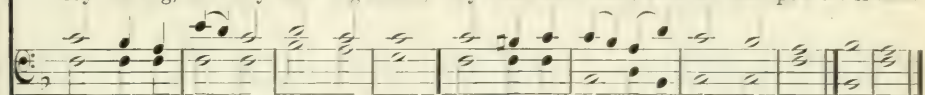
S. P. Tuckerman, 1848



1. LORD! Thou hast search'd and seen me thro'; Thine eye com-mands, with pier-cing view,



My ris-ing, and my rest-ing hours, My heart and flesh, with all their pow'rs. A-men.



2 My thoughts, before they are my own,  
Are to my God distinctly known;  
He knows the words I mean to speak,  
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within Thy circling power I stand:  
On every side I find Thy hand;  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!  
What large extent! what lofty height!  
My soul, with all the powers I boast,  
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

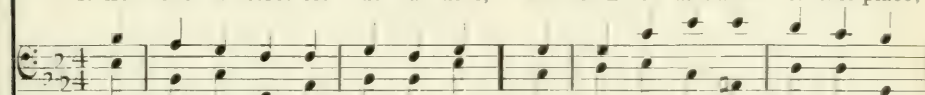
*I. Watts, 1719*

**I56 KIDLINGTON** L. M.

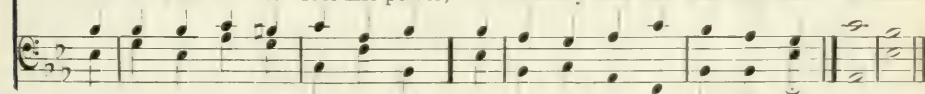
A. R. Reinagle, 1868



1. Lo! God is here: let us a-dore, And own how dread-ful is this place;



Let all with-in us feel His power, And hum-bly bow be-fore His face. A-men.



2 Lo! God is here, whom day and night  
United choirs of angels praise;  
To Him, enthroned above all height,  
The host of heaven their anthems raise.

3 Almighty Father, may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;

Still may we stand before Thy face,  
Still hear and do Thy sovereign will.

4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom earth and heaven adore,  
From men and from the angel-host  
Be praise and glory evermore.



# God the Father

## I57 CHURCH TRIUMPHANT L. M.

J. W. Elliott (1833—)

1. The Lord is King! lift up thy voice, O earth, and all ye heavens, re-joice:  
From world to world the joy shall ring. "The Lord om-nip-o-tent is King!" A-men.

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare  
Resist His will, distrust His care,  
Or murmur at His wise decrees,  
Or doubt His royal promises?

3 The Lord is King! Child of the dust,  
The Judge of all the earth is just;  
Holy and true are all His ways:  
Let every creature speak His praise.

4 Oh, when His wisdom can mistake,  
His might decay, His love forsake,

Then may His children cease to sing  
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!"

5 Alike pervaded by His eye,  
All parts of His dominion lie;  
This world of ours, and worlds unseen,  
And thin the boundary between.

6 One Lord, one empire, all secures;  
He reigns, and life and death are yours:  
Thro' earth and heaven one song shall ring,  
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!"

J. Conder, 1824

## I58 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

C. Zeuner, 1832

1. KING-DOMS and thrones to God be-long; Crown Him, ye na-tions, in your song;  
His won-drous names and pow'rs re-hearse; His hon-ors shall en-rich your verse. A-men.

2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms; 3 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him blest:  
How terrible is God in arms! He's your defence, your joy, your rest;  
In Israel are His mercies known, When terrors rise, and nations faint,  
Israel is His peculiar throne. God is the strength of every saint.

# God the Father

159 THANKSGIVING 7s. 81.

W. B. Gilbert, 1865



1. { PRAISE the Lord, His glo - ries show, Saints with-in His courts be - low, { An - gels round His throne a - bove, All that see and share His love. }

Earth to heav'n, and heav'n to earth, Tell His won - ders, sing His worth;

Age to age, and shore to shore, Praise Him, praise Him ev - er - more. A - men.

2 Praise the Lord, His mercies trace;  
Praise His providence and grace,  
All that He for men hath done,  
All He sends us through His Son.

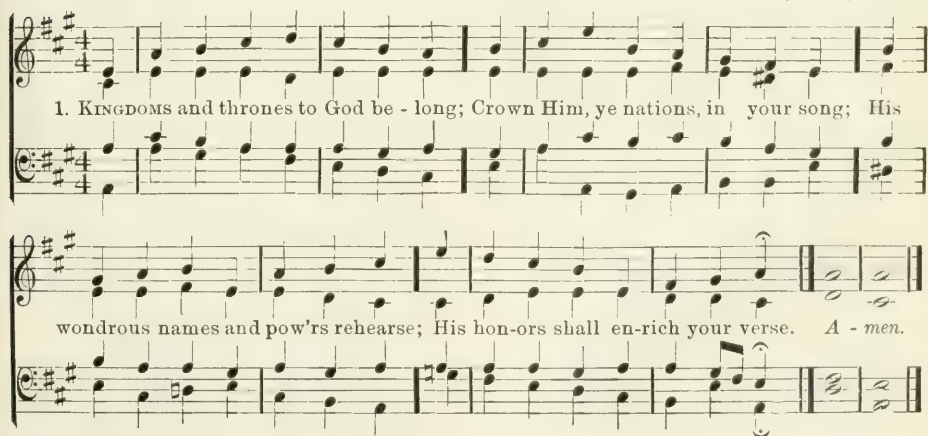
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,  
In the concert bear your parts;  
All that breathe, your Lord adore,  
Praise Him, praise Him, evermore.

H. F. Lyte, 1834

NORFOLK L. M.

(Second Tune)

S. Howard (1710-1782)



1. KINGDOMS and thrones to God be - long; Crown Him, ye nations, in your song; His wondrous names and pow'rs rehearse; His hon - ors shall en-rich your verse. A - men.

# God the Father

160 TEMPLE COURT L. M. 81.

E. J. Hopkins (1818—)

1. THE spa-cious firm-a-ment on high, With all the blue e-the-real sky

And spangled heav'ns, a shin-ing frame, Their great o-rig-i-nal pro-claim.

Th'unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Cre-a-tor's pow'r dis-play,

And pub-lish-es to ev-ry land The work of an al-might-y hand. A-men.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And nightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth;  
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn,  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all  
Move round this dark terrestrial ball:  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
Forever singing, as they shine,  
"The hand that made us is divine."

# God the Father

CREATION L. M. 81.

(Second Tune.)

Arr. fr. F. J. Haydn, 1798

1. THE spa-cious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e -

The first system of musical notation for the song 'God the Father'. It consists of a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, and a piano accompaniment in the same key and time. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest followed by a half note '1.' and then the lyrics 'THE spa-cious firm - a - ment on high, With all the blue e -'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

the - real sky And span - gled heav'n's, a shin - ing frame, Their

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'the - real sky And span - gled heav'n's, a shin - ing frame, Their'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support.

great o - rig - i - nal pro-claim. The unwea-ried sun from day to day,

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'great o - rig - i - nal pro-claim. The unwea-ried sun from day to day,'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar harmonic support.

Does his... Cre - a - tor's power dis - play, And pub - lish - es... to

*Ped.*

The fourth system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Does his... Cre - a - tor's power dis - play, And pub - lish - es... to'. The piano accompaniment includes a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking under a series of sustained chords. The system ends with a double bar line.

ev - ery land The work of an... al-might - y hand. A - men.

The fifth system of musical notation. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'ev - ery land The work of an... al-might - y hand. A - men.' and a final double bar line. The piano accompaniment concludes with sustained chords.



# God the Father

161 KNIGHTSBRIDGE 8s, 7s. 81.

J. B. Powell, 1885

1. PRAISE the Lord, ye heav'ns, a - dore Him, Praise Him, an - gels, in the height;

Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him; Praise Him, all ye stars of light.

Praise the Lord, for He hath spok - en; Worlds His might - y voice o - beyed;

Laws which nev - er shall be brok - en For their guid - ance He hath made. A - men.

(Or to Austria, No. 632)

2 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious;  
Never shall His promise fail;  
God hath made His saints victorious;  
Sin and death shall not prevail.  
Praise the God of our salvation;  
Hosts on high, His power proclaim;  
Heaven and earth, and all creation,  
Laud and magnify His name.

Foundling Chapel Coll., 1796

Father, source of all compassion,  
Pure unbounded grace is Thine;  
Hail the God of our salvation,  
Praise Him for His love divine.

2 For ten thousand blessings given,  
For the richest gifts bestowed,  
Sound His praise through earth and  
heaven,

Sound Jehovah's praise aloud.  
Joyfully on earth adore Him,  
Till in heaven our song we raise:  
There, enraptured fall before Him,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

J. Fawcett, 1797

162 8s, 7s. 81.

1 PRAISE to Thee, Thou great Creator,  
Praise be Thine from every tongue;  
Join my soul, with every creature,  
Join the universal song.

# God the Father

163

BETHANY (Smart) 8s, 7s. 8l.

H. Smart, 1867

1. SOULS of men, why will ye scat - ter Like a crowd of fright-ened sheep?

Fool - ish hearts, why will ye wan - der From a love so true and deep?

Was there ev - er kind - est shep - herd Half so gen - tle, half so sweet,

As the Sav - iour who would have us Come and gath - er at His feet? A - men.

(Or to Chamouni, No. 661)

2 It is God: His love looks mighty,  
But is mightier than it seems.  
'Tis our Father, and His fondness  
Goes far out beyond our dreams.  
There's a wideness in God's mercy,  
Like the wideness of the sea;  
There's a kindness in His justice,  
Which is more than liberty.

3 For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man's mind,  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

But we make His love too narrow  
By false limits of our own,  
And we magnify His strictness  
With a zeal He will not own.

4 There is plentiful redemption  
In the blood that has been shed;  
There is joy for all the members  
In the sorrows of the Head.  
If our love were but more simple,  
We should take Him at His word;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

# God the Father

164 WINCHESTER, OLD C. M.

Este's Psalter, 1592

1. WHEN all Thy mer - cies. O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,

Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise. A - men.

2 Oh, how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare,  
That glows within my ravished heart?  
But Thou canst read it there.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ:  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;

And after death, in distant worlds,  
The glorious theme renew.

5 When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide Thy works no more,  
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,  
Thy mercy shall adore.

6 Through all eternity, to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise;  
But oh, eternity's too short  
To utter all Thy praise!

J. Addison, 1712

165 ST. THOMAS S. M.

A. Williams, 1762

1. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, His grace to thee pro - claim,

And all that is with - in me join To bless His ho - ly name. A - men.

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul;  
His mercies bear in mind;  
Forget not all His benefits:  
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;  
He will with patience wait;

His wrath is ever slow to rise,  
And ready to abate.

4 He pardons all thy sins;  
Prolongs thy feeble breath;  
He heals all thine infirmities,  
And ransoms thee from death.

# God the Father

5 He clothes thee with His love,  
Upholds thee with His truth,  
And like the eagle He renews  
The vigor of thy youth.

6 Then bless His holy name,  
Whose grace has made thee whole,  
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days:  
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!

J. Montgomery, 1819

166

ST. PETER'S, OXFORD C. M.

A. R. Reinagle, 1826

1. WHILE Thee I seek, pro- tect - ing Power, Be my vain wish - es stilled,

And may this con - se - crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled. A - men.

2 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed;  
To Thee my thoughts would soar;  
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;  
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear,  
Thy ruling hand I see.  
Each blessing to my soul more dear  
Because conferred by Thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
In every pain I bear,

My heart shall find delight in praise,  
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,  
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;  
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
My soul shall meet Thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
The lowering storm shall see;  
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;  
That heart will rest on Thee.

H. M. Williams, 1786

GIFT C. M.

(Second Tune.)

J. Barnby (1838—1896)

1. WHILE Thee I seek, pro- tect - ing Power, Be my vain wish - es stilled,

And may this con - se - crat - ed hour With bet - ter hopes be filled. A - men.



## I67

FARRANT C. M.

## God the Father

R. Farrant (1530-1580)

1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form;

He plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm. A - men.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,

He treasures up His bright designs,  
And works His sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;  
The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercy, and shall break  
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His grace;

Behind a frowning providence  
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour;  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan His work in vain:  
God is His own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain.

W. Cowper, 1772

## I68

DUNDEE C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1564

1. GREAT God, how in - fi - nite art Thou! What worth-less worms are we!

Let the whole race of crea-tures bow And pay their praise to Thee. A - men.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere seas or stars were made:

Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,  
Stands present in Thy view;

To Thee there's nothing old appears—  
Great God, there's nothing new.

4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,  
And vexed with trifling cares;  
While Thine eternal thought moves on  
Thine undisturbed affairs.

I. Watts, 1707

169

MANOAH C. M.

# God the Father

Authorship uncertain

1. BE - GIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme, And speak some boundless thing,

The might-y works, or might-ier name, Of our e - ter - nal King. A - men.

2 Tell of His wondrous faithfulness,  
And sound His power abroad;  
Sing the sweet promise of His grace,  
The love and truth of God.

The voice that rolls the stars along  
Speaks all the promises.

4 Oh, might I hear Thy heavenly tongue  
But whisper "Thou art mine!"

3 His very word of grace is strong  
As that which built the skies;

Those gentle words should raise my song  
To notes almost divine.

I. Watts, 1707

170

ST. GILES, FARNBORO C. M.

E. W. Naylor, 1894

1. O God, we praise Thee, and con - fess That Thou the on - ly Lord

And ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther art, By all the earth a - dored. A - men.

2 To Thee, all angels cry aloud;  
To Thee the powers on high,  
Both Cherubim and Seraphim,  
Continually do cry:—

With all the martyrs' noble host,  
Thy constant praise recite.

3 O Holy, holy, holy Lord,  
Whom heavenly hosts obey,  
The world is with the glory filled  
Of Thy majestic sway!

5 The holy church throughout the world,  
O Lord, confesses Thee,  
That Thou eternal Father art,  
Of boundless majesty.

4 The apostles' glorious company,  
And prophets crowned with light,

6 Thy honored, true and only Son  
And Holy Ghost, the spring  
Of never-ceasing joy; O Christ,  
Of glory Thou art King.

# God the Father

171

WESTMINSTER C. M.

J. Turla, 1843

1. My God how won - der - ful Thou art. Thy Ma - jes - ty how bright;

How beau - ti - ful Thy mer - cy - seat. In depths of burn - ing light. A - men.

2 How dread are Thine eternal years.  
O everlasting Lord,

By prostrate spirits day and night  
Incessantly adored.

3 How wonderful, how beautiful.  
The sight of Thee must be,

Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,  
And awful purity.

4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,  
Almighty as Thou art.

For Thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like Thee,  
No mother, e'er so mild,

Bears and forbears as Thou hast done  
With me Thy sinful child.

6 Father of Jesus, love's reward,  
What rapture will it be

Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,  
And gaze and gaze on Thee!

H. W. Parker, 1849

172

ST. ANNE C. M.

W. Croft, 1798

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home! A - men.

(Or to Isaac, Num. 24. Or to Westminster Abbey)

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

# God the Father

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.  
5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;

They fly, forgotten, as a dream,  
Dies at the opening day.  
6 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,  
And our eternal home.

I. Wms. 1845

173 HONITON 7s. 8l.

E. Flood, 1845

1. God e - ter - nal, might-y King. Un - to Thee our praise we bring;

All the earth doth wor - ship Thee; We a - mid the throng would be.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! cry An - gels round Thy throne on high:

Lord of all the heavenly powers, Be the same loud an-them ours. A - men.

2 Glorified apostles raise,  
Night and day, continual praise:  
Hast not Thou a mission too  
For Thy children here to do?  
With the prophets' goodly line  
We in mystic bond combine:  
For Thou hast to babes revealed  
Things that to the wise were sealed.

3 Martyrs, in a noble host,  
Of the cross are heard to boast;  
Oh, that we our cross may bear,  
And a crown of glory wear!  
God eternal, mighty King,  
Unto Thee our praise we bring;  
To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Spirit, Three in One.



# God the Father

I74 ANGELICUM C. M. 81.

A. Stella, 1870

1. I sing th'al-might-y pow'r of God, That made the mount-ains rise,

That spread the flow-ing seas a-broad, And built the loft-y skies.

2. I sing the wis-dom that or-dained The sun to rule the day;

The moon shines full at His com-mand, And all the stars o-bey. A-men.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That filled the earth with food;  
He formed the creatures with His word,  
And then pronounced them good.

4 There's not a plant or flower below  
But makes Thy glories known;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow  
By order from Thy throne.

5 Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed  
Where'er I turn mine eye,  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky.

6 Creatures, as numerous as they be,  
Are subject to Thy care;  
There's not a place where we can flee  
But God is present there.

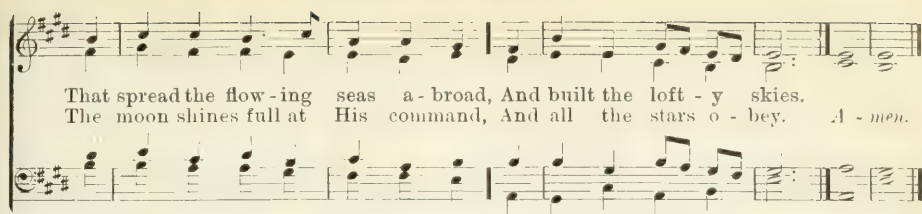
I. Watts, 1715

SURSUM CORDA C. M. (Second Tune.)

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1748

1. I sing th'al-might-y pow'r of God, That made the mount-ains rise,  
2. I sing the wis-dom that or-dained The sun to rule the day;

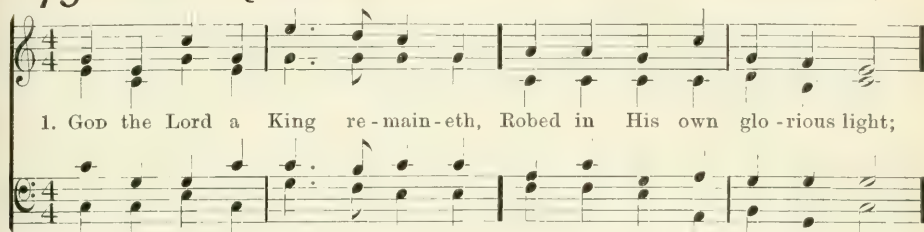
# God the Father



That spread the flow-ing seas a-broad, And built the loft-y skies.  
The moon shines full at His command, And all the stars o-bey. A-men.

## I75 REGENT SQUARE 8s, 7s. 6l.

H. Smart, 1867



1. God the Lord a King re-main-eth, Robed in His own glo-rious light;



God hath robed Him, and He reign-eth, He hath gird-ed Him with might.



Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! God is King in depth and height. A-men.

2 In her everlasting station  
Earth is poised, to swerve no more;  
Thou hast laid Thy throne's foundation,  
From all time where thought can soar.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Lord, Thou art for evermore.

3 Lord, the water-floods have lifted,  
Ocean floods have lift their roar;  
Now they pause where they have drifted,  
Now they burst upon the shore.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
For the ocean's sounding store.

4 With all tones of waters blending,  
Glorious is the breaking deep;  
Glorious, beauteous, without ending,  
God, who reigns on Heaven's high steep.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Songs of ocean never sleep.

5 Lord, the words Thy lips are telling  
Are the perfect verity;  
Of Thine high eternal dwelling  
Holiness shall inmate be.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Pure is all that lives with Thee.

# God the Father

I76 LEONI 6, 6, 8, 4 81.

Hebrew

1. THE God of A - brah'm praise, Who reigns enthroned a - bove;  
 An - cient of ev - er - last - ing days, And God of love:  
 Je - ho - vah, great I AM! By earth and heav'n con - fest;  
 I bow and bless the sa - cred name, For - ev - er blest. A - men.

2 He by Himself hath sworn;  
 I on His oath depend;  
 I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,  
 To heaven ascend:  
 I shall behold His face,  
 I shall His power adore,  
 And sing the wonders of His grace  
 For evermore.

3 There dwells the Lord our King,  
 The Lord our Righteousness,  
 Triumphant o'er the world and sin,  
 The Prince of Peace.

On Zion's sacred height  
 His kingdom still maintains,  
 And, glorious, with His saints in light  
 Forever reigns.

4 The whole triumphant host  
 Give thanks to God on high;  
 Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!  
 They ever cry.  
 Hail, Abraham's God and mine!  
 I join the heavenly lays;  
 All might and majesty are Thine,  
 And endless praise.

# God the Father

I77 GARFIRTH 7s, 6s. 81.

R. P. Stewart, 1868

1. O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev - er - more hast been,

What time the tem - pest ra - ges, Our dwell - ing - place se - rene;...

Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,

To end - less gen - er - a - tions The Ev - er - last - ing Thou! A - men.

(Or to Pearsall, No. 790 Or to Gladness [No. 2], No. 269)

- 2 Our years are like the shadows  
 On sunny hills that lie,  
 Or grasses in the meadows  
 That blossom but to die:  
 A sleep, a dream, a story  
 By strangers quickly told,  
 And unremaining glory  
 Of things that soon are old.
- 3 O Thou, who canst not slumber,  
 Whose light grows never pale,  
 Teach us aright to number  
 Our years before they fail.

- On us Thy mercy lighten,  
 On us Thy goodness rest,  
 And let Thy Spirit brighten  
 The hearts Thyself hast blessed.
- 4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor  
 With beauty and with grace,  
 Till, clothed in light for ever,  
 We see Thee face to face:  
 A joy no language measures,  
 A fountain brimming o'er,  
 An endless flow of pleasures,  
 An ocean without shore.



1. Oh come, oh come, Em-man - u - el, And ran-som cap-tive Is - ra - el,

That mourns in lone-ly ex - ile here Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.

Re-joice! Re-joice! Em-man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra-el. A-men.

2 Oh come, Thou Rod of Jesse, free  
Thine own from Satan's tyranny;  
From depths of hell Thy people save,  
And give them victory o'er the grave.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

3 Oh come, Thou Day-Spring, come and  
cheer  
Our spirits by Thine advent here;  
Disperse the gloomy clouds of night,  
And death's dark shadows put to flight.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

4 Oh come, Thou Key of David, come,  
And open wide our heavenly home;  
Make safe the way that leads on high,  
And close the path to misery.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

5 Oh come, oh come, Thou Lord of  
might,  
Who to Thy tribes, on Sinai's height,  
In ancient times didst give the law,  
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.  
Rejoice! Rejoice! Emmanuel  
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Anon. (Latin, c. 12th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851

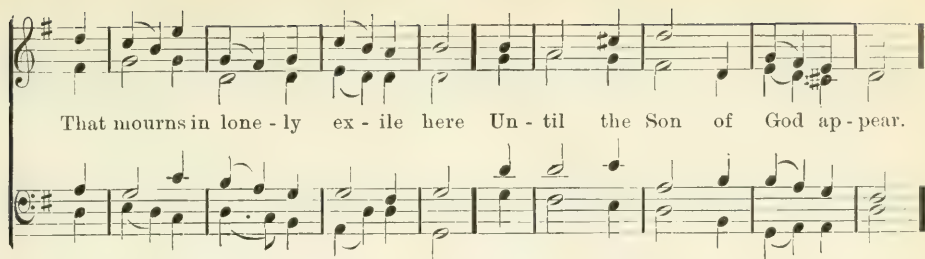
CAREY'S L. M. 61.

(Second Tune)

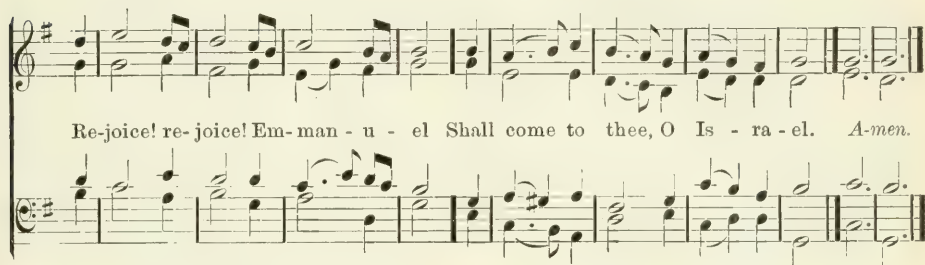
H. Carey, 1723

1. Oh come, oh come, Em-man - u - el, And ran-som cap-tive Is - ra - el,

# Advent



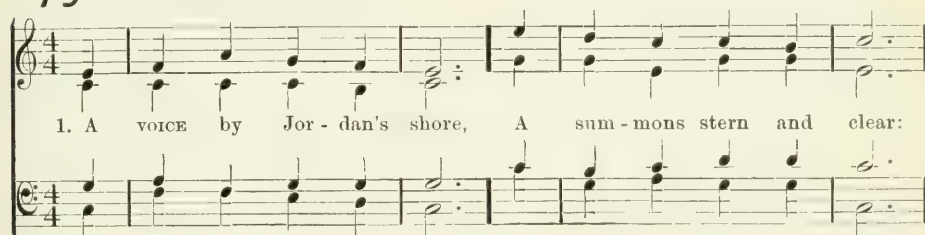
That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.



Re-joyce! re-joyce! Em-man - u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el. A-men.

## I79 ST. GEORGE S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1848



1. A voice by Jor - dan's shore, A sum - mons stern and clear:



"Re-form; be just, and sin no more: God's judg-ment draw-eth near!" A - men.

- 2 A voice by Galilee,  
A holier voice I hear:  
"Love God; thy neighbor love: for see  
God's mercy draweth near!"
- 3 O voice of duty, still  
Speak forth: I hear with awe;

- In thee I own the sovereign will,  
Obey the sovereign law.
- 4 Thou higher voice of love,  
Yet speak thy word in me;  
Through duty, let me upward move  
To thy pure liberty.

# Jesus Christ the Son

180

STUTTGART 8s, 7s.

"Psalmody Sacra," Gotha, 1715

1. COME, Thou long ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free;

From our fears and sins re - lease us; Let us find our rest in Thee. A - men.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,  
Hope of all the earth Thou art;  
Dear desire of every nation,  
Joy of every longing heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,  
Born a child, and yet a king,

Born to reign in us for ever,  
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,  
Rule in all our hearts along;  
By Thine all-sufficient merit  
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

C. Wesley, 1744

181

ST. EANSWYTH 7, 7, 7, with Alleluia

J. W. Sidebotham (1830—)

1. BLESS - ED night, when Beth-lehem's plain Ech - oed with the joy - ful strain,

“Peace has come to earth a - gain.” Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.

2 Blessèd hills that heard the song  
Of that glorious angel throng  
Swelling all our slopes along.  
Alleluia!

3 Happy shepherds, on whose ear  
Fell the tidings glad and clear,  
“God to man is drawing near.”  
Alleluia!

4 Thus revealed to shepherds' eyes,  
Hidden from the great and wise,

Entering earth in lowly guise—  
Alleluia!

5 We adore Thee as our King,  
And to Thee our song we sing;  
Our best offering to Thee bring,  
Alleluia!

6 Blessèd Babe of Bethlehem.  
Owner of earth's diadem,  
Claim and wear the radiant gem.  
Alleluia!

# Nativity

I82

MONKLAND 7s.

J. B. Wilkes, 1861

1. BRIGHT and joy - ful is the morn, For to us a child is born;  
From the high-est realms of heaven, Un - to us a son is given. A - men.

2 Wonderful in counsel He,  
The incarnate Deity;  
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,  
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.

3 Come and worship at His feet,  
Yield to Christ the homage meet:

From His manger to His throne,  
Homage due to God alone.

4 Glory be to God on high!  
Earth, uplift the joyful cry;  
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

J. Montgomery, 1825

I83

GLEBE 7s.

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. HAIL, all hail the joy - ful morn! Tell it forth from earth to heaven,  
That "to us a child is born," That "to us a son is given." A - men.

2 Angels bending from the sky,  
Chanted at the wondrous birth,  
"Glory be to God on high,  
Peace, good-will to man on earth."

3 Him prophetic strains proclaim  
King of kings, the incarnate Word;

Great and wonderful His name,  
Prince of Peace, the mighty God,

4 Join we then our feeble lays,  
To the chorus of the sky;  
And, in songs of grateful praise,  
Glory give to God on high.



# Jesus Christ the Son

184 GLAD TIDINGS 11, 11, 12, 11 With Refrain

J. Goss (1800—1880)

*Refrain.*

SHOUT the glad ti - dings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing; Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes -

*Verse.*

si - ah is King. 1. Zi - on, the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell - ing, The

Son of the High - est, how low - ly His birth; The brightest arch - an - gel in

*Repeat Refrain.*

glo - ry ex - cel - ling, He stoops to re - deem thee, He reigns up - on earth. A - men.

2 Tell how He cometh; from nation to nation  
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round:  
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,  
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.  
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,  
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise:  
Ye angels, the full alleluia be singing;  
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.  
Shout the glad tidings, etc.

W. A. Muhlenberg, 1820.

# Nativity

AVISON 11, 11, 12, 11 With Refrain (Second Tune)

C. Avison (1710—1770)

*Refrain.*

Shout the glad tidings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing; ... Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes-

si - ah is King. 1. Zi - on, the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell - ing, The Son of the

High - est, how low - ly His birth; The bright - est arch - an - gel in glo - ry ex - cel - ling, He

*Repeat 1st Refrain.*

*After last verse.*

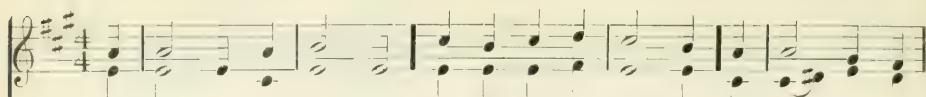
stoops to re - deem thee, He reigns up - on earth. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing; ...

Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King. A - men.

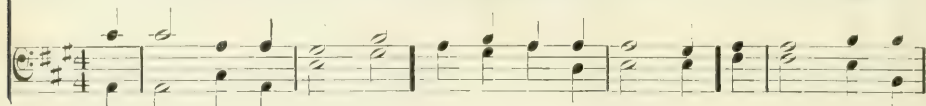
# Jesus Christ the Son

185 PORTUGUESE HYMN P. M. Irregular

J. Reading, 1692



1. Oh come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-um-phunt, Oh come ye, oh
2. God of God, Light of Light, Lo! He ab-
3. Sing, choirs of An-gels, Sing in ex-ul-ta-tion, Sing, all ye
4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this hap-py morn-ing, Je-sus, to



come ye to Beth-le-hem; Come and be-hold Him Born the King of  
hors not the Vir-gin's womb; Ver-y God, Be-got-ten, not cre-  
ci-ti-zens of heav'n a-bove: Glo-ry to God In the  
Thee be glo-ry giv'n; Word of the Fa-ther, Now in flesh ap-



*After each verse.*



An-gels;  
at-ed;  
high-est;  
pear-ing;

Oh come, let us a-dore Him, Oh come, let us a-dore Him,



Oh come, let us a-dore Him, Christ, the Lord. A-men.



Anon. (Latin, 17th Cent.) Tr. F. Oakeley, 1841

# Nativity

I 86

ADESTE FIDELES 6s, 5s. With Refrain

J. Barnby (1838—1896)

1. COME hith-er, ye faith-ful, Tri-umph-ant-ly sing; Come, see in the

Org.

man-ger The an-gels' dread King; To Beth-le-hem hast-en With

joy-ful ac-cord; Oh come ye, come hith-er, Oh come ye, come

Org.

hith-er, Oh come ye, come hith-er To wor-ship the Lord. A-men.

2 True Son of the Father,  
He comes from the skies;  
To be born of a Virgin  
He doth not despise.  
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

3 Hark! hark to the angels!  
All singing in heaven,  
"To God in the highest  
All glory be given!"  
To Bethlehem hasten, etc.

4 To Thee, then, O Jesus,  
This day of Thy birth,  
Be glory and honor  
Through heaven and earth;  
True Godhead incarnate!  
Omnipotent Word!  
Oh come, let us hasten,  
Oh come, let us hasten,  
Oh come, let us hasten  
To worship the Lord!

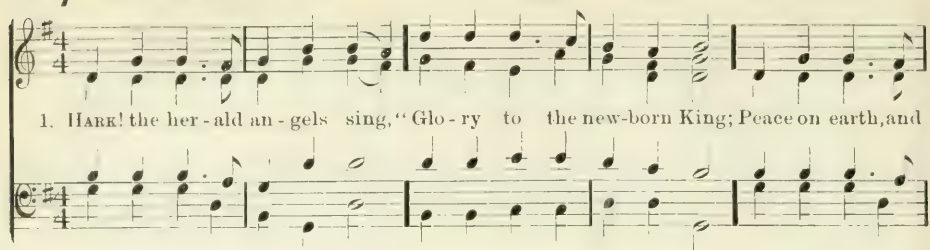
Anon. (Latin, 17th Cent.) Tr. E. Caswall

(The tune on the preceding page may be used, if preferred)

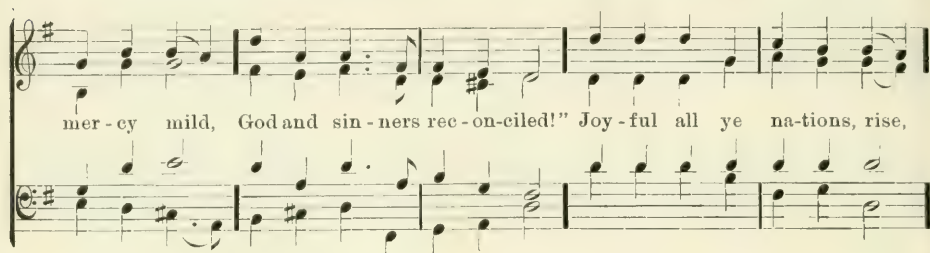


# Jesus Christ the Son

I87 MENDELSSOHN 7s. 8l. Arr. fr. Mendelssohn, 1840, by W. H. Cummings, 1855



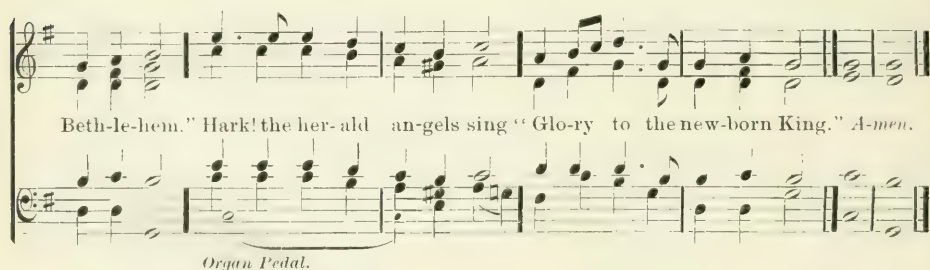
1. HARK! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo-ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and



mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled!" Joy-ful all ye na-tions, rise,



Join the tri-umph of the skies; With th'an-gel-ic host pro-claim "Christ is born in



Beth-le-hem." Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing "Glo-ry to the new-born King." *A-men.*

*Organ Pedal.*

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;  
Christ, the everlasting Lord;  
Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of the Virgin's womb;  
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;  
Hail the Incarnate Deity,  
Pleased as man with men to dwell;  
Jesus, our Emmanuel!  
Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King."

3 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings.  
Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.  
Hark! the herald angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King."

C. Wesley, 1739; alt. G. Whitefield, 1753, M. Madan, 1759,  
Suppl. to New Version, c. 1782, J. Kemphorne, 1840

# Activity

HERALD ANGELS 7s. 8l. (Second Time)

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. HARK! the her - ald an - gels sing... "Glo - ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!" Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies; With th'an - gel - ic host pro - claim "Christ is born in Beth - le - hem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!" Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing "Glo - ry to the new - born King!" A - men.

## I88 (MENDELSSOHN) 7s. 8l.

- 1 HE has come, the Christ of God;  
Left for us His glad abode;  
Stooping from His throne of bliss,  
To this darksome wilderness.  
He has come, the Prince of Peace;  
Come to bid our sorrows cease;  
Come to scatter, with His light,  
All the shadows of our night.
- 2 He, the mighty King, has come,  
Making this poor earth His home;  
Come to bear our sin's sad load,  
Son of David, Son of God.

- He has come, whose name of grace  
Speaks deliverance to our race;  
Left for us His glad abode,  
Son of Mary, Son of God.
- 3 Unto us a child is born;  
Ne'er has earth beheld a morn  
Out of all the morns of time  
Half so glorious in its prime.  
Unto us a son is given;  
He has come from God's own heaven,  
Bringing with Him from above  
Holy peace and holy love.

# Jesus Christ the Son

I 89

DEBENHAM (Old 120th) 8s, 7s. 81.

R. Redhead (1820—)

1. { HARK! what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweet - ly sound - ing through the skies?  
List - en to the wondrous sto - ry Which they chant in hymns of joy:

Lo th'an-gel - ic host re - joic - es, Heav'nly al - le - lu - ias rise. {  
"Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry, Glo - ry! be to God most high!" } A - men.

(Or to Austria, No. 632 Or to Bethany, No. 760)

2 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,  
Reaching far as man is found,  
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven,  
Loud our golden harps shall sound.  
Christ is born, the great Anointed:  
Heaven and earth His glory sing;  
Glad receive whom God appointed  
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

3 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;  
Learn His name, and taste His joy;  
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,  
'Glory be to God most High!'"  
Let us learn the wondrous story  
Of our great Redeemer's birth;  
Spread the brightness of His glory  
Till it cover all the earth.

J. Cawood, 1819

BEMINSTER 8s, 7s. 81.

(Second Tune)

Bristol Collection

1. { HARK! what mean those ho - ly voic - es, Sweet - ly sound - ing through the skies?  
List - en to the wondrous sto - ry Which they chant in hymns of joy:

Lo! th'an-gel - ic host re - joic - es, Heav'nly al - le - lu - ias rise. {  
"Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry! Glo - ry be to God most high!" } A - men.

# Nativity

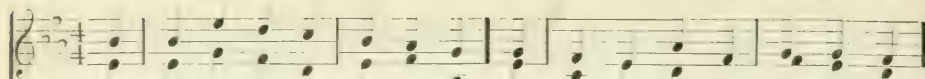
I 90 YORKSHIRE 108. 61.

J. Wainwright, 1760

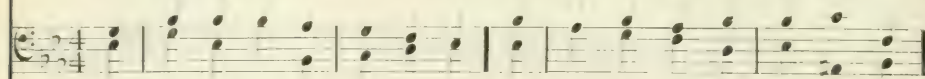
1. CHRIS-TIANS, a - wake, sa - lute the hap - py morn, Where - on the  
Sav-iour of man-kind was born; Rise to a - dore the mys - ter - y of love,  
Which hosts of an - gels chant-ed from a - bove; With them the joy - ful  
ti - dings first be - gun Of God in - car-nate and the Vir - gin's Son. A - men.

- 2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,  
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth  
To you and all the nations upon earth:  
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,  
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."
- 3 He spake; and straightway the celestial choir  
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire:  
The praises of redeeming love they sang,  
And heaven's whole arch with alleluias rang:  
God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.
- 4 To Bethlehem straight the happy shepherds ran,  
To see the wonder God had wrought for man:  
And found, with Joseph and the blessèd maid,  
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid;  
Amazed the wondrous story they proclaim,  
The earliest heralds of the Saviour's name.
- 5 Let us, like these good shepherds, then employ  
Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy;  
Trace we the Babe, who hath retrieved our loss,  
From His poor manger to His bitter cross;  
Treading His steps, assisted by His grace,  
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.





1. All praise to Thee, e - ter - nal Lord, Cloth'd in a garb of flesh and blood;



Choos-ing a man-ger for Thy throne, While worlds on worlds are Thine a-lone. A-men.



2 Once did the skies before Thee bow:  
A virgin's arms contain Thee now;  
Angels, who did in Thee rejoice,  
Now listen for Thine infant voice.

4 Thou comest in the darksome night,  
To make us children of the light,  
To make us, in the realms divine,  
Like Thine own angels, round Thee shine.

3 A little child, Thou art our guest,  
That weary ones in Thee may rest:  
Forlorn and lowly is Thy birth,  
That we may rise to heaven from earth.

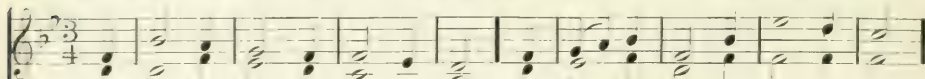
5 All this for us Thy love hath done;  
By this to Thee our love is won;  
For this we tune our cheerful lays,  
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

1st. v. Ancient Requiem; others, Martin Luther, 1523

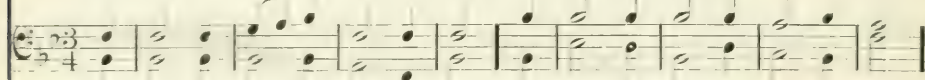
INCARNATION L. M.

(Second Tune)

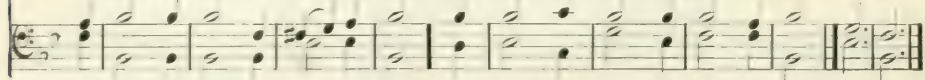
Arr. by W. H. Walter (1825-1893)



1. All praise to Thee, e - ter - nal Lord, Cloth'd in a garb of flesh and blood;



Choos-ing a man-ger for Thy throne, While worlds on worlds are Thine alone. A-men.



# Nativity

192 REGENT SQUARE 8s. 7s. 6d.

H. Smart, 1867

1. AN-GELS, from the realms of glo-ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth: Ye, who sang ere -

a-tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes-si-ah's birth: Come and worship. Come and worship,

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,  
 Brighter visions beam afar;  
 Seek the great Desire of nations,  
 Ye have seen His natal star;  
 Come and worship.  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,  
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,  
 God with man is now residing,  
 Yonder shines the infant-light;  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,  
 Watching long in hope and fear,  
 Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
 In His temple shall appear;  
 Come and worship,  
 Worship Christ, the new-born King.

J. Montgomery, 1819

WILDERSMOUTH S. 7, S. 7, 4, 7 (Second Time)

E. J. Hopkins, 1879

1. AN - GELS, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;

Ye, who sang ere - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes-si - ah's birth;

Come and wor - ship, Wor-ship Christ, the new - born King. A - - men.

# Jesus Christ the Son

193 PRINCE OF PEACE C. M. 81.

J. B. Dykes, 1874

1. It came up-on the mid-night clear, That glorious song of old,.... From

an gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold; Peace on the earth, good-

*poco rall.* ..... *tempo.*  
will to men, From heaven's all-gra-cious King;... The world in sol-emn

stillness lay To hear the an-gels sing, To hear the an-gels sing. A-men.  
To hear..... the an-gels sing

(Or to Stuyvesant, No. 197 Or to Carol, No. 197)

- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come, Look now! for glad and golden hours  
With peaceful wings unfurled Come swiftly on the wing;  
And still their heavenly music floats O rest beside the weary road,  
O'er all the weary world; And hear the angels sing.
- 4 For lo! the days are hastening on,  
By prophet-bards foretold,  
When with the ever-circling years  
Comes round the age of gold;  
When peace shall over all the earth  
Its ancient splendors fling,  
And the whole world send back the song  
Which now the angels sing.
- 3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
Whose forms are bending low,  
Who toil along the climbing way  
With painful steps and slow,

# Nativity

194 CALM C. M. 81.

E. J. Hopkins (1818—)

1. CALM on the list-'ning ear of night Come heav'n's me-lo-dious strains,

Where wild Ju-de-a stretch-es far Her sil-ver-man-tled plains.

Ce-les-tial choirs from courts a-bove Shed sa-cred glo-ries there;

And an-gels, with their sparkling lyres, Make mu-sic on the air. A-men.

(Or to Carol, No. 197)

2 The answering hills of Palestine  
Send back the glad reply;  
And greet, from all their holy heights,  
The day-spring from on high.  
O'er the blue depths of Galilee  
There comes a holier calm,  
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,  
Her silent groves of palm.

3 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies  
Loud with their anthems ring,  
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,  
From heaven's eternal King!"  
Light on Thy hills, Jerusalem!  
The Saviour now is born: [plains  
More bright on Bethlehem's joyous  
Breaks the first Christmas morn.



1. ALL my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear, far and near, Sweet-est

an - gel - voice - es; "Christ is born," their choirs are singing, Till the air ev - 'ry-where

Now with joy is ring - ing. A - men.

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder!  
Here let all, great and small,  
Kneel in awe and wonder!  
Love Him who with love is yearning!  
Hail the Star that from far  
Bright with hope is burning!

2 Hark! a voice from yonder manger,  
Soft and sweet, doth entreat,  
"Flee from woe and danger! [you  
Brethren, come! from all that grieves  
You are freed; all you need  
I will surely give you."

4 Heedfully my Lord I'll cherish,  
Live to Thee, and with Thee  
Dying, shall not perish;  
But shall dwell with Thee for ever,  
Far on high, in the joy  
That can alter never.

P. Gerhardt, 1656 Tr. C. Winkworth, 1858

ALL THIS NIGHT 8, 6, 6, 8, 6, 6 (Second Tune.)

F. C. Maker, 1881

1. ALL my heart this night re - joi - ces, As I hear, far and near,

Sweet-est an - gel - voice - es; "Christ is born," their choirs are sing - ing.

Till the air ev - 'ry - where Now with joy is ring - ing. A - men.

## 196 HEATHLANDS 7s. 6l.

H. Smart (1813—1879)

1. SING, O sing, this bless - ed morn; Un - to us a child is born,

Un - to us a Son is giv'n, God Him - self comes down from heav'n;

Sing, O sing, this bless - ed morn, Je - sus Christ to - day is born. A - men.

2 God of God, and Light of light,  
Comes with mercies infinite,  
Joining in a wondrous plan  
Heaven to earth, and God to man.  
Sing, O sing, etc.

3 God with us, Emmanuel,  
Deigns for ever now to dwell;  
He on Adam's fallen race  
Sheds the fulness of His grace.  
Sing, O sing, etc.

4 God comes down that man may rise,  
Lifted by Him to the skies;  
Christ is Son of Man that we  
Sons of God in Him may be.  
Sing, O sing, etc.

5 O renew us, Lord, we pray,  
With Thy Spirit day by day,  
That we ever one may be  
With the Father and with Thee.  
Sing, O sing, etc.

# Jesus Christ the Son

I97 CAROL C. M. 81.

R. Storrs Willis, 1849

1. WHILE shep-herds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground,

The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round.

"Fear not," said he, for might-y dread Had seized their trou-bled mind;

"Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind. A-men.

(Or to Flensburg, No. 231 Or to Christmas, No. 552)

*This is the original setting*

2 "To you, in David's town, this day  
Is born of David's line  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;  
And this shall be the sign:  
The heavenly Babe you there shall find  
To human view displayed,  
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,  
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith  
Appeared a shining throng  
Of angels, praising God, who thus  
Addressed their joyful song:  
"All glory be to God on high,  
And to the earth be peace;  
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men  
Begin, and never cease."

# Nativity

STUYVESANT C. M. 81. (Second Tune)

W. B. Gilbert (1829—)

1. WHILE shep-herds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground, The an-gel of the

Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round. "Fear not," said he, for might-y dread

Had seized their troubled mind; "Glad tidings of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind." A-men.

NOEL C. M.

(Third Tune)

Arr. Arthur Sullivan

1. WHILE shep-herds watched their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground, The an-gel of the

Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round. "Fear not," said he, for might-y dread

Had seized their troubled mind; "Glad tidings of great joy I bring To you and all man-kind." A-men.



# Jesus Christ the Son

198 LÜTZEN C. M.

N. Hermann, 1554

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King;

Let ev-ery heart pre-pare Him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing. A-men.

(Or to Chesterfield, No. 487)

- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns:  
 Let men their songs employ,  
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and  
 Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- He comes to make His blessings flow  
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
 And makes the nations prove  
 The glories of His righteousness,  
 And wonders of His love.

I. Watts, 1719

ANTIOCH C. M. (Second Tune) Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1742, by L. Mason, 1830

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth receive her King: Let ev-ry heart pre-pare Him room.

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing. A-men.

And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing.

# Nativity

199

BRISTOL C. M.

E. Douglas, 1861

1. Hark, the glad sound! the Son - born comes. The Son - born promised long.

Let ev - ery heart pre - pare a throne And ev - ery voice a song a - men.

2. He comes, the promise to release,  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.
3. He comes, from thickest mists of sin  
To clear the mental eye,  
And on the eyes-oppressed with night  
To pour celestial day.

4. He comes, the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure;  
And with the treasures of His grace  
To enrich the humble poor.
5. Our glad hearts praise, Praises of Peace,  
They welcome shall proclaim;  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With Thy beloved name.

P. Thompson, 1861

200

ST. LUKE (New) T. M.

Arthur Sullivan, 1867

1. He came - our rest by blood and sin. His star the world - lost brass.

So on the night of nativity His Earth's peo - ple a - bou - nded pass.

2. And as the years, an endless host,  
Come swiftly pressing on,  
The brightest names that earth ever knew  
Just gladden and are gone.
3. Yet doth the star of Bethlehem shed  
A lustre pure and sweet.

- And still it leads, as now it led,  
To the Messiah's rest.
4. O Father, may that holy star  
Glow every year more bright,  
And send its glorious beams afar  
To till the world with light.

W. H. Thompson, 1867

# Jesus Christ the Son

201 BETHLEHEM P. M. 8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6

J. Barnby (1838—1896)

1. O LIT - TLE town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie!...

A - bove thy deep and dream - less sleep The si - lent stars go by;

Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing light;

The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night. A - men.

2 For Christ is born of Mary,  
And gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep, the angels keep  
Their watch of wond'ring love.  
O morning stars, together  
Proclaim the holy birth!  
And praises sing to God the King  
And peace to men on earth.

3 How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given!  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of His heaven.

No ear may hear His coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem!  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin, and enter in;  
Be born in us to-day.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell;  
O come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel!

# Nativity

ST. LOUIS P. M. 8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6 (Second Tune)

1. O LITTLE town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie!

dreamless sleep The si-lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin-eth The ev-er-

last-ing light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night. A-men.

MASSACHUSETTS P. M. 8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6 (Third Tune) U. C. Burnap, 1896

1. O LIT-TLE town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee lie! A-bove thy deep and

dreamless sleep The si-lent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shin-eth The ev-er-

last-ing light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night. A-men.

202 VER



# Jesus Christ the Son

201 **1, DOMINE JESU** 10, 8, 10, 8, with Refrain, 8, 8 (Irregular) J. Barnby (1838 1896)

1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown When Thou camest to earth for me;

But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty.

*Refrain.* *pp* *rit.*  
Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus, There is room in my heart for Thee! A - men.

(Second Tune)

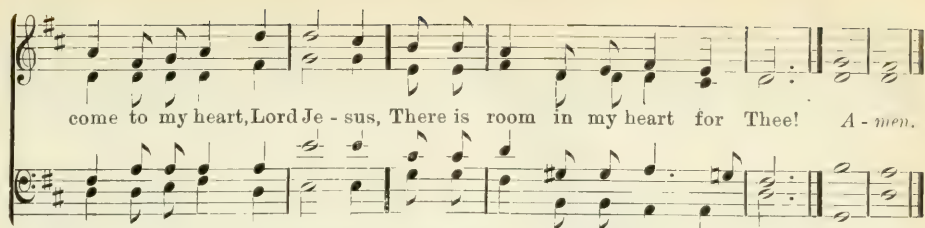
**MARGARET** 10, 8, 10, 8, with Refrain, 8, 8 (Irregular) T. R. Matthews (1826—)

1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou

cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - le - hem's home there was

found no room For Thy ho - ly na - tiv - i - ty. Oh,

# Nativity

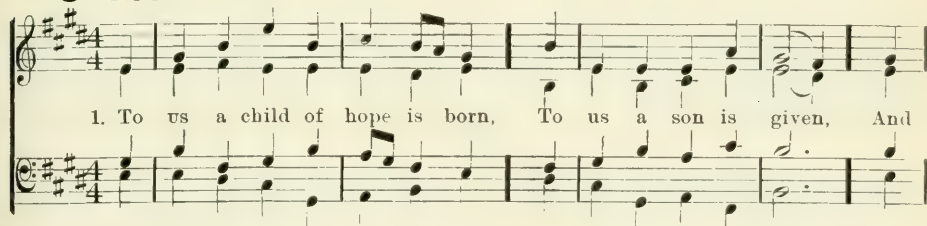


- 2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,  
Proclaiming Thy royal degree;  
But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth,  
And in great humility.  
Oh, come, etc.
- 3 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,  
That should set Thy people free;  
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,  
They bore Thee to Calvary.  
Oh, come, etc.
- 4 When Heaven's arches shall ring, and her choirs shall sing,  
At Thy coming to victory,  
Let Thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,  
There is room at My side for Thee."  
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,  
When Thou comest and callest for me.

Emily E. S. Elliott, 1864

## 203 ROCHE ABBEY C. M.

T. W. Staniforth



- 2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,  
The everlasting Lord,  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
The God by all adored.
- 3 His righteous government and power  
Shall over all extend;
- On judgment and on justice based,  
His reign shall have no end.
- 4 Lord Jesus, reign in us, we pray,  
And make us Thine alone,  
Who with the Father ever art  
And Holy Spirit, one.

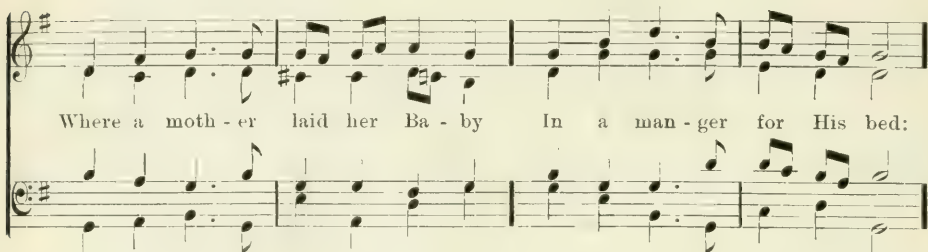
# Jesus Christ the Son

204 IRBY 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)



1. ONCE in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y Stood a low - ly cat - tle shed,



Where a moth - er laid her Ba - by In a man - ger for His bed;



Ma - ry was that moth - er mild, Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child. A - men.

2 He came down to earth from heaven,  
Who is God and Lord of all,  
And His shelter was a stable,  
And His cradle was a stall:  
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,  
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

3 And, thro' all His wondrous childhood,  
He would honor and obey,  
Love, and watch the lowly maiden  
In whose gentle arms He lay:  
Christian children all must be  
Mild, obedient, good as He.

4 For He is our childhood's pattern;  
Day by day like us He grew;  
He was little, weak, and helpless,

Tears and smiles like us He knew:  
And He feeleth for our sadness,  
And He shareth in our gladness.

5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,  
Through His own redeeming love;  
For that Child so dear and gentle  
Is our Lord in heaven above:  
And He leads His children on  
To the place where He is gone.

6 Not in that poor lowly stable,  
With the oxen standing by,  
We shall see Him, but in heaven,  
Set at God's right hand on high:  
When like stars His children crowned,  
All in white shall wait around.

# Nativity

205 CORDE NATUS 8, 7, 8, 7 8, 7, 7,

H. Smart (1813-1879)

1. Of the Fa-ther's Love be-got-ten, Ere the worlds be-

gan to be, He the Al-pha and O-me-ga, He the source, the

end-ing He, Of the things that are, that have been, And that fu-ture

years shall see, Ev-er-more and ev-er-more! A-men!

*Org.*

2 He is here, whom seers of old time  
Chanted of while ages ran,  
Whom the faithful word of prophets  
Promised since the world began;  
Long foretold, at length appearing,  
Praise Him every child of man,  
Evermore and evermore.

3 Praise Him, O ye heaven of heavens,  
Praise Him, angels in the height;  
All dominions bow before Him  
And exalt His wondrous might.  
Let no tongue of man be silent;  
Let each voice and heart unite,  
Evermore and evermore.

4 Thee let old men, Thee let young men,  
Thee let boys in chorus sing,  
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,  
With glad voices answering.  
Let their guileless songs re-echo  
And the heart its praises bring,  
Evermore and evermore.

5 Christ, to Thee, with God the Father,  
And, O Holy Ghost, to Thee,  
Hymn, and chant, and high thanksgiving,  
And unwearied praises be,  
Honor, glory, might, dominion,  
And eternal victory,  
Evermore and evermore.



# Jesus Christ the Son

206 FRANKSCOT 7s. 6s. 8l.

J. Barnby (1838—1896)

1. O ONE with God the Fa - ther In maj - es - ty and might,

The bright-ness of His glo - ry, E - ter - nal Light of light,

O'er this our home of dark - ness Thy rays are stream-ing now;

The shad-ows flee be - fore Thee; The world's true Light art Thou. A - men.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:  
O heavenly Light, arise,  
Dispel these mists that shroud us,  
And hide Thee from our eyes.  
We long to track the footprints  
That Thou Thyself hast trod;  
We long to see the pathway  
That leads to Thee our God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us  
With radiance of Thy grace;  
O Jesus, turn upon us  
The brightness of Thy face.  
We need no star to guide us,  
As on our way we press,  
If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,  
O Sun of Righteousness.

# Epiphany

WESTWOOD 7s, 6s. 81. (Second Tune.)

R. H. McCartney

1. O ONE with God the Fa - ther In maj - es - ty and might,

The bright - ness of His glo - ry. E - ter - nal Light of light;

O'er this our home of dark - ness Thy rays are stream - ing now;

The shad - ows flee be - fore Thee; The world's true Light art Thou. A - men.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly :  
 O heavenly Light, arise,  
 Dispel these mists that shroud us,  
 And hide Thee from our eyes.  
 We long to track the footprints  
 That Thou Thyself hast trod;  
 We long to see the pathway  
 That leads to Thee our God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us  
 With radiance of Thy grace;  
 O Jesus, turn upon us  
 The brightness of Thy face.  
 We need no star to guide us,  
 As on our way we press,  
 If Thou Thy light vouchsafest,  
 O Sun of Righteousness.

# Jesus Christ the Son

207 JORDAN L. M. 81.

J. Barnby, 1872

1. WHEN, marshaled on the night-ly plain, The glit-tring host be - stud the sky,

One star a - lone of all the train, Can fix the sin - ner's wan-d'ring eye.

*Voices in Unison.*

*In Harmony*

Hark! hark! to God the cho - rus breaks From ev - ery host, from ev - ery gem;

*Voices in Unison.*

*In Harmony.*

But one a - lone the Saviour speaks,—It is the Star of Beth - le - hem. A - men.

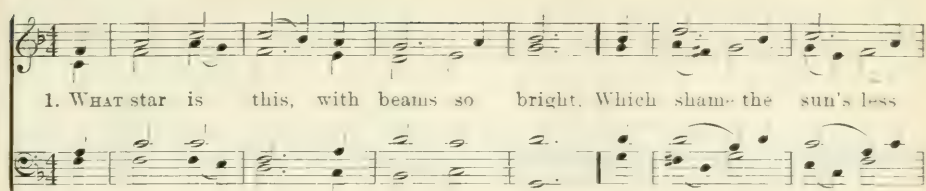
2 Once on the raging seas I rode;  
The storm was loud, the night was dark;  
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed  
The wind, that tossed my foundering bark:  
Deep horror then my vitals froze;  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;  
When suddenly a star arose,—  
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all;  
It bade my dark forebodings cease,  
And, thro' the storm, and danger's thrall,  
It led me to the port of peace.  
Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,  
I'll sing first in night's diadem,  
For ever and for evermore,  
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

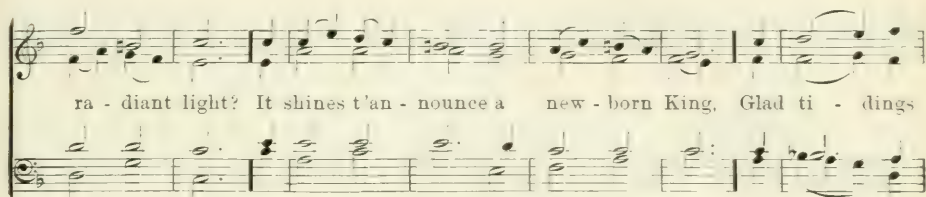
# Epiphany

208 STAR L. M.

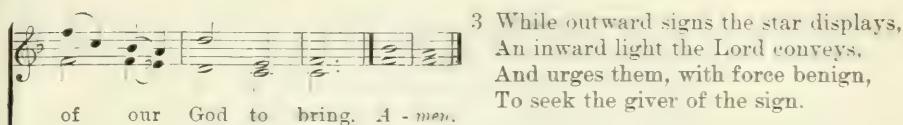
E. G. Monk (1819—1900)



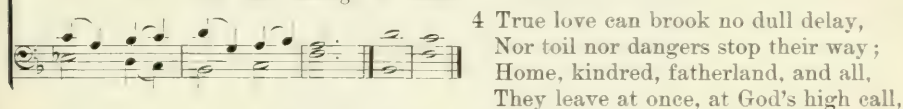
1. WHAT star is this, with beams so bright, Which shame the sun's less



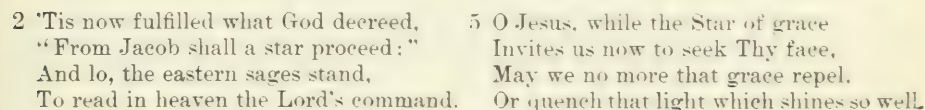
ra - diant light? It shines t'an - nounce a new - born King, Glad ti - dings



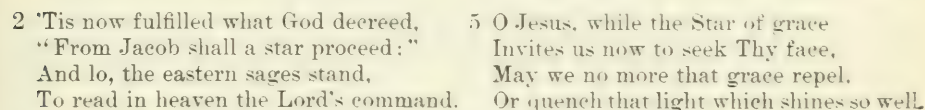
of our God to bring. A - men.



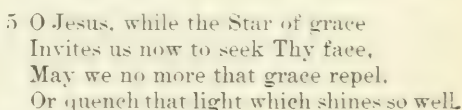
3 While outward signs the star displays,  
An inward light the Lord conveys,  
And urges them, with force benign,  
To seek the giver of the sign.



4 True love can brook no dull delay,  
Nor toil nor dangers stop their way;  
Home, kindred, fatherland, and all,  
They leave at once, at God's high call,



2 'Tis now fulfilled what God decreed,  
"From Jacob shall a star proceed:"  
And lo, the eastern sages stand,  
To read in heaven the Lord's command.



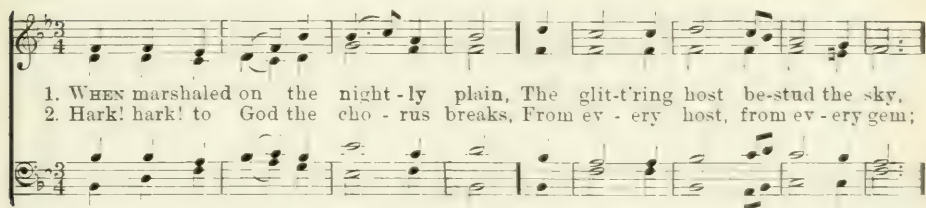
5 O Jesus, while the Star of grace  
Invites us now to seek Thy face,  
May we no more that grace repel,  
Or quench that light which shines so well.

C. Coffin, 1829 Fr. J. Chandler, 1827

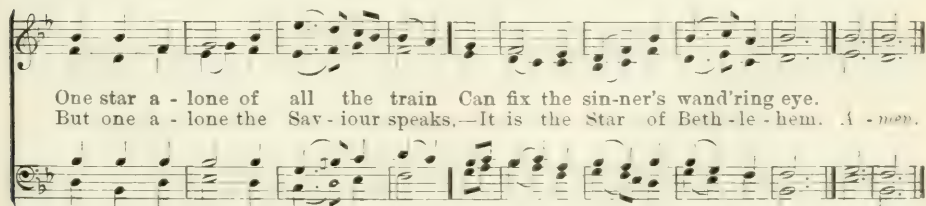
WARRINGTON L. M.

(Second Tune)

R. Harrison 1748—1810



1. WHEN marshaled on the night-ly plain, The glit-tring host be-stud the sky,  
2. Hark! hark! to God the cho - rus breaks, From ev - ery host, from ev - ery gem;



One star a - lone of all the train Can fix the sin-ner's wand'ring eye.  
But one a - lone the Sav - iour speaks.—It is the Star of Beth - le - hem. A - men.



1. BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning. Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;  
Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our infant Re-deemer is laid. A - men.

(Or to Wesley, No. 710)

- 2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,  
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;  
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,  
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Shall we not yield Him in costly devotion,  
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;  
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;  
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,  
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

R. Heber, 1811

## ST. NINIAN 118, 108.

(Second Tune)

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morn-ing. Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;  
Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing, Guide where our infant Re - deemer is laid. A - men.

# Epiphany

EPIPHANY

11s, 10s.

(Third Tune)

E. J. Hopkins, 1868

1. BRIGHT-EST and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our  
dark-ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the ho-  
ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid. A-men.

BRIGHTEST AND BEST

11s, 10s.

(Fourth Tune)

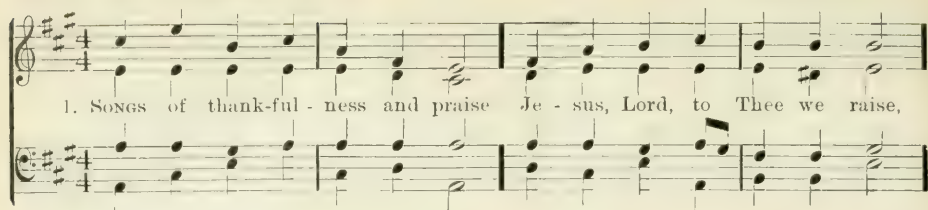
J. F. Thrupp, 1848

1. BRIGHT-EST and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our  
dark-ness, and lend us thine aid; Star of the east, the ho-  
ri-zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid. A-men.

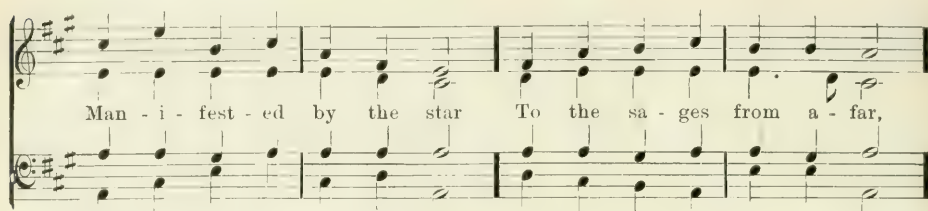
# Jesus Christ the Son

210 ST. EDWARD 7s. 8l.

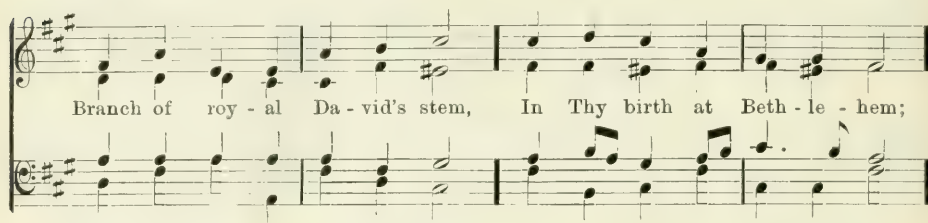
C. Steggall (1826—)



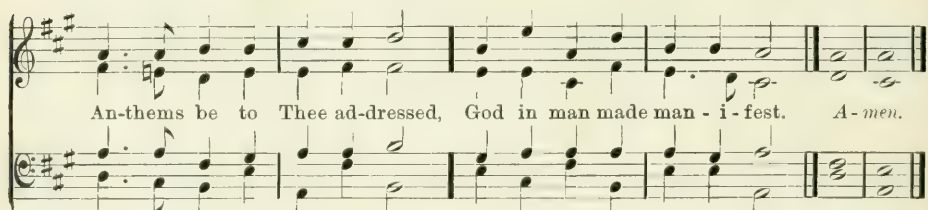
1. Songs of thank-ful-ness and praise Je-sus, Lord, to Thee we raise,



Man-i-fest-ed by the star To the sa-ges from a-far,



Branch of roy-al Da-vid's stem, In Thy birth at Beth-le-hem;



Anthems be to Thee ad-dressed, God in man made man-i-fest. A-men.

2 Manifest at Jordan's stream,  
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme,  
And at Cana, wedding-guest,  
In Thy Godhead manifest;  
Manifest in power divine,  
Changing water into wine;  
Anthems be to Thee addressed,  
God in man made manifest.

3 Manifest in making whole  
Palsied limbs and fainting soul;  
Manifest in valiant fight,  
Quelling all the devil's might;  
Manifest in gracious will,  
Ever bringing good from ill;  
Anthems be to Thee addressed,  
God in man made manifest.

4 Sun and moon shall darkened be,  
Star shall fall, the heavens shall flee;  
Christ will then like lightning shine,  
All will see His glorious sign;  
All will then the trumpet hear,  
All will see the Judge appear;  
Thou by all wilt be confessed,  
God in man made manifest.

5 Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,  
Present in Thy holy word;  
May we imitate Thee now,  
And be pure, as pure art Thou,  
That we like to Thee may be  
At Thy great Epiphany;  
And may praise Thee, ever blest,  
God in man made manifest.

# Epiphany

211 DIX 7s. 6l.

Arr. fr. C. Köcher (1786—1872)

1. As WITH glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold,

As with joy they hail'd its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright,

So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee. A-men.

2 As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed,  
There to bend the knee before  
Him whom heaven and earth adore,  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare  
At that manger rude and bare,  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to Thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way;  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

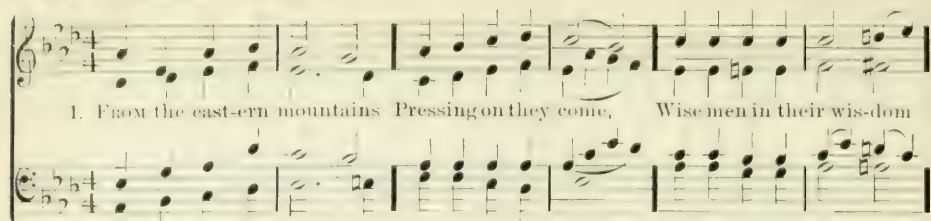
5 In the heavenly country bright,  
Need they no created light;  
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,  
Thou its Sun which goes not down;  
There for ever may we sing  
Alleluias to our King.



# Jesus Christ the Son

212 VALOUR 6s, 5s, 8l. With Refrain

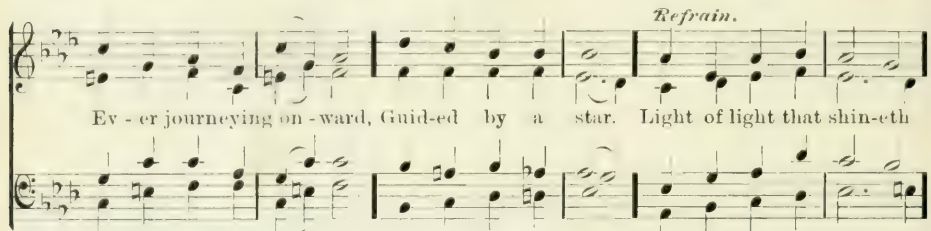
A. H. Mann, 1885



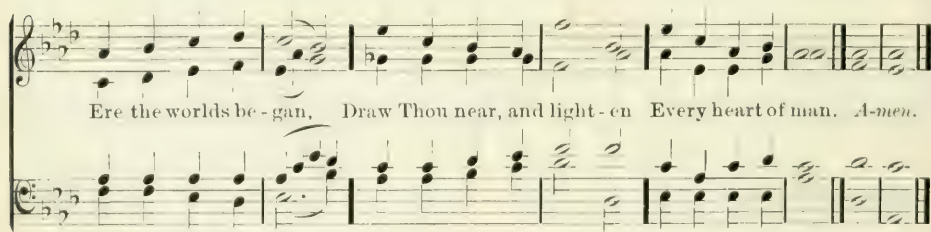
1. From the east-ern mountains Pressing on they come, Wise men in their wis-  
dom



To His humble home; Stirr'd by deep de - vo - tion, Hast-ing from a - far,....



*Refrain.*  
Ev - er journeying on - ward, Guid-ed by a star. Light of light that shin-eth



Ere the worlds be - gan, Draw Thou near, and light - en Every heart of man. A-men.

2 There their Lord and Saviour  
Meek and lowly lay,  
Wondrous light that led them  
Onward on their way,  
Ever now to lighten  
Nations from afar,  
As they journey homeward  
By that guiding star.—*Ref.*

3 Thou who in a manger  
Once hast lowly lain,  
Who dost now in glory  
O'er all kingdoms reign,

Gather in the heathen,  
Who in lands afar  
Ne'er have seen the brightness  
Of Thy guiding star.—*Ref.*

4 Gather in the outcasts,  
All who've gone astray,  
Throw Thy radiance o'er them,  
Guide them on their way;  
Those who never knew Thee,  
Those who've wandered far,  
Lead them by the brightness  
Of Thy guiding star.—*Ref.*

# Epiphany

5 Onward through the darkness  
Of the lonely night.  
Shining still before them  
With Thy kindly light,  
Guide them, Jew and Gentile,  
Homeward from afar,  
Young and old together.  
By Thy guiding star — *Ref.*

6 Until every nation,  
Whether bond or free,  
'Neath Thy starlit banner,  
Jesus, follows Thee  
O'er the distant mountains  
To that heavenly home  
Where no sin nor sorrow  
Evermore shall come. — *Ref.*

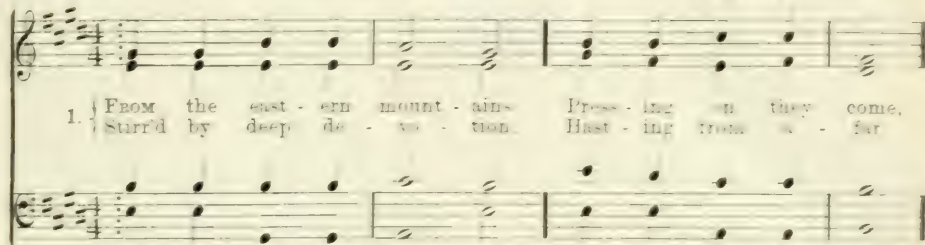
(Chorus, 1890.)

*Second Time*

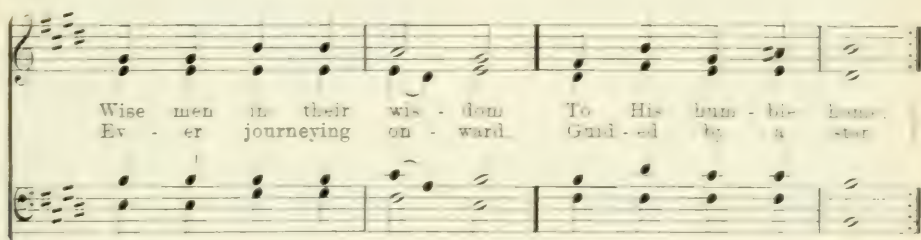
GUIDING STAR 6s, 5s. 8l.

With Refrain

E. J. Hopkins, 1890

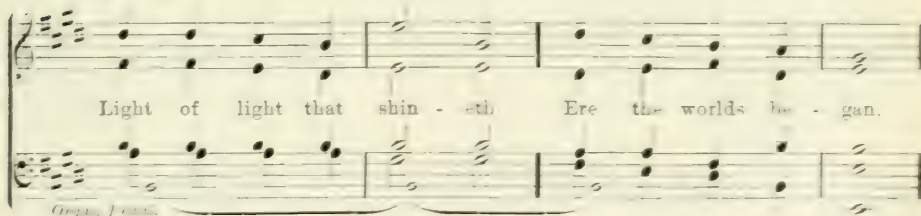


1. From the east - ern mount - ains Press - ing on they come,  
Sur'd by deep de - vo - tion Hast - ing from a - far

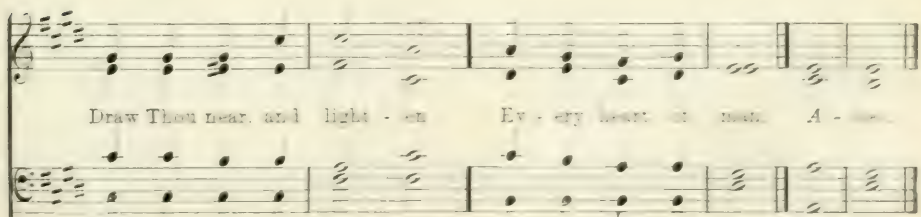


Wise men in their wis - dom To His hum - ble home,  
Ev - er journeying on - ward Guid - ed by a star

*Refrain*



Light of light that shin - eth Ere the worlds be - gan.

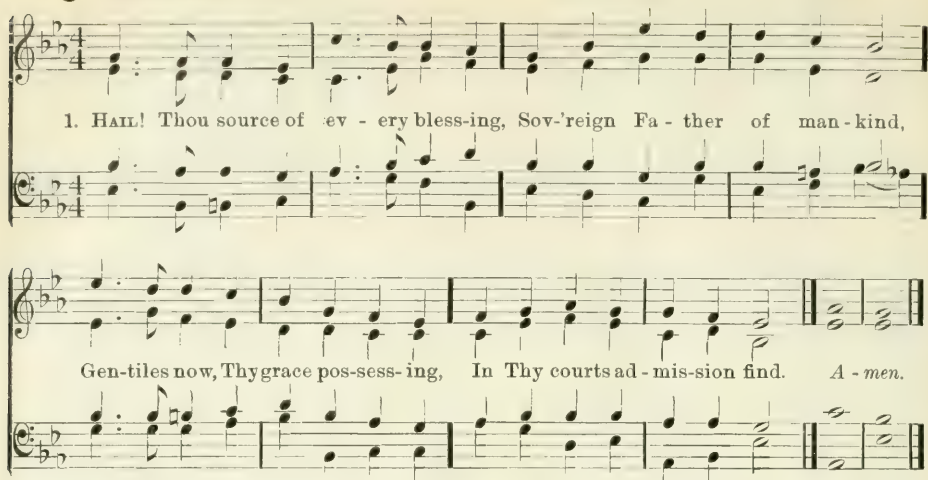


Draw Thou near, and light - en Ev - ery heart at noon. A - men

# Jesus Christ the Son

213 HARLOW 8s, 7s.

F. J. Sawyer (1857—)



1. HAIL! Thou source of ev - ery bless-ing, Sov'-reign Fa - ther of man-kind,  
Gen-tiles now, Thy grace pos-sess-ing, In Thy courts ad - mis-sion find. A - men.

2 Grateful now we fall before Thee  
In Thy Church obtain a place;  
Now by faith behold Thy glory,  
Praise Thy truth, adore Thy grace.

3 Once far off, but now invited,  
We approach Thy sacred throne;  
In Thy covenant united  
Reconciled, redeemed, made one.

4 Now revealed to eastern sages,  
See the star of mercy shine,

Mystery hid in former ages,  
Mystery great of love divine.

5 Hail! Thou all-inviting Saviour;  
Gentiles now their offerings bring,  
In Thy temple seek Thy favor,  
Jesus Christ, our Lord and King.

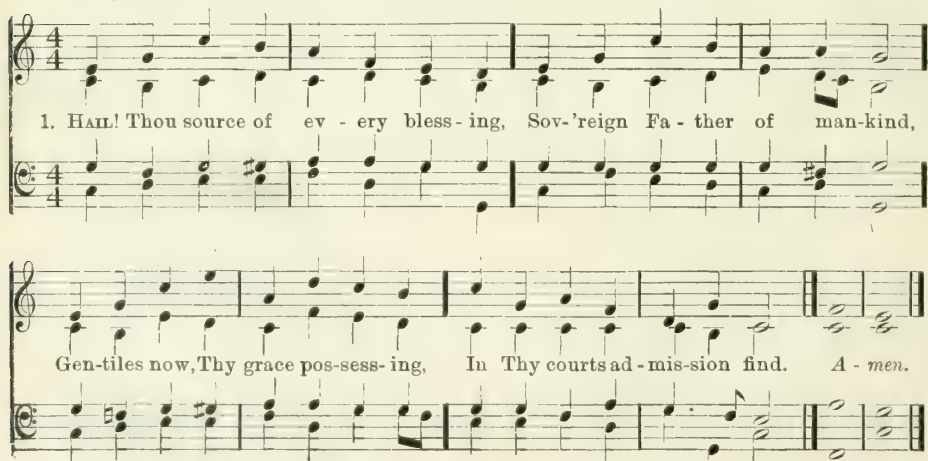
6 May we, body, soul, and spirit,  
Live devoted to Thy praise,  
Glorious realms of bliss inherit,  
Grateful anthems ever raise.

B. Woodd, c. 1810

ST. JUST 8s, 7s.

(Second Tune)

G. P. Harris



1. HAIL! Thou source of ev - ery bless-ing, Sov'-reign Fa - ther of man-kind,  
Gen-tiles now, Thy grace pos-sess-ing, In Thy courts ad - mis-sion find. A - men.

# Epiphany

214 ST. OSWALD 8s, 7s.

J. B. Dykes, 1857

1. BETH-LEHEM, not the least of cit-ies, None can e'er with thee com-pare;

Thou a-lone the Lord from heav-en Didst for us in-car-nate bear. A-men.

- 2 Fairer than the sun at morning  
Shone the star that told His birth,  
To the lands their God announcing,  
Veiled beneath a form of earth.
- 3 By its lambent beauty guided  
Eastern kings their wealth unfold;  
Bending low their gifts they offer,—  
Gifts of incense, myrrh, and gold.

- 4 Offerings of mystic meaning:  
Incense doth the God disclose;  
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth;  
Myrrh the future tomb foreshows.
- 5 Holy Jesus, in Thy brightness  
To the gentile world displayed,  
With the Father, and the Spirit,  
Endless praise to Thee be paid.

Aurelius C. Prudentius Tr. E. Caswall, 1849

215 ALEXANDER L. M.

H. Smart (1813—1879)

1. THE Star pro-claims the King is here; But, Her-od, why this sense-less fear? He

takes no realms of earth a-way Who gives the realms of heavenly day. A-men.

- 2 The wiser Magi see from far  
And follow on His guiding star;  
And led by light to light they press,  
And by their gifts their God confess.
- 3 Within the Jordan's crystal flood  
In meekness stands the Lamb of God,  
And sinless sanctifies the wave,  
Mankind from sin to cleanse and save.

- 4 At Cana first His power is shown;  
His might the blushing waters own,  
And changing, as He speaks the word,  
Flow wine, obedient to their Lord.
- 5 All glory, Jesus, be to Thee  
For this Thy glad Epiphany:  
Whom with the Father we adore,  
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

Latin (5th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale, 1852 Alt.



# Jesus Christ the Son

216 SUPPLIANT 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

J. Stainer (1840—)

1. Thou to whom the sick and dy-ing Ev-er came, nor came in vain,

Still with heal-ing words re-ply-ing To the wea-ried cry of pain;

*Voices in Unison.* *rall. Harmony.*  
Hear us, Je-sus, as we meet, Sup-pliant at Thy mer-cy seat. A-men.

2 Still the weary, sick, and dying  
Need a brother's, sister's care;  
On Thy higher help relying  
May we now their burden share,  
Bringing all our offerings meet,  
Suppliants, to Thy mercy-seat.

3 May each child of Thine be willing,  
Willing both in hand and heart,  
All the law of love fulfilling,

Comfort ever to impart,  
Ever bringing offerings meet,  
Suppliant to Thy mercy-seat.

4 Then shall sickness, sin, and sadness,  
To Thy healing power yield,  
Till the sick and sad, in gladness,  
Rescued, ransomed, cleansed, healed,  
One in Thee together meet,  
Pardoned at Thy judgment-seat.

G. Thring, 1866

REQUIEM 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

(Second Tune)

W. A. F. Schulthes, 1868

1. Thou to whom the sick and dy-ing Ev-er came, nor came in vain,

# Prayer and Praise

Still with heal-ing words re - ply - ing To the wea-ried cry of pain;

Hear us, Je - sus, as we meet, Suppliants at Thy mer-cy-seat. A - men.

*Org.*

217 WILTON MERLE 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

H. B. Judd, 1896

1. JE-sus wept! those tears are o-ver, But His heart is still the same; Kins-man, friend, and

el-der broth-er, Is His ev - er - last - ing name. Sav-iour, who can love like Thee,

Grac-i-ous One of Beth-a - ny? A - men.

3 Jesus wept! and still in glory,  
He can mark each mourner's tear;  
Living to retrace the story  
Of the hearts He solaced here.  
Lord, when I am called to die,  
Let me think of Bethany.

2 When the pangs of trial seize me,  
When the waves of sorrow roll,  
I will lay my head on Jesus,  
Pillow of the troubled soul.  
Surely, none can feel like Thee,  
Weeping One of Bethany!

4 Jesus wept! That tear of sorrow  
Is a legacy of love;  
Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow,  
He the same doth ever prove.  
Thou art all in all to me,  
Living One of Bethany!

J. R. Macduff, 1859

# Jesus Christ the Son

218 FASTCHEAP (St. Pancras) L. M.

J. Battishill (1738—1801)

1. My dear Re-deem-er, and my Lord, I read my du - ty

in.... Thy word; But in Thy life the law ap - pears Drawn

out in liv - ing characters. A - men. Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe and make them mine.

2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,  
Such deference to Thy Father's will,

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air  
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer;  
The desert Thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict and Thy victory too.

4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear  
More of Thy gracious image here;  
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name  
Among the followers of the Lamb.

I. Watts, 1709

ROCKINGHAM, NEW L. M. (Second Time)

L. Mason, 1830

1. My dear Re-deem - er, and my Lord. I read my du - ty in Thy word;

But in Thy life the law ap-pears, Drawn out in liv-ing char-ac-ters. A - men.

# Prayer and Praise

219 TEMPLE L. M.

From Hymns of Goss, 1864

1. How BEAU-TIFUL were the marks di-vine, That in Thy meek-ness used to shi-  
ee,  
That lit Thy lone-ly path-way, trod In won-drous love, O Son of God! A-men.

2 Oh, who like Thee so calm, so bright,  
Thou God of God, Thou Light of light?  
Oh, who like Thee did ever go  
So patient through a world of woe?  
3 Oh, who like Thee so humbly bore  
The scorn, the scoffs, of men before?  
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,  
So glorious in humility?

4 E'en death, which sets the prisoner free,  
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;  
Yet love thro' all Thy torture glowed,  
And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.  
5 Oh, in Thy light be mine to go,  
Illuming all my way of woe;  
And give me ever on the road  
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God!

A. C. Coxe, 1840

220 NORWICH (Larus) L. M.

A. H. Mann (1850—)

1. WHERE-ER have trod Thy sa - cred feet, Teach us, O Lord, Thy steps to trace,  
Where men in bus - y con - course meet, Or in the lone-ly wil - der - ness. A-men.

2 Bid us with Thee to watch and pray,  
With Thee to die, with Thee to rise,  
With Thee to bear our cross each day,  
With Thee to soar beyond the skies.  
3 Where'er Thou art may we remain;  
Where'er Thou goest may we go:

With Thee, O Lord, no grief is pain;  
Away from Thee, all joy is woe.  
4 Oh, may we in each holy tide,  
Each solemn season, dwell with Thee,  
Content if only by Thy side  
In life or death we still may be.

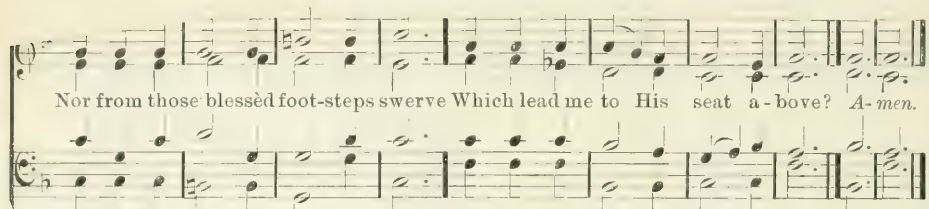
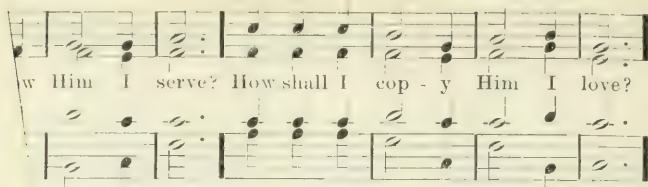
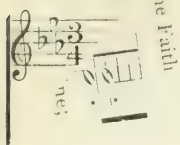


# Jesus Christ the Son

218 EAS<sup>3</sup>

rus) L. M.

H. Baker, 1866



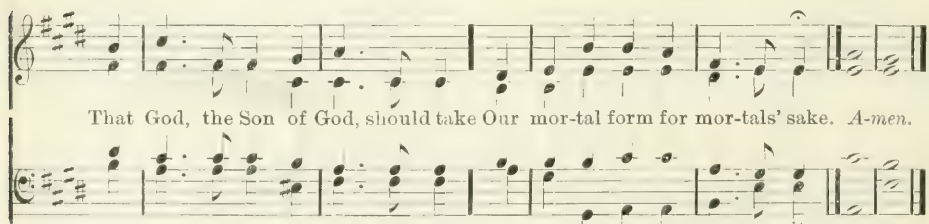
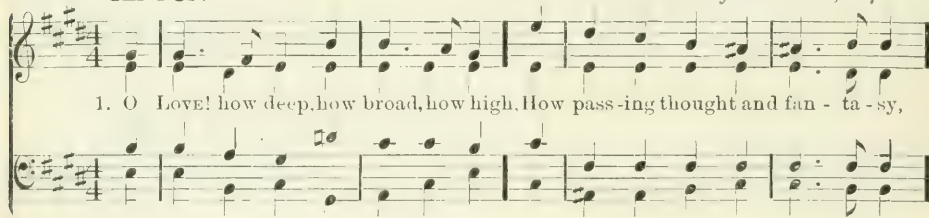
- 2 Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,  
The life of toil, the mean abode,  
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,  
Are these the consecrated road?
- 3 'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son,  
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,  
Until the perfect work was done,  
And drunk the cup of bitter gall.
- 4 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,  
Forbid that I should e'er repine;

- Still let me turn to Calvary,  
Nor heed my griefs, rememb'ring Thine.
- 5 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!  
Thou camest not Thyself to please;  
And, dear as earthly comforts be,  
Shall I not love Thee more than these?
- 6 Yes, I would count them all but loss,  
To gain the notice of Thine eye;  
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,  
But Thou canst give the victory.

J. Conder, 1824

222 SEFTON L. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1872



- 2 He sent no angel to our race,  
Of higher or of lower place,  
But wore the robe of human frame  
And He Himself to this world came.
- 3 For us to wicked men betrayed, [rayed,  
Scourged, mocked, in crown of thorns ar-

- For us He bore the cross's death,  
For us at length gave up His breath.
- 4 For us He rose from death again,  
For us He went on high to reign,  
For us He sent His Spirit here  
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

177

Anon. Latin, 15th Cent 77. J. M. Neale, 1854

# Prayer and Praise

223 TRANSFIGURATION L. M. 81.

J. Goss, 1864

1. O MAS-TER, it is good to be High on the mountain here with Thee,

Where stand revealed to mor-tal gaze Those glo-rious saints of oth-er days,

Who once received on Ho-reb's height Th'e-ter-nal laws of truth and right;

Or caught the still small whisper, higher Than storm, than earthquake, or than fire. A-men.

2 O Master, it is good to be  
With Thee, and with Thy faithful Three,  
Here, where the apostle's heart of rock  
Is nerved against temptation's shock;  
Here, where the son of thunder learns  
The thought that breathes, and word  
that burns;  
Here, where on eagle's wings we move  
With Him whose last best creed is love.

3 O Master, it is good to be  
Entranced, enwrapt, alone with Thee;  
And watch Thy glistening raiment glow  
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow,

The human lineaments that shine  
Irradiant with a light divine,  
Till we too change from grace to grace,  
Gazing on that transfigured face.

+ O Master, it is good to be  
Here on the holy mount with Thee,  
When darkling in the depths of night,  
When dazzled with excess of light,  
We bow before the heavenly voice  
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,  
Though love wax cold, and faith be  
dim,  
"This is my Son, oh, hear ye Him."

# Jesus Christ the Son

224 REDHEAD 90 L. M.

R. Redhead, 1850

1. Oh, wondrous type, oh, vis - ion fair Of glo - ry that the Church shall share, Which  
Christ up - on the mountain shows, Where brighter than the sun He glows. A - men.

- 2 From age to age the tale declare,  
How with the three disciples there,  
Where Moses and Elias meet,  
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.
- 4 And faithful hearts are raised on high  
By this great vision's mystery;  
For which in joyful strains we raise  
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise.
- 3 With shining face and bright array,  
Christ deigns to manifest to-day  
What glory shall be theirs above,  
Who joy in God with perfect love.
- 5 O Father, with the eternal Son,  
And Holy Spirit ever one,  
Vouchsafe to bring us by Thy grace  
To see Thy glory face to face.

Sarum, 1500 Tr. J. M. Neale, 1854

225 GULTON L. M.

J. Harrison

1. On Jordan's bank the Bap - tist's cry An - nounces that the Lord is nigh;  
Come, then, and hearken; for he brings Glad ti - dings from the King of kings. A - men.

- 2 Then cleansed be every Christian breast. 4 To heal the sick stretch out Thine hand,  
And furnished for so great a guest!  
Yea, let us each his heart prepare  
For Christ to come and enter there.
- 5 All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,  
Whose advent set Thy people free;  
Whom with the Father we adore,  
And Holy Ghost for evermore.
- 3 For Thou art our salvation, Lord,  
Our refuge and our great reward;  
Without Thy grace our souls must fade,  
And wither like a flower decayed.

# Prayer and Praise

**226** ST AELRED 8, 8, 8, 4

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. FIERCE raged the tem-pest o'er the deep, Watch did Thine anx-ious ser-vants keep,

But Thou wast wrapped in guile-less sleep, Calm and still... A-men.

- 2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,      The sullen billows ceased to leap,  
 "O save us in our agony!"      At Thy will.  
 Thy word above the storm rose high,      4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,  
 "Peace, be still."      And storm-winds drift us from the shore,  
 3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep      Say, lest we sink to rise no more,  
 Sank, like a little child, to sleep;      "Peace, be still."

G. Thring, 1861

**227** ALYSTON 7, 7, 7, 6

E. Bunnett, 1887

1. JE-sus, Son of God most high, God from all e-ter-ni-ty,

Born as man to live and die, Hear us, Ho-ly Je-sus. A-men.

- 2 Leaving Thine eternal throne,  
 Making mortal cares Thine own,  
 Making God's compassion known,  
 Hear us, Holy Jesus.  
 3 By Thy life, so lone and still,  
 By Thy waiting to fulfil  
 In its time Thy Father's will,  
 Hear us, Holy Jesus.  
 4 May we mark the pattern fair  
 Of Thy life of work and prayer,  
 And for truth all perils dare,  
 Hear us, Holy Jesus.  
 5 Bid us come, at last, to Thee,  
 And forever perfect be,  
 Where Thy glory we shall see,  
 Hear us, Holy Jesus.



# Jesus Christ the Son

228 MARYTON L. M.

H. P. Smith, 1874

1. O MAS-TER, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of ser-vice free;  
Tell me Thy se-cret, help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A-men.

(Or to Sefton, No. 222)

- 2 Help me the slow of heart to move  
By some clear, winning word of love;  
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,  
And guide them in the homeward way.
- 4 In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,  
In trust that triumphs over wrong,  
In hope that sends a shining ray  
Far down the future's broadening way,
- 3 Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee  
In closer, dearer company,
- In peace that only Thou canst give,  
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

W. Gladden, 1880

229 CRUSADERS' HYMN 5, 6, 8, 5, 5, 8

German Arr. by R. S. Willis, 1850

1. FAIR-EST Lord Je-sus, Rul-er of all na-ture, O Thou of God and man the Son,  
Thee will I cher-ish, Thee will I hon-or, Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown. A-men.

2 Fair are the meadows,  
Fairer still the woodlands,  
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;  
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,  
Who makes the woful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,  
Fairer still the moonlight,  
And all the twinkling, starry host; [er  
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines pur-  
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

# Prayer and Praise

230 FAITH C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1867

1. IM - MOR - TAL love, for ev - er full, For ev - er flow - ing free,  
For ev - er shared, for ev - er whole, A nev - er ebb - ing sea! A-men.

(Or to St. Hugh, No. 148)

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Our outward lips confess the name<br/>All other names above;<br/>Love only knoweth whence it came,<br/>And comprehendeth love.</p> <p>3 We may not climb the heavenly steeps<br/>To bring the Lord Christ down;<br/>In vain we search the lowest deeps,<br/>For Him no depths can drown.</p> <p>4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet<br/>A present help is He;<br/>And faith has still its Olivet,<br/>And love its Galilee.</p> | <p>5 The healing of His seamless dress<br/>Is by our beds of pain;<br/>We touch Him in life's throng and press,<br/>And we are whole again.</p> <p>6 Thro' Him the first fond prayers are said<br/>Our lips of childhood frame,<br/>The last low whispers of our dead<br/>Are burdened with His name.</p> <p>7 O Lord, and Master of us all!<br/>Whate'er our name or sign,<br/>We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,<br/>We test our lives by Thine.</p> |
|--|--|

J. G. Whittier, 1866

SERENITY C. M.

(Second Tune.) Arr. fr. W. V. Wallace (1814—1865)

1. IM - MOR - TAL love, for ev - er full, For ev - er flow - ing free,  
For ev - er shared, for ev - er whole, A nev - er ebb - ing sea! A-men.

# Jesus Christ the Son

231 VOX DILECTI C. M. 81.

J. B. Dykes, 1868

*p* *pp rall.* *mf a tempo.*

1. I HEARD the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;

92.

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."

*p* *cres.*

I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;

2nd v. Of that life - giv - ing stream;

3rd v. In Him my star, my sun;

*J=112.*

*cres.* *ff*

I found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad. A - men.

(Or to Calm, No. 194)

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "Behold, I freely give  
 The living water; thirsty one,  
 Stoop down and drink, and live."  
 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
 Of that life-giving stream;  
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
 And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
 "I am this dark world's light;  
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
 And all thy day be bright."  
 I looked to Jesus, and I found  
 In Him my star, my sun;  
 And in that light of life I'll walk  
 Till travelling days are done.

# Prayer and Praise

AUDITE AUDIENTES ME C. M. 81. (Second Tune)

Arthur Sullivan, 1875

*Voices in unison.*

1. I HEARD the voice of Je-sus say, "Come un-to Me and rest; Lay down, thou wea-ry

*Voices in Harmony.*

one, lay down Thy head up-on My breast." I came to Je-sus as I was,

Wea-ry and worn and sad; I found in Him a resting-place, And He has made me glad. *A-men.*

FLENSBURG C. M. 81. (Third Tune) L. Spohr (1784—1859) Har. by J. Barnby, 1867

1. I HEARD the voice of Je-sus say, "Come un-to Me and rest; Lay down, thou wea-ry

one, lay down Thy head up-on My breast." I came to Je-sus as I was, Wea-

ry and worn and sad; I found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He has made me glad. *Amen.*



# Jesus Christ the Son

232 BURTON AGNES C. M. J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. THERE is a name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth;

It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear. The sweet-est name on earth. A - men.

- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,  
Who died to set me free;  
It tells me of His precious blood,  
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 It tells of one whose loving heart  
Can feel my deepest woe,  
Who in my sorrow bears a part  
That none can bear below.
- 4 Jesus! the name I love so well,  
The name I love to hear;
- No saint on earth its worth can tell,  
No heart conceive how dear.
- 5 This name shall shed its fragrance still  
Along this thorny road,  
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill  
That leads me up to God.
- 6 And there, with all the blood-bought  
From sin and sorrow free, [throng,  
I'll sing the new eternal song  
Of Jesus' love to me.

F. Whitfield, 1859

233 HAIGHT C. M. J. H. Cornell (1828—1894)

1. THOU art the Way, to Thee a - lone From sin and death we flee,

And he, who would the Fa - ther seek, Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee. A - men.

- 2 Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart;  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.
- 3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb  
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
- And those, who put their trust in Thee,  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;  
Grant us that Way to know,  
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow.

G. W. Doane, 1824

# Prayer and Praise

## 234 TALLIS' ORDINAL C. M.

T. Tallis, 1560

1. BE - HOLD, where in a mor - tal form, Ap - pears each grace di - vine;

The vir - tues, all in Je - sus met, With mild - est radiance shine. A - men.

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,  
To give the mourner joy,  
To preach glad tidings to the poor,  
Was His divine employ.

3 'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,  
Patient and meek He stood;  
His foes, ungrateful, sought His life;  
He labored for their good.

4 In the last hour of deep distress,  
Before His Father's throne,  
With soul resigned, He bowed, and said,  
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide;  
His image may we bear;  
Oh, may we tread His holy steps,  
His joy and glory share!

W. Enfield, 1782

## 235 MARGUERITE C. M.

E. C. Walker, 1876

1. WHAT grace, O Lord, and beau - ty shone A - round Thy steps be - low:

What pa - tient love was seen in all Thy life and death of woe! A - men.

2 For ever on Thy burdened heart  
A weight of sorrow hung;  
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word  
Escaped Thy silent tongue.

3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,  
Thy friends unfaithful prove;  
Unwearied in forgiveness still,  
Thy heart could only love.

4 Oh, give us hearts to love like Thee,  
Like Thee, O Lord, to grieve  
Far more for others' sins, than all  
The wrongs that we receive.

5 One with Thyself, may every eye  
In us, Thy brethren, see  
That gentleness and grace which spring  
From union, Lord, with Thee.

# Jesus Christ the Son

236

LYNDHURST C. M.

F. C. Maker, 1876

1. Oh, mean may seem this house of clay, Yet 't was the Lord's a - bode;  
Our feet may mourn this thorn - y way, Yet here Em-man - uel trod. A - men.

2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear;  
This watch the Lord did keep;  
These burdens sore the Lord did bear,  
These tears the Lord did weep.

3 Our very frailty brings us near  
Unto the Lord of heaven;  
To every grief, to every tear  
Such glory strange is given.

4 But not this fleshly robe alone  
Shall link us, Lord, to Thee;  
Not only in the tear and groan  
Shall the dear kindred be.

5 We shall be reckoned for Thine own  
Because Thy heaven we share,  
Because we sing around Thy throne  
And Thy bright raiment wear.

T. H. Gill, 1850 Ab.

237

CALLCOTT C. M.

J. W. Callcott (1766—1821)

1. LORD, as to Thy dear cross we flee, And plead to be for - given,  
So let Thy life our pat-tern be, And form our souls for heaven. A - men.

2 Help us, through good report and ill,  
Our daily cross to bear,  
Like Thee to do our Father's will,  
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,  
Our earthliness refine,  
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,  
As free and true as Thine.

4 If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,  
And grief's dark day come on,  
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,  
Father, Thy will be done!

5 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,  
Or brethren faithless prove,  
Then, like Thine own, be all our aim  
To conquer them by love.

J. H. Gurney, 1838 Ab.

# Prayer and Praise

238 ST. WERBERG L. M. 61.

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. O Love, who formedst me to wear The im-age of Thy God-head here;  
Who soughtest me with ten-der care Thro' all my wanderings wild and drear; O  
Love, I give my-self to Thee, Thine ev-er, on-ly Thine to be. A-men.

- 2 O Love, who ere life's earliest dawn  
On me Thy choice hast gently laid;  
O Love, who here as man wast born,  
And wholly like to us wast made;  
O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
- 3 O Love, who once in time wast slain,  
Pierced thro' and thro' with bitter woe;  
O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain,  
That we eternal joy might know;  
O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
- 4 O Love, who lovest me for aye,  
Who for my soul dost ever plead;  
O Love, who didst my ransom pay,  
Whose power sufficeth in my stead;  
O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

- 5 O Love, who once shalt bid me rise  
From out this dying life of ours;  
O Love, who once o'er yonder skies  
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers;

O Love, I give myself to Thee,  
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

J. Scheffler, 1659 Tr. C. Winkworth, 1858 Ab.

239 L. M. 61.

OH, who like Thee, so calm, so bright,  
Lord Jesus Christ, Thou Light of light,  
Oh, who like Thee did ever go  
So patient through a world of woe.  
So meek, so lowly, yet so high,  
So glorious in humility?

- 2 O wondrous Lord, our souls would be  
Still more and more conformed to Thee;  
Would lose the pride, the taint of sin,  
That burns these fevered veins within;  
And learn of Thee, the lowly one,  
And like Thee all our journey run.

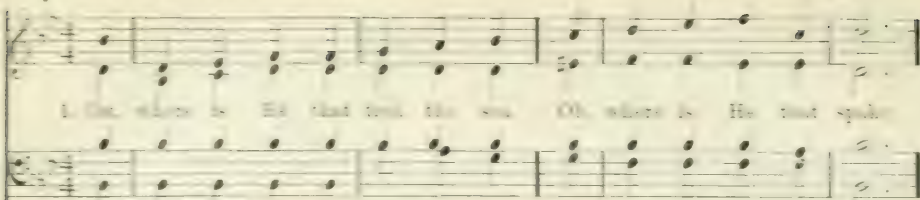
- 3 Oh, grant us ever on the road  
To trace the footsteps of our God;  
That when Thou shalt appear, arrayed  
In light to judge the quick and dead,  
We may to life immortal soar,  
Through Thee, who livest evermore.



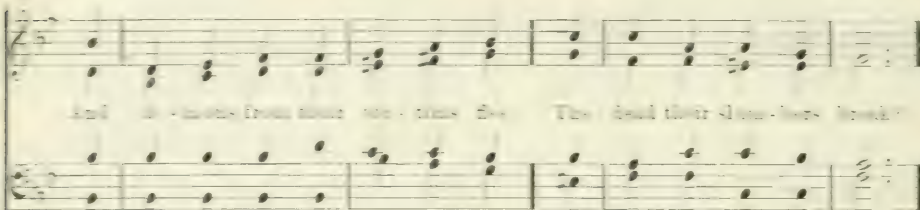
# Jesus Christ the Son

240 FILIUS DEI C. M. 32

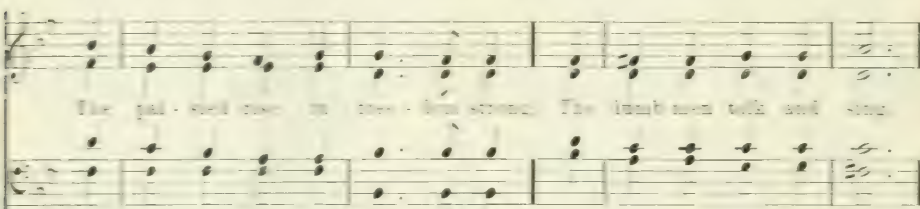
A. R. 1877-



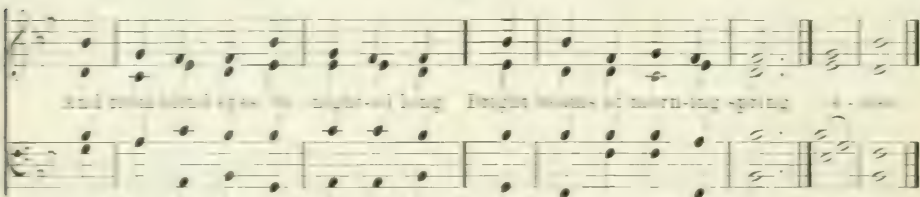
1 Oh, where is He that trod the sea? Oh, where is He that spoke?



And He came from our sin - ners' sea. The dead their clam - bers break!



The pal - lard rose in tem - pest's stress. The dumb even talk and sing.



And roses open in night - ed long. Bright beams of morn - ing - spring.

1 Oh, where is He that trod the sea?  
Oh, where is He that spoke?  
And parting words of liberty,  
The dead e'en open slake?  
And wildest words arrest the haste  
Of life's deadly fire,  
And strong ones lead the weak who waste  
Their life in sad desire.

4 Oh, where is He that trod the sea?  
'Tis only He can save:  
To thousands hungering weary,  
A wordless meal He gave:  
Full sun, with food celestial fed,  
Their mystic fare they take, (bread,  
'Twas springtide when He blest the  
And harvest when He broke.

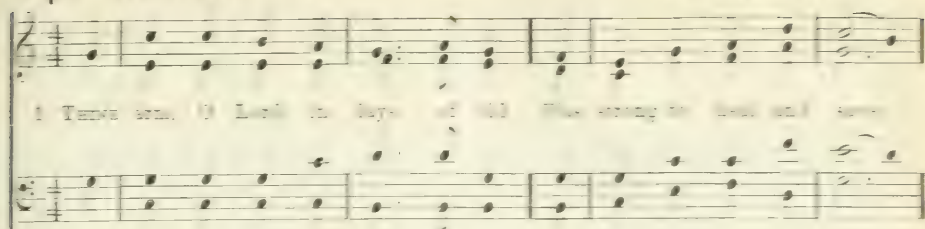
3 Oh, where is He that trod the sea?  
Oh, where is He that spoke?  
And dark waves, roaring hourly,  
A glassy smoothness take;  
And waters, where our flesh has been  
A solitary grave,  
See with amazement they are clean,  
And cry, 'tis He and save.

5 Oh, where is He that trod the sea?  
My soul, the Lord is here:  
Let all thy fears be hushed in thine,  
To leap, to hark, to hear,  
Be thine: thy needs He'll satisfy:  
Art thou diseased, or dumb?  
Or dost thou in thy hunger cry?  
'I come,' saith Christ: 'I come.'

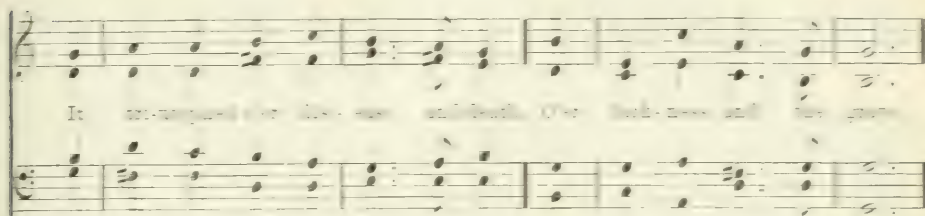
# Prayer and Praise

241 ST. ELWYN C. M. 8.

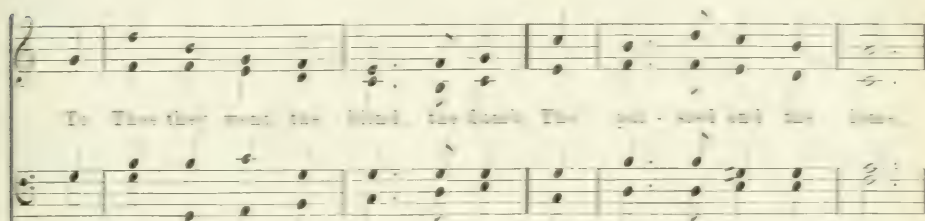
E. J. Hopkins 1110—



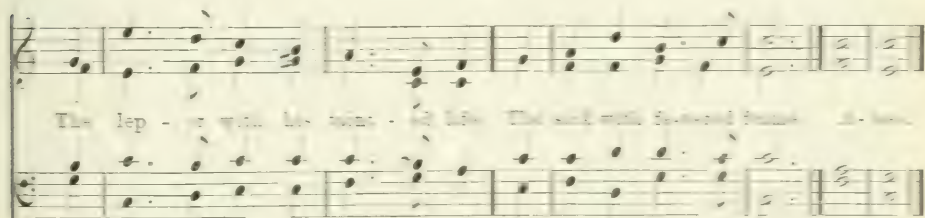
1 Thine own, O Lord, be days of old, Thine strong be heart and soul.



It set us up as this was our health, O'er death we will not pass.



To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The god - sick and the lame.



The lep - er with his touch - ed life, The soul with fevered frame - a son.

2 And let Thy work brought life and health,  
Give speech, and strength, and sight;  
And youth renewed and fringes colored  
Owed Thee, the Lord of light.  
And now, O Lord, be true to bless,  
Almighty as of yore,  
In crowded street, by restless power,  
As by Gennesaret's shore.

3 Though love and might be longer dead,  
By touch, or word, or look;  
Though they who do Thy work must read  
Thy laws in nature's book;

Yet come to heal the sick man's soul,  
Lame, cleanse the leprosy taint,  
Give joy and peace, where all is strife,  
And strength, where all is faint.

4 Be Thou our great deliverer still,  
Thou Lord of life and death,  
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless  
With Thine almighty breath.  
To hands that work and eyes that see,  
Give wisdom's heavenly light,  
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,  
May praise Thee evermore.

# Jesus Christ the Son

242 CREDO L. M. 61.

J. Stainer (1840 -)

1. WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death,  
Nor e'er be-held Thy cot-tage-home In that de-spis-ed Na-za-reth;  
*A little slower.*  
But we be-lieve Thy foot-steps trod Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God. *A - men.*

2 We did not see Thee lifted high  
Amid that wild and savage crew,  
Nor heard Thy meek, imploring cry:  
"Forgive, they know not what they do!"  
Yet we believe the deed was done  
Which shook the earth and veiled the sun.

3 We stood not by the empty tomb  
Where late Thy sacred body lay,  
Nor sat within that upper room,  
Nor met Thee in the open way;  
But we believe that angels said  
"Why seek the living with the dead?"

4 We did not mark the chosen few,  
When Thou didst thro' the clouds ascend,  
First lift to heaven their wondering view,  
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;  
Yet we believe that mortal eyes  
Beheld that journey to the skies.

5 And now that Thou dost reign on high,  
And thence Thy waiting people bless,  
No ray of glory from the sky  
Doth shine upon our wilderness;  
But we believe Thy faithful word,  
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

Unknown American Author. Rewritten by H. J. Buckoll, 1858.  
Afterwards rewritten by J. H. Gurney, 1851.

GREENWAY L. M. 61. (Second Tune)

W. B. Gilbert, 1900

1. WE saw Thee not when Thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death,

# Prayer and Praise

Copyright, 1900, by H. R. Gilbert

*mf* Nor e'er be-held Thy cot-tage-home In that de-spis-ed Na-za-reth;

*f* But we be-lieve Thy foot-steps trod Its streets and plains, Thou Son of God. *cres.* *dim.* A-men.

## 243 WYVILL (Eaton) L. M. 61.

Z. Wyvill (1762—1837)

1. O LIGHT, whose beamsillumineall From twilight dawn till perfect day, Shine Thou before the shadows fall

That lead our wand'ring feet astray: At morn and eve Thy radiance pour, That youth may love, and age adore. A-men.

(Or to St. Matthias, No. 50)

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 2 O Way, thro' whom our souls draw near<br>To yon eternal home of peace,<br>Where perfect love shall cast out fear,<br>And earth's vain toil and wand'ring cease;<br>In strength or weakness may we see<br>Our heavenward path, O Lord, thro' Thee.  | 4 O Life, the well that ever flows<br>To slake the thirst of those that faint,<br>Thy power to bless what seraph knows?<br>Thy joy supreme what words can paint?<br>In earth's last hour of fleeting breath<br>Be Thou our conqueror over death. |
| 3 O Truth, before whose shrine we bow,<br>Thou priceless pearl for all who seek,<br>To Thee our earliest strength we vow,<br>Thy love will bless the pure and meek;<br>When dreams or mists beguile our sight,<br>Turn Thou our darkness into light. | 5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,<br>O Jesus, born mankind to save,<br>Give Thou Thy peace in deadliest strife,<br>Shed Thou Thy calm on stormiest wave;<br>Be Thou our hope, our joy, our dread,<br>Lord of the living and the dead.           |

© E. H. Plumptre, 1864



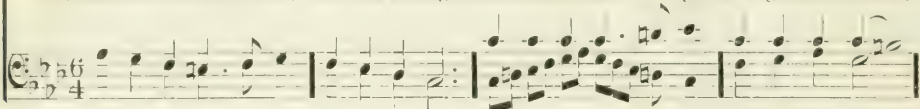
# Jesus Christ the Son

244 MARGARETTING 6s, 4s. 8l.

A. H. Brown (1830—)



1. FIERCE was the wild bil-low, Dark was the night, Oars labored heav - i - ly. Foam glimmer'd white;



Trembled the mariners Per - il was nigh; Then said the God of God, "Peace! It is I!" A - men.



2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,  
Lower thy crest;  
Wail of the stormy wind,  
Be thou at rest;  
Peril there none can be,  
Sorrow must fly,  
Where saith the Light of Light,  
"Peace! It is I!"

3 Jesus, deliverer,  
Come Thou to me;  
Soothe Thou my voyaging  
Over life's sea.  
Thou, when the storm of death  
Roars, sweeping by,  
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,  
"Peace! It is I!"

Anatolius, 453 Tr. J. M. Neale, 1862

EUROCLYDON 6s, 4s. 8l. (Second Tune)

G. W. Torrance, 1870



1. FIERCE was the wild billow, Oars labored heav-ily. Trembled the mariners,  
Dark was the night, Foam glimmer'd white,

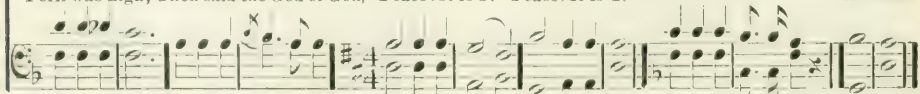


For 2d and 3d verses first two bars will be:



Peril was nigh; Then said the God of God, "Peace! It is I! Peace! It is I!"

A - men.



# Prayer and Praise

245 FIAT LUX 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1 JE-sus, Thy name I love, All oth-er names a-bove, Je-sus, my Lord! Oh, Thou art

all to me; Nothing to please I see, Nothing a-part from Thee, Je-sus, my Lord! A-men.

2 Thou, blessèd Son of God,  
Hast bought me with Thy blood,  
Jesus, my Lord!  
How mighty is Thy love,  
All other loves above,  
Love that I daily prove,  
Jesus, my Lord!

3 When unto Thee I flee,  
Thou wilt my refuge be,  
Jesus, my Lord!  
What need I now to fear,

What earthly grief or care,  
Since Thou art ever near?  
Jesus, my Lord!

4 Soon Thou wilt come again!  
I shall be happy then,  
Jesus, my Lord!  
Then Thine own face I'll see,  
Then I shall like Thee be,  
Then evermore with Thee,  
Jesus, my Lord!

J. G. Deck, 1849

LYTE 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

(Second Tune)

J. P. Holbrook, 1865

1. JE-sus, Thy name I love, All oth-er names a-bove, Je-sus, my Lord! Oh, Thou art

all to me; Noth-ing to please I see, Noth-ing a-part from Thee, Je-sus, my Lord! A-men.

# Jesus Christ the Son

246 ST. MARK L. M. 61.

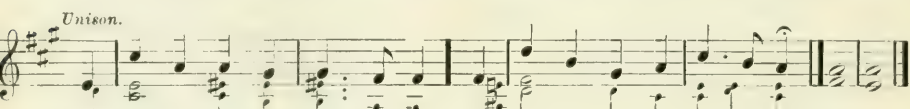
J. W. Elliott (1833—)



1. As oft, with worn and wea-ry feet, We tread earth's rug-ged val-ley o'er,



The thought how com-fort-ing and sweet, Christ trod this ver-y path be-fore!



*Unison.*

Our wants and weak-ness-es He knows, From life's first dawning to its close. *A-men.*



2 Does sickness, feebleness or pain  
Or sorrow in our path appear?  
The recollection will remain,  
More deeply did He suffer here:  
His life, how truly sad and brief,  
Filled up with suffering and with grief.

Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin,  
When worn and in a feeble hour  
The tempter came with all his power.

3 If Satan tempt our hearts to stray  
And whisper evil things within,  
So did he, in the desert way,

4 Just such as I, this earth He trod,  
With every human ill but sin;  
And though indeed the very God,  
As I am now so He has been.  
My God, my Saviour, look on me  
With pity, love, and sympathy.

J. Edmeston, 1847

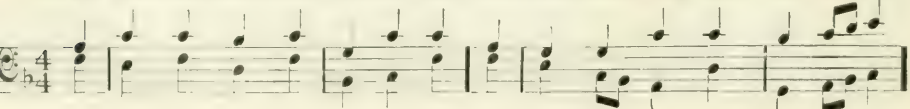
CLENDENIN L. M. 61.

(Second Time)

G. M. Garrett (1834—1897)



1. As oft, with worn and wea-ry feet, We tread earth's rug-ged val-ley o'er,



## Prayer and Praise

The thought how com-fort - ing and sweet, Christ trod this ver - y path be-fore!

Our wants and weak-ness-es He knows, From life's first dawn-ing to its close. A - men.

### 247 SILVER STREET S. M.

I. Smith, c. 1770

1. GRACE, 'tis a charm - ing sound, Har - mo - nious to mine ear;

Heav'n with the ech - o shall re - sound, And all the earth shall hear. A-men.

2 Grace first contrived the way  
To save rebellious man,  
And all the steps that grace display  
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet  
To tread the heavenly road,

And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves the praise.



# Jesus Christ the Son

248 ST. THEODULPH 7s, 6s. With Refrain

M. Teschner, 1615

1. { All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,  
To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. }

*The 2nd and following verses.*

2. Thou art the King of Is - - rael, Thou Da - vid's roy - al Son,

Who in the Lord's name com - est, The King and bless - ed one.

*After each verse.*

{ All glo - ry, laud, and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem - er, King,  
{ To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. } A - men.

- 3 The company of angels  
Are praising Thee on high;  
And mortal men, and all things  
Created, make reply.  
All glory, etc.
- 4 The people of the Hebrews  
With palms before Thee went:  
Our praise and prayers and anthems  
Before Thee we present.  
All glory, etc.

- 5 To Thee, before Thy passion,  
They sang their hymns of praise;  
To Thee, now high exalted,  
Our melody we raise.  
All glory, etc.
- 6 Thou didst accept their praises;  
Accept the prayers we bring,  
Who in all good delightest,  
Thou good and gracious King.  
All glory, etc.

# Entry into Jerusalem

249 ST. DROSTANE L. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1862

1. RIDE on, ride on in maj - es - ty; Hark! all the tribes ho - san - na cry;

O Saviour meek, pur-sue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd. A-men.

(Or to Peterborough, No. 824)

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty,  
In lowly pomp ride on to die:  
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

4 Ride on, ride on in majesty:  
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;  
The Father, on His sapphire throne,  
Expects His own anointed Son.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty:  
The wingèd squadrons of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering eyes  
To see th'approaching sacrifice.

5 Ride on, ride on in majesty,  
In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,  
Then take, O God, Thy power, and reign.

H. H. Milman, 1827

(Second Tune)

WINCHESTER NEW L. M.

Alt. fr. Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch, 1690

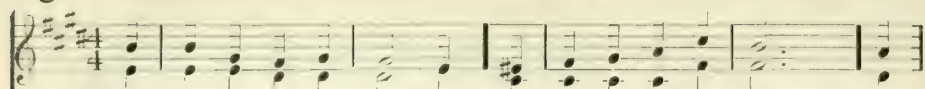
1. RIDE on, ride on in maj - es - ty; Hark! all the tribes ho-san-na cry;

O Sav-iour meek, pursue Thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd. A-men.

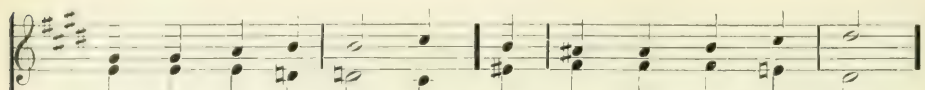
# Jesus Christ the Son

250 GLADNESS No. 1 (St. Anselm) 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. Barnby, 1869




1. Oh, how shall I re - ceive Thee, How meet Thee on Thy way,      Blest  
Blest hope



hope of ev - ry na - tion, My soul's de - light and stay?



O Je - sus, Je - sus, give me Now by Thine own pure light, To



know what - e'er is pleas - ing And wel - come in Thy sight. A - men.

2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,  
With branches fresh and fair;  
My soul, in praise awaking,  
Her anthem shall prepare;  
Perpetual thanks and praises  
Forth from my heart shall spring;  
And to Thy name the service  
Of all my powers I bring.

3 Love caused Thy incarnation,  
Love brought Thee down to me;  
Thy thirst for my salvation  
Procured my liberty.

Oh, love beyond all telling,  
That led Thee to embrace,  
In love all love excelling,  
Our lost and fallen race!

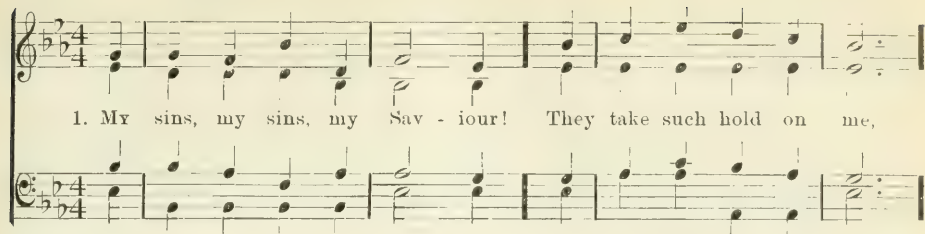
4 Ye who, with guilty terror,  
Are trembling, fear no more;  
With love and grace the Saviour  
Shall you to hope restore.  
He comes, who contrite sinners  
Will with the children place,  
The children of His Father,  
The heirs of life and grace.

P. Gerhardt, 1653 *Tr.* Verses 1, 2, 3, A. T. Russell, 1851:  
Verse 3, J. C. Jacobi, 1722 *Alt.*

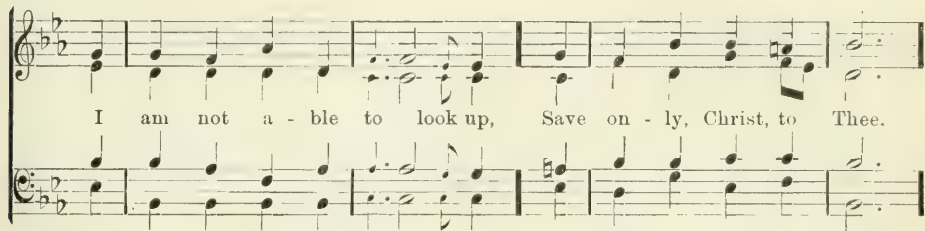
# In Gethsemane

251 ST. GEORGE'S, BOLTON 7s, 6s. 8l.

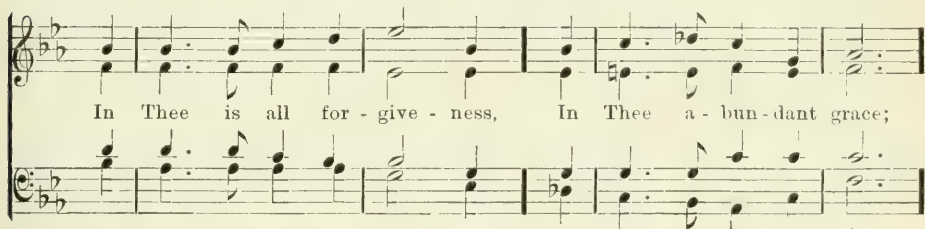
J. Walch, 1875



1. My sins, my sins, my Sav - iour! They take such hold on me,



I am not a - ble to look up, Save on - ly, Christ, to Thee.



In Thee is all for - give - ness, In Thee a - bun - dant grace;



My shad - ow and my sun - shine The brightness of Thy face. A - men.

(Or to St. Hilda, No. 407)

2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour,  
How sad on Thee they fall!  
Seen through Thy gentle patience,  
I tenfold feel them all.  
I know they are forgiven;  
But still, their pain to me  
Is all the grief and anguish  
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!  
Their guilt I never knew  
Till with Thee in the desert  
I near Thy passion drew;

Till with Thee in the garden  
I heard Thy pleading prayer,  
And saw the sweat-drops bloody  
That told Thy sorrow there.

4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,  
E'en in this time of woe,  
Shall tell of all Thy goodness  
To suffering man below;  
Thy goodness and Thy favor,  
Whose presence from above  
Makes glad those hearts, my Saviour,  
That live in Thee and love.



# Jesus Christ the Son

252 O SALUTARIS L. M.

A. H. Brown (1830—)

*Slowly and smoothly.*

1. O SAV-ING vic-tim, opening wide The gate of heav'n to men be-low,  
2. All thanks and praise to Thee as-cend For ev-er more, blest One in Three;

Our foes press on from ev-ery side; Thine aid supply, Thy strength be-stow.  
Oh, grant us life that shall not end, In our true na-tive land with Thee. A-men.

(Or to Grace Church)

T. Aquinas, 1263 Tr. E. Caswall

253 GRACE CHURCH L. M.

Fr. I. J. Pleyel, 1800

1. O THOU, who in the pains of death Art yield-ing up Thy part-ing breath,

Teach us to fix our eyes on Thee Up-lift-ed on the heal-ing tree. A-men.

(Or to Melcombe, No. 55)

2 To gaze on Thee in suffering  
Shall heal the serpent's deadly sting;  
For Thou art God, nailed there to give  
This healing grace: we look and live.

3 There sons for glory Thou dost gain,  
There martyrs for their triumph train,  
There stablish Thy most Holy Faith  
By love's best evidence, Thy death.

4 And from the earth uplifted high,  
A King, enthroned in majesty,  
Thine arms Thou spreadest on the tree,  
And drawest all men unto Thee.

5 O Crucified, we cleave to Thee,  
And Thou shalt our salvation be;  
Thy cross, our only hope and pride,  
Shall ever in our hearts abide.

# Passion and Crucifixion

254 ROCKINGHAM L. M.

Arr. by E. Miller, 1790

1. WHEN I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,

My rich-est gain I count but loss And pour con-tempt on all my pride. A-men.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
 Save in the cross of Christ, my God: Or thorns compose so rich a crown?  
 All the vain things that charm me most, † Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 I sacrifice them to His blood. That were a present far too small;  
 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down! Demands my soul, my life, my all.

I. Watts, 1707

255 OLIVE'S BROW L. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1853

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimm'd that late-ly shone:

'Tis midnight; in the gar-den, now, The suf-f'ring Saviour prays a-lone. A-men.

- 2 'Tis midnight, and from all removed, Yet He that hath in anguish knelt  
 Emmanuel wrestles lone with fears; Is not forsaken by his God.  
 E'en the disciple that He loved † 'Tis midnight, and from heavenly plains  
 Heeds not his Master's grief and tears. Is borne the song that angels know;  
 3 'Tis midnight, and for others' guilt Unheard by mortals are the strains  
 The Man of sorrows weeps in blood; That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

Combination Page.

W. B. Tappan, 1822

# Jesus Christ the Son

256

PASSION CHORALE No. 2 7s, 6s. 81.

H. L. Hassler (1564—1612)

1. O SA-CRED Head, now wound-ed, With grief and shame weigh'd down,  
Now scorn-ful - ly sur - round-ed With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;  
O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was Thine!  
Yet, tho' despised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine. A - men.

- 2 What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered  
Was all for sinners' gain;  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But Thine the deadly pain.  
Lo, here, I fall, my Saviour!  
'Tis I deserve Thy place;  
Look on me with Thy favor,  
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
- 3 The joy can ne'er be spoken,  
Above all joys beside,  
When in Thy body broken  
I thus with safety hide.

- My Lord of life, desiring  
Thy glory now to see,  
Beside the cross expiring,  
I'd breathe my soul to Thee.
- 4 What language shall I borrow,  
To thank Thee, dearest friend,  
For this Thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
Oh make me Thine forever;  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never,  
Outlive my love to Thee.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1196. Tr. P. Gerhardt, 1666  
J. W. Alexander, 1820. 17s.

GERHARDT 7s, 6s. 81.

(Second Tune)

J. P. Holbrook, 1862

1. O SACRED Head, now wounded, Now scornfully surrounded,  
With grief and shame weigh'd down, With thorns, Thine only crown.

# Passion and Crucifixion

O sacred Head, what glory, Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call Thee mine. A-men.

## 257 ST. CHRISTOPHER 7s, 6s. 8l.

F. C. Maker, 1881

1. O SA-CRED Head, sur-round-ed By crown of pierc-ing thorn, O bleed-ing Head, so

wound-ed, Re- viled and put to scorn, Death's pal-lid hue comes o'er Thee, The

glow of life de- cays; Yet an- gel- hosts a- dore Thee, And tremble as they gaze. A-men.

(Or to Greenport, No. 677)

2 I see Thy strength and vigor,  
All fading in the strife,  
And death with cruel rigor,  
Bereaving Thee of life;  
O agony and dying!  
O love to sinners free!  
Jesus, all grace supplying,  
Oh, turn Thy face on me!

3 In this, Thy bitter passion,  
Good Shepherd, think of me  
With Thy most sweet compassion,  
Unworthy though I be;

Beneath Thy cross abiding  
For ever would I rest,  
In Thy dear love confiding,  
And with Thy presence blest.

4 Be near when I am dying;  
Oh, show Thy cross to me;  
And to my succor flying,  
Come, Lord, and set me free.  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move;  
For he, who dies believing,  
Dies safely, through Thy love.

Bernard of Clairvaux Tr. H. W. Baker, 1861  
J. W. Alexander, 1829 Ab.



# Jesus Christ the Son

258

HOLY SEPULCHRE L. M.

A. H. Brown (1830—)

1. LORD Je-sus, when we stand a - far, And gaze up - on Thy ho - ly cross,

In love of Thee, and scorn of self, Oh, may we count the world as loss! A - men.

(Or to St. Cross, opposite)

- 2 When we behold Thy bleeding wounds,  
And the rough way that Thou hast trod,  
Make us to hate the load of sin  
That lay so heavy on our God,  
3 O holy Lord, uplifted high,  
With outstretched arms, in mortal woe,

- Embracing in Thy wondrous love  
The sinful world that lies below;  
4 Give us an ever-living faith  
To gaze beyond the things we see,  
And in the mystery of Thy death  
Draw us and all men unto Thee.

W. W. How, 1824

259

HAMBURG L. M.

Arr. by L. Mason, 1824

1. NA-TURE, with o - pen vol - ume, stands To spread her Mak-er's praise a - broad;

And ev-ery la - bor of His hands Shows something worthy of a God. A-men.

- 2 But, in the grace that rescued man,  
His brightest form of glory shines;  
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn  
In precious blood, and crimson lines.  
3 Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross  
Where my Redeemer loved and died!

- Her noblest life my spirit draws [side.  
From His dear wounds and bleeding  
4 I would forever speak His name  
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;  
With angels join to praise the Lamb,  
And worship at His Father's throne.

# Passion and Crucifixion

260 ELLSWORTH L. M.

J. Barnby (1838—1896)

1. WE sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who died up - on the cross;

The sin-ner's hope let men de-ride, For this we count the world but loss. A-men.

2 Inscribed upon the cross we see  
In shining letters, God is love;  
He bears our sins upon the tree,  
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The cross, it takes our guilt away,  
It holds the fainting spirit up,  
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,  
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,  
And nerves the feeble arm for fight,  
It takes its terror from the grave,  
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
The measure, and the pledge of love,  
The sinner's refuge here below,  
The angels' theme in heaven above.

T. Kelly, 1815

261 ST. CROSS L. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. Oh, come and mourn with me a - while, And tar-ry here the cross be - side;

Oh come, to- geth- er let us mourn, Je- sus our Lord is cru- ci - fied. A - men.

2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,  
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?  
Ah! look how patiently he hangs;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 Seven times He spake, seven words of  
love,  
And all three hours His silence cried

For mercy on the souls of men;  
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 O love of God! O sin of man!  
In this dread act your strength is  
tried,  
And victory remains with love,  
For Thou our Lord art crucified!

# Jesus Christ the Son

262 STABAT MATER, No. 1 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

J. B. Dykes, 1875

*mf* Slowly, and with expression.

1. NEAR the cross was Ma - ry weep - ing, There her mourn - ful sta - tion

keep - ing, Gaz - ing on her dy - ing Son; There, in speech - less an - guish

groan - ing, Yearn - ing, trem - bling, sigh - ing, moan - ing, Through her

soul the sword had gone. A - men.

'Twas our sins brought Him from heaven;  
These the cruel nails had driven;  
All His griefs for us were borne.

2 What He for His people suffered,  
Stripes and scoffs and insults offered,  
His fond mother saw the whole;  
Never from the scene retiring  
Till He bowed His head, expiring,  
And to God breathed out His soul.

4 When no eye its pity gave us,  
When there was no arm to save us,  
He His love and power displayed,  
By His stripes He wrought our healing;  
By His death, our life revealing,  
He for us the ransom paid.

3 But we have no need to borrow  
Motives from the mother's sorrow,  
At our Saviour's cross to mourn;

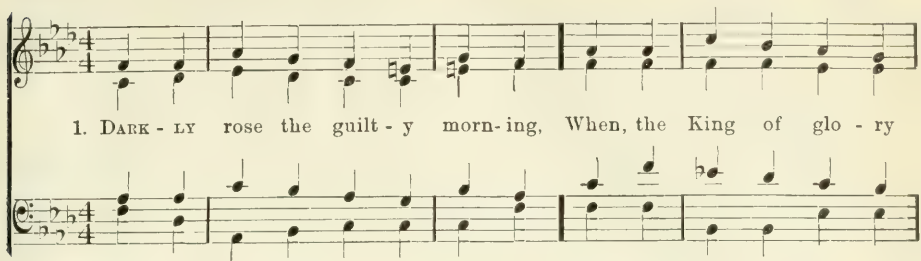
5 Jesus, may Thy love constrain us,  
That from sin we may refrain us,  
In Thy griefs may deeply grieve;  
Thee our best affections giving,  
To Thy glory ever living,  
May we in Thy glory live.

Jacobus da Todi (—1306) Tr. J. W. Alexander, 1842 Ab.

# Passion and Crucifixion

263 STABAT MATER, No. 2 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

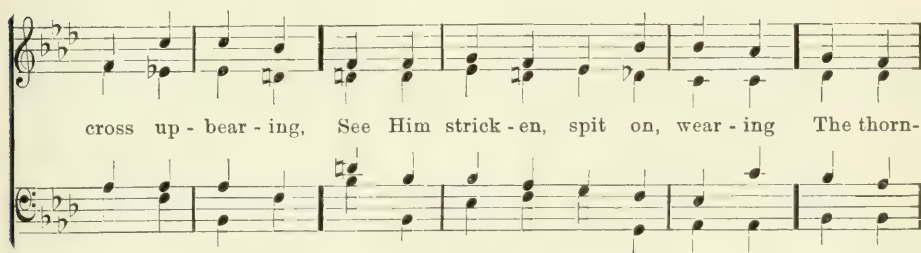
J. Barnby (1838—1896)



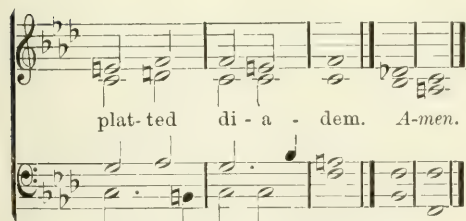
1. DARK - LY rose the guilt - y morn - ing, When, the King of glo - ry



scorn - ing, Raged the fierce Je - ru - sa - lem; See the Christ, His



cross up - bear - ing, See Him strick - en, spit on, wear - ing The thorn -



plat - ted di - a - dem. A - men.

3 For our sins, of glory emptied,  
He was fasting, lone, and tempted,  
He was slain on Calvary;  
Yet He for His murderers pleaded;  
Lord, by us that prayer is needed,  
We have pierced, yet trust in Thee.

2 Not the crowd whose cries assailed Him,  
Nor the hands that rudely nailed Him,  
Slew Him on the cursèd tree;  
Ours the sin from heaven that called Him,  
Ours the sin whose burden galled Him  
In the sad Gethsemane.

4 In our wealth and tribulation,  
By Thy precious cross and passion,  
By Thy blood and agony,  
By Thy glorious resurrection,  
By Thy Holy Ghost's protection,  
Make us Thine eternally.



# Jesus Christ the Son

264

SEFTON L. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1872

1. O Je-sus, cru-ci-fied for man, O Lamb, all-glo-rious on Thy throne. Teach  
Thou our wond'ring souls to scan The mystery of Thy love un-known. A-men.

- 2 We pray Thee, grant us strength to take Our daily cross, whate'er it be,  
And gladly for Thine own dear sake In paths of pain to follow Thee.
- 4 And week by week this day we ask That holy memories of Thy cross  
May sanctify each common task, And turn to gain each earthly loss.
- 3 As on our daily way we go, Thro' light or shade, in calm or strife,  
Oh, may we bear Thy marks below In conquered sin and chastened life.
- 5 Grant us, dear Lord, our cross to bear Till at Thy feet we lay it down,  
Win thro' Thy blood our pardon there, And thro' the cross attain the crown.

W. W. How, 1871

265

HEINLEIN 7s.

P. Heinlein, 1677

1. For-ty days and for-ty nights Thou wast fast-ing in the wild;  
For-ty days and for-ty nights Tempt-ed, and yet un-de-filed. A-men.

- 2 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,  
And from earthly joys abstain,  
Fasting with unceasing prayer,  
Glad with Thee to suffer pain?
- 4 So shall we have peace divine,  
Holier gladness ours shall be;  
Round us, too, shall angels shine,  
Such as ministered to Thee.
- 3 And if Satan, vexing sore,  
Flesh or spirit should assail,  
Thou, his vanquisher before,  
Grant we may not faint or fail.
- 5 Keep, oh keep us, Saviour dear,  
Ever constant by Thy side,  
That with Thee we may appear  
At the eternal Easter-tide.

# Passion and Crucifixion

266 ROYAL BANNER L. M.

G. M. Garrett, 1872

1. THE roy - al ban - ners for - ward go, The cross shines forth in mys - tic glow,

Where He in flesh, our flesh who made, Our sentence bore, our ran - som paid. A - men.

2 There whilst He hung, His sacred side  
By soldier's spear was opened wide  
To cleanse us in the precious flood  
Of water mingled with His blood.

3 Fulfilled is all that David told  
In true prophetic song of old,  
How God the nations' King should be;  
For God is reigning from the tree.

4 O tree of glory, tree most fair,  
Ordained those holy limbs to bear,

How bright in purple robe it stood,  
The purple of a Saviour's blood!

5 Upon its arms, so widely flung,  
The weight of this world's ransom hung,  
The ransom He alone could pay,  
Despoiling Satan of his prey.

6 To Thee, eternal Three in One,  
Let homage meet by all be done:  
As by the cross Thou dost restore,  
So rule and guide us evermore.

V. Fortunatus (c. 580) Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851

VEXILLA REGIS L. M.

(Second Tune)

H. W. Parker, 1894

1. THE roy - al ban - ners for - ward go, The cross shines forth in mys - tic glow,

Where He in flesh, our flesh who made, Our sentence bore, our ran - som paid. A - men.

# Jesus Christ the Son

267 ST. CROSS L. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. 'Tis fin-ished! so the Sav-our cried, And meek-ly bowed His head and died:

'T is fin-ished! yes, the race is run, The bat-tle fought, the vic-tory won. A - men.

2 'Tis finished! all that heaven decreed,  
And all the ancient prophets said  
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,  
In Me, the Saviour of mankind.

Millions shall be redeemed from death,  
By this My last expiring breath.

3 'Tis finished! this My dying groan  
Shall sins of every kind atone;

4 'Tis finished! let the joyful sound  
Be heard through all the nations round;  
'Tis finished! let the echo fly  
Thro' heaven and hell, thro' earth and sky.

(Or to Olive's Brow, 255)

S. Stennett, 1787

268 CASWALL 6s, 5s.

F. Filitz (1804 - 1876)

1. Glo-ry be to Je-sus, Who in bit-ter pains Poured for me the life-blood  
2. Grace and life e-ter-nal In that blood I find, Blest be His com-pas-sion,

From His sa-cred veins.  
In-fi-nite-ly kind. A-men.

3 Blest through endless ages  
Be the precious stream,  
Which from sin and sorrow  
Doth the world redeem.

4 Abel's blood for vengeance  
Pleaded to the skies;  
But the blood of Jesus  
For our pardon cries.

5 Oft as earth exulting  
Wafts its praise on high,  
Angel hosts, rejoicing,  
Make their glad reply.

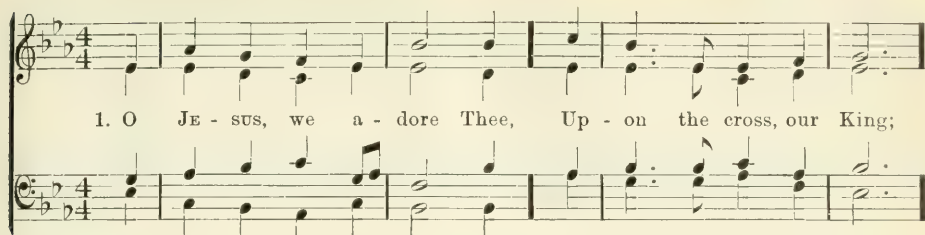
6 Lift ye then your voices,  
Swell the mighty flood,  
Louder still and louder,  
Praise the precious blood.

# Passion and Crucifixion

269

GLADNESS No. 2 (Magdalena) 7s, 6s. 81.

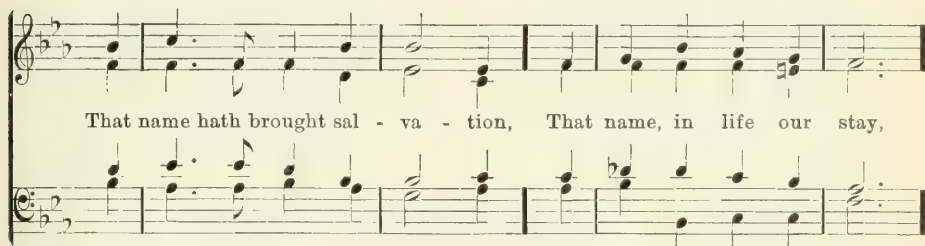
J. Stainer, 1875



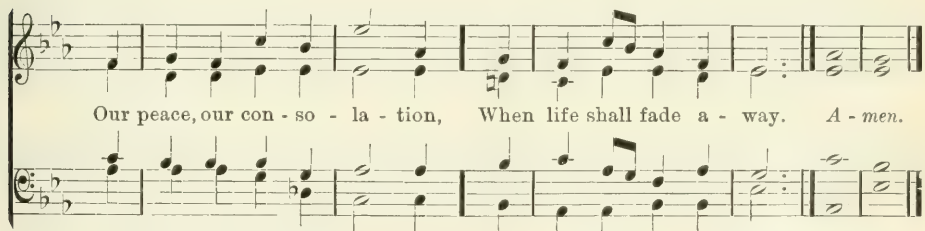
1. O JE - SUS, we a - dore Thee, Up - on the cross, our King;



We bow our hearts be - fore Thee; Thy gra - cious name we sing;



That name hath brought sal - va - tion, That name, in life our stay,



Our peace, our con - so - la - tion, When life shall fade a - way. A - men.

2 Yet doth the world disdain Thee,  
Still pressing by Thy cross.  
Lord, may our hearts retain Thee,  
Counting all else but loss.  
The grief Thy soul endured,  
Who can that grief declare?  
Thy pains have thus assured  
That Thou Thy foes wilt spare.

3 Ah, Lord, our sins arraigned Thee,  
And nailed Thee to the tree.  
Our pride, O Lord, disdained Thee,  
Yet deign our hope to be.  
O glorious King, we bless Thee,  
No longer pass Thee by;  
O Jesus, we confess Thee  
Our Lord enthroned on high.



# Jesus Christ the Son

270 ST. MARY C. M.

Att. to J. Blow (1648—1708)

1. A - LAS! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sov-ereign die,

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I? A - men.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity, grace unknown,  
And love beyond degree!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While His dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes to tears.

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut His glories in,  
When God, the mighty Maker, died  
For man the creature's sin.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

I. Watts, 1707

(Second Tune)

MARTYRDOM (Avon) C. M.

H. Wilson (1764—1824)

1. A - LAS! and did my Sav - iour bleed, And did my Sovereign die,

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I? A - men.

# Passion and Crucifixion

271 HORSLEY C. M.

W. Hiner (1840—)

1. THERE is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y time;

Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all. A - men.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell,  
What pains He had to bear,  
But we believe it was for us  
He hung and suffered there.

4 There was no other good enough  
To pay the price of sin,  
He only could unlock the gate  
Of heaven, and let us in.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,  
He died to make us good,  
That we might go at last to heaven,  
Saved by His precious blood.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved!  
And we must love Him too,  
And trust in His redeeming blood,  
And try His works to do.

C. F. Alexander, 1848

(Second Tune)

ILFRACOMB (Lambeth) C. M.

S. Webbe [?] (1740—1816)

1. THERE is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,

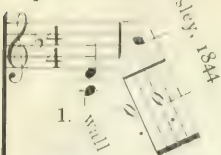
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.... A - men.

# Jesus Christ the Son

270 ST. MARY'S

7, 4, 7

Gregorian



mer-cy Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry; See, it

ocks a-sun-der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky; It is fin-ished!

Hear the dy-ing Sav-iour cry. A-men.

2 It is finished! Oh what pleasure  
Do those gracious words afford;  
Heavenly blessings without measure,  
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.  
It is finished!  
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finished all the types and shadows  
Of the ceremonial law;  
Finished, all that God had promised,  
Death and hell no more shall awe.  
It is finished!  
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,  
Join to sing the glorious theme;  
All on earth, and all in heaven,  
Join to praise Emmanuel's name.  
Alleluia!  
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

J. Evans, 1784

ST. ANDREW No. 1 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7 (Second Tune) J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. HARK! the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry;

See, it rends the rocks a-sun-der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky;

It is fin-ished! Hear the dy-ing Sav-iour cry. A-men.

# Passion and Crucifixion

273 CROSS OF JESUS 8s, 7s.

J. Stainer (1840—)

1. IN the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - 'ring o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime. A - men.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,  
Never shall the cross forsake me:  
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified;  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
Light and love upon my way,  
From the cross the radiance streaming,  
Adds new lustre to the day.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

J. Bowring, 1825

RATHBUN 8s, 7s.

(Second Tune)

I. Conkey, 1851

1. IN the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow - 'ring o'er the wrecks of time;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime. A - men.



# Jesus Christ the Son

274 GETHSEMANE (Redhead 76) 7s. 61

R. Redhead, 1853

1. Go to dark Geth-sem-a-ne, Ye that feel the tempter's power; Your Re-deem-er's

con-flict see, Watch with Him one bit-ter hour; Turn not from His griefs a-way,

Learn of Je-sus Christ to pray. A-men.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall,  
View the Lord of life arraigned;  
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!  
Oh, the pangs His soul sustained!  
Shun not suffering, shame or loss,  
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb,  
There, adoring at His feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete;  
"It is finished," hear the cry,  
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb  
Where they laid His breathless clay;  
All is solitude and gloom,  
Who hath taken Him away?  
Christ is risen! He meets our eyes.  
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

J. Montgomery, 1820 (Text of 1853)

275 OUSELEY 7s. 61.

F. A. G. Ouseley, 1869

1 THRONED up-on the aw-ful tree, King of grief, I watch with Thee;

Dark-ness veils Thine anguished face, None its lines of woe can trace,

# Passion and Crucifixion

None can tell what pangs un-known Hold Thee si-lent and a-lone. A-men.

- 2 Silent through those three dread hours,  
 Wrestling with the evil powers,  
 Left alone with human sin,  
 Gloom around Thee and within,  
 Till th' appointed time is nigh,  
 Till the Lamb of God may die.
- 3 Hark that cry that peals aloud  
 Upward through the whelming cloud!  
 Thou, the Father's only Son,

- Thou, His own anointed one,  
 Thou dost ask Him, can it be?  
 "Why hast Thou forsaken me?"
- 4 Lord, should fear the anguish roll  
 Darkly o'er my sinful soul,  
 Thou, who once wast thus bereft  
 That Thine own might ne'er be left,  
 Teach me by that bitter cry  
 In the gloom to know Thee nigh.

J. Ellerton, 1875

276 MEREDITH 7s. 6l.

J. B. Powell, 1884

1. JE - sus, Mas - ter, whose I am, Pur - chased Thine a - lone to be,  
 By Thy blood, O spot - less Lamb, Shed so will - ing - ly for me,  
 Let my heart be all Thine own, Let me live to Thee a lone. A - men.

- 2 Other lords have long held sway,  
 Now Thy name alone to bear,  
 Thy dear voice alone obey,  
 Is my daily, hourly prayer;  
 Whom have I in heaven but Thee?  
 Nothing else my joy can be.

- 3 Jesus, Master, I am Thine;  
 Keep me faithful, keep me near;  
 Let Thy presence in me shine  
 All my homeward way to cheer.  
 Jesus, at Thy feet I fall,  
 Oh, be Thou my all in all.

1. O PER - FECT life of love! All, all is fin - ished now, All

(No organ ped.) (Ped.)

that He left His throne a - bove To do for us be - low. A - men.

- 2 No work is left undone  
Of all the Father willed;  
His toil, His sorrows, one by one,  
The Scripture have fulfilled.
- 3 No pain that we can share  
But He has felt its smart;  
All forms of human grief and care  
Have pierced that tender heart.
- 4 And on His thorn-crowned head,  
And on His sinless soul,  
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,  
That He might make us whole.

- 5 In perfect love He dies,  
For me He dies, for me:  
O all-atoning Sacrifice,  
I cling by faith to Thee.
- 6 In every time of need,  
Before the judgment-throne,  
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,  
Thy merits, not my own.
- 7 Yet work, O Lord, in me,  
As Thou for me hast wrought,  
And let my love the answer be  
To grace Thy love has brought.

H. W. Baker, 1874

## 278 ST. JOHN'S, WESTMINSTER C. M.

J. Turle, 1862

1. To CAL - VARY, Lord, in spir - it, now, Our wea - ry souls re - pair; To

dwell up - on Thy dy - ing love And taste its sweet - ness there. A - men.

- 2 Sweet resting-place of every heart  
That feels the plague of sin,  
Yet knows that deep mysterious joy,  
The peace of God within.

- 3 There, thro' Thine hour of deepest woe,  
Thy suffering spirit passed;  
Grace there its wondrous victory gained,  
And love endured its last.

# Passion and Crucifixion

- 4 Dear suffering Lamb, Thy bleeding  
With cords of love divine [wounds.  
Have drawn our willing hearts to Thee.  
And linked our life with Thine.
- 5 Thy sympathies and hopes are ours :  
Dear Lord, we wait to see

- Creation, all below, above,  
Redeemed and blest by Thee.
- 6 Our longing eyes would fain behold  
That bright and blessed brow,  
Once wrung with bitterest anguish, wear  
Its crown of glory now. E. Denny, 1839 *Ab.*

## 279 KESTON (Lythe) 8s. 7s.

J. Stainer (1840—)

1. SWEET the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend,

Life, and health, and peace pos-sess-ing From the sin-ner's dy-ing friend. A - men.

- 2 Here I rest, for ever viewing  
Mercy's stream in streams of blood :  
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God.

- 3 Truly blessed is this station,  
Low before His Cross to lie,  
While I see divine compassion  
Pleading in His languid eye.

- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,  
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;  
Love I much? I've much forgiven,—  
I'm a miracle of grace.

- 5 Lord, in loving contemplation  
Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,  
Till I taste Thy full salvation,  
And Thine unveiled glories see.

(Ch. 1. Ludwigsburg, No. 686) W. Shirley, 1770 Verse 5, Cook and Webb, 1853

## DORRANCE 8s. 7s.

(Second Tune)

I. B. Woodbury, 1848

1. SWEET the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend;

Life, and health, and peace pos-sess-ing From the sin-ner's dy-ing friend. A - men.



# Jesus Christ the Son

280 WINDSOR C. M.

G. Kirbye, 1592

1. O Thou, th'e - ter - nal Son of God, The Lamb for sin - ners slain,

We wor - ship Thee, whose head is bowed In ag - o - ny and pain. A - men.

2 None tread with Thee Thine awful path,  
Thou sufferest alone;  
Thine is the perfect sacrifice  
Which only can atone.

4 The cross is sharp, but in Thy woe  
This is the lightest part;  
Our sin it is which pierces Thee,  
And breaks Thy sacred heart.

3 Thou Great High Priest, Thy glory-robcs  
To-day are laid aside,  
And human sorrows, Son of Man,  
Thy Godhead seem to hide.

5 Who love Thee most, at Thy dear cross,  
Will truest, Lord, abide;  
Make Thou that cross our only hope,  
O Jesus crucified!

W. C. Dix, 1864

281 REDHEAD 47 7s.

R. Redhead, 1852

1. SEE the des - tined day a - rise! See a will - ing sac - ri - fice!

Je - sus to re - deem our loss. Hangs up - on the shame - ful cross A - men.

# Passion and Crucifixion

2 Jesus, who but Thou had borne,  
Lifted on that tree of scorn,  
Every pang and bitter throe,  
Finishing Thy life of woe?

3 Who but Thou had dared to drain  
Steeped in gall the cup of pain,  
And with tender body bear  
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?

4 Thence the cleansing water flowed,  
Mingled from Thy side with blood,  
Sign to all attesting eyes  
Of the finished sacrifice.

5 Holy Jesus, grant us grace,  
In that sacrifice to place  
All our trust for life renewed,  
Pardoned sin, and promised good.

V. H. C. Fortunatus, 530-600 Par. R. Mant, 1337

## 282 TINTERN 7s. 6l.

A. H. Brown (1830—)

1. Ev - ER pa - tient, gen - tle, meek, Ho - ly Sav - iour, was Thy mind;

Vain - ly in my - self I seek Like - ness to my Lord to find;

Yet that mind which was in Thee May be, must be formed in me. A - men.

2 Days of toil, 'mid throngs of men,  
Vexed not, ruffled not Thy soul;  
Still collected, calm, serene,  
Thou each feeling couldst control:  
Lord, that mind which was in Thee  
May be, must be formed in me.

3 Though such griefs were Thine to bear,  
For each sufferer Thou couldst feel,  
Every mourner's burden share,

Every wounded spirit heal:  
Saviour, let Thy grace in me  
Form that mind which was in Thee.

4 When my pain is most intense,  
Let Thy cross my lesson prove;  
Let me hear Thee, ev'n from thence,  
Breathing words of peace and love:  
Saviour, let Thy grace in me  
Form that mind which was in Thee.

# Jesus Christ the Son

283 ST. CYPRIAN 6s. (Trochaic)

R. R. Chope, 1862

1. Je - sus, meek and low - ly, Sav - iour, pure and ho - ly.  
On Thy love re - ly - ing Hear me hum - bly cry - ing. A - men.

2 Prince of life and power,  
My salvation's tower,  
On the cross I view Thee  
Calling sinners to Thee.

3 There behold me gazing  
At the sight amazing;  
Bending low before Thee,  
Helpless, I adore Thee.

4 By that fount of blessing  
Thy dear love expressing,  
All my aching sadness  
Turn Thou into gladness.

5 Lord, in mercy guide me,  
Be Thou e'er beside me;  
In Thy ways direct me,  
'Neath Thy wings protect me.

H. Collins, 1854

284 ST. GILES 7s, 6s.

J. Stainer (1840—)

1. LORD Je - sus, by Thy pas - sion, To Thee I make my prayer, Thou  
who in mer - cy smit - est, Have mer - cy, Lord, and spare. A - men.

2 Oh, wash me in the fountain  
That floweth from Thy side.  
Oh, clothe me in the raiment  
Thy blood hath purified.

3 Oh, hold Thou up my goings,  
And lead from strength to strength,  
That unto Thee in Zion  
I may appear at length.

## Passion and Crucifixion

4 Oh, hearken to my knocking,  
And open wide the door,  
That I may enter freely  
And never leave Thee more.

5 Oh, bring me, loving Jesus,  
To that most blessed place,  
Where angels and archangels  
Look ever on Thy face,

6 Where gladsome alleluias  
Unceasingly resound,  
Where martyrs, now triumphant,  
Walk robed in white and crowned.

7 Oh, make my spirit worthy  
To join that ransomed throng;  
Oh, teach my lips to utter  
That everlasting song.

8 Oh, give that last blest blessing,  
That even saints can know,  
To follow in Thy footsteps  
Wherever Thou dost go.

9 Not wisdom, might or glory,  
I ask to win above;  
I ask for Thee, Thee only,  
O Thou eternal love!

R. F. Littledale, 1864

### 285 ST. ATHANASIUS 7s. 6l.

E. J. Hopkins, 1872

1. BLESS - ED Sav - iour, Thee I love, All my oth - er joys a - bove,  
All my hopes in Thee a - bide, Thou my hope, and naught be - side:  
Ev - er let my glo - ry be, On - ly, on - ly, on - ly Thee. A - men.

2 Once again beside the cross,  
All my gain I count but loss,  
Earthly pleasures fade away,  
Clouds they are that hide my day;  
Hence, vain shadows, let me see  
Jesus, crucified for me.

3 Blessed Saviour, Thine am I,  
Thine to live, and Thine to die;  
Height or depth, or earthly power,  
Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more:  
Ever shall my glory be,  
Only, only, only Thee.



# Jesus Christ the Son

286

GETHSEMANE (Redhead 76) 7s. 6l

R. Redhead, 1853

1. REST - ING from His work to - day, In the tomb the Sav - iour lay;  
Still He slept, from head to feet Shroud - ed in the wind - ing sheet,  
Ly - ing in the rock a - lone, Hid - den by the seal - ed stone. A - men.

2 Late at even there was seen  
Watching long the Magdalene,  
Early, ere the break of day,  
Sorrowful she took her way  
To the holy garden glade,  
Where her buried Lord was laid.

3 So with Thee, till life shall end,  
I would solemn vigil spend;  
Let me hew Thee, Lord, a shrine

In this rocky heart of mine,  
Where in pure embalmèd cell  
None but Thee may ever dwell.

4 Myrrh and spices will I bring,  
True affection's offering;  
Close the door from sight and sound  
Of the busy world around;  
And in patient watch remain  
Till my Lord appear again.

T. Whytehead, 1842

OUSELEY 7s. 6l.

(Second Tune)

F. A. G. Ouseley (1825—1889)

1. REST - ING from His work to-day, In the tomb the Sav - iour lay;

# Resurrection

Still He slept, from head to feet Shroud-ed in the wind-ing sheet,

Ly-ing in the rock a-lone, Hid-den by the seal-ed stone. A-men.

287 REDCLIFF 8, 8, 8, 4

E. J. Hopkins (1818—)

1. MORN's roseate hues have deck'd the sky, The Lord has ris'n with vic-to-ry;

Let earth be glad, and raise the cry, Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

2 The Prince of life with death has striven, 5 And he, dear Lord, that with Thee dies,  
To cleanse the earth His blood has given. And fleshly passions crucifies,  
Has rent the veil, and opened heaven. In body like to Thine shall rise.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

3 And He, the wheat-corn, sown in earth, 6 Oh, grant us, then, with Thee to die,  
Has given a glorious harvest birth: To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,  
Rejoice, and sing with holy mirth And love the things above the sky.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

4 Our bodies, mouldering to decay, 7 Oh, praise the Father and the Son,  
Are sown to rise to heavenly day; Who has for us the triumph won,  
For He by rising burst the way. And Holy Ghost, the Three in One.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

# Jesus Christ the Son

288 ST. ALBINUS 7s, 8s. With Alleluia

H. J. Gauntlett (1805-1876)

1. Je-sus lives! thy ter-rors now Can no lon-ger, death, ap-pall us; Je-sus

lives! by this we know Thou, O grave, canst not en-thrall us. Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

2 Jesus lives! henceforth is death  
But the gate of life immortal;  
This shall calm our trembling breath,  
When we pass its gloomy portal.  
Alleluia!

4 Jesus lives! our hearts know well  
Naught from us His love shall sever,  
Life, nor death, nor pow'rs of hell  
Tear us from His keeping ever.  
Alleluia!

3 Jesus lives! for us He died;  
Then, alone to Jesus living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Glory to our Saviour giving.  
Alleluia!

5 Jesus lives! to Him the throne  
Over all the world is given;  
May we go where He has gone,  
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.  
Alleluia!

C. F. Gellert, 1757. (*Jesus lebt! mit Ihm auch ich*)  
Tr. Miss F. E. Cox, 1841. *Alt.*

(Second Time)

JESUS LIVES! 7s, 8s. With Alleluia

S. P. Warren, 1896

1. Je-sus lives! thy ter-rors now Can no lon-ger, death, ap-pall us; Je-sus

lives! by this we know Thou, O grave, canst not en-thrall us. Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

# Resurrection

289 WALTHAM L. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1872

1. LIFT up, lift up your voice - es now, The whole wide worldre - joic - es now;

The Lord hath triumphed glo-riously, The Lord shall reign vic - to-riously. A - men.

2 In vain with stone the cave they barred, And hope and joy and peace begin,  
In vain the watch kept ward and guard; For Christ has won, and man shall win.  
Majestic from the spoileèd tomb,  
In pomp of triumph Christ is come.

3 He binds in chains the ancient foe;  
A countless host He frees from woe;  
And heaven's high portal open flies,  
For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.

4 And all He did, and all He bare,  
He gives us as our own to share;

5 O Victor, aid us in the fight,  
And lead through death to realms of light;  
We safely pass where Thou hast trod;  
In Thee we die to rise to God.

6 Thy flock, from sin and death set free,  
Glad alleluias raise to Thee;  
And ever with the heavenly host  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Author unknown

REDHEAD 4 L. M.

(Second Tune)

R. Redhead, 1850

1. LIFT up, lift up your voice - es now, The whole wide world re - joic - es now;

The Lord hath triumphed glo-rious-ly, The Lord shall reign vic - to-riously. A - men.



# Jesus Christ the Son

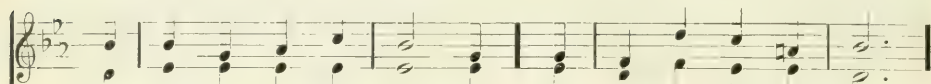
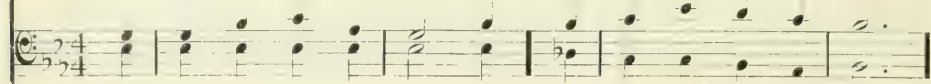
290 LANCASHIRE

7s. 6s. 8l.

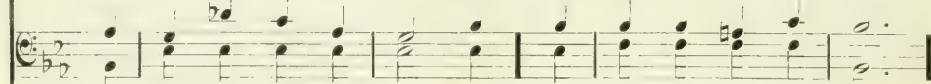
H. Smart, 1836



1. THE day of Res - ur - rec - tion, Earth, tell it out a - broad,



The Pass - o - ver of glad - ness, The Pass - o - ver of God.



From death to life e - ter - nal, From this world to the sky,



Our Christ hath brought us o - ver, With hymns of vic - to - ry. A - men.



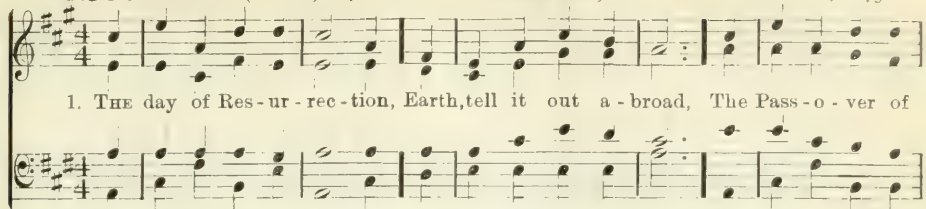
2 Our hearts be pure from evil  
That we may see aright  
The Lord in rays eternal  
Of Resurrection light;  
And, listening to His accents,  
May hear so calm and plain  
His Own "All hail," and hearing  
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,  
Let earth her song begin,  
Let the round world keep triumph,  
And all that is therein;  
Invisible and visible  
Their notes let all things blend,  
For Christ the Lord is risen,  
Our joy that hath no end.

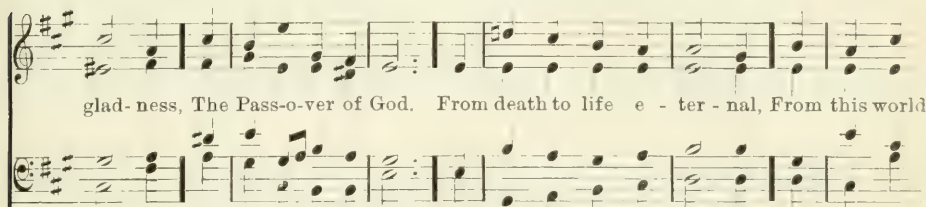
# Resurrection

ROTTERDAM (Tours) 7s, 6s. 81. (Second Tune)

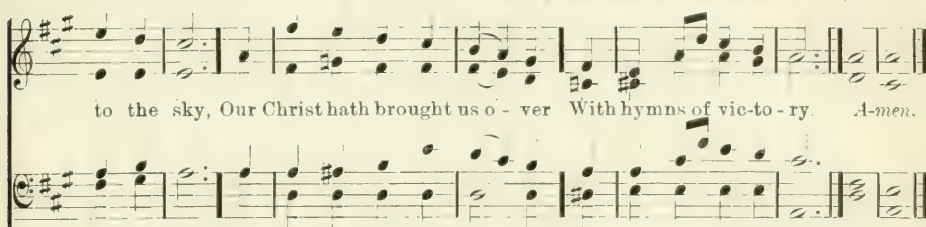
B. Tours, 1875



1. THE day of Res-ur-rec-tion, Earth, tell it out a-broad, The Pass-o-ver of



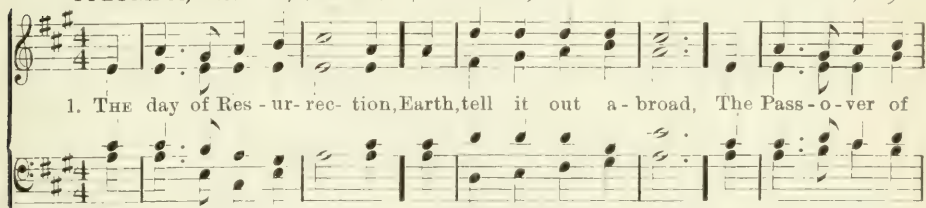
glad-ness, The Pass-o-ver of God. From death to life e-ter-nal, From this world



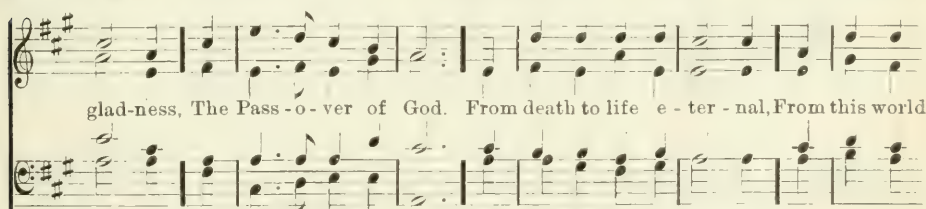
to the sky, Our Christ hath brought us o-ver With hymns of vic-to-ry. A-men.

TRIUMPH, No. 2 7s, 6s. 81. (Third Tune)

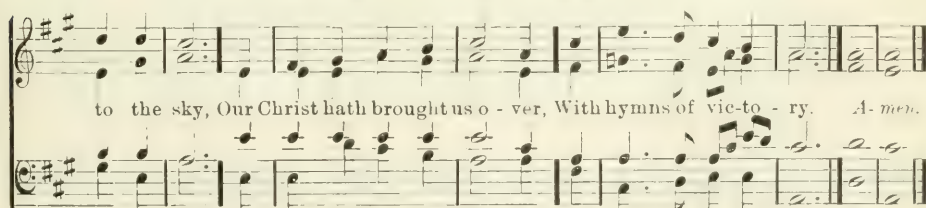
W. H. Vibbert, 1896



1. THE day of Res-ur-rec-tion, Earth, tell it out a-broad, The Pass-o-ver of



glad-ness, The Pass-o-ver of God. From death to life e-ter-nal, From this world



to the sky, Our Christ hath brought us o-ver, With hymns of vic-to-ry. A-men.

# Jesus Christ the Son

291 WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING 11s. With Refrain J. B. Calkin (1827—)

1. WEL-COME, hap-py morn-ing! age to age shall say, Hell to-day is

vanquish'd, heav'n is won to-day. Lo! the Dead is liv-ing,

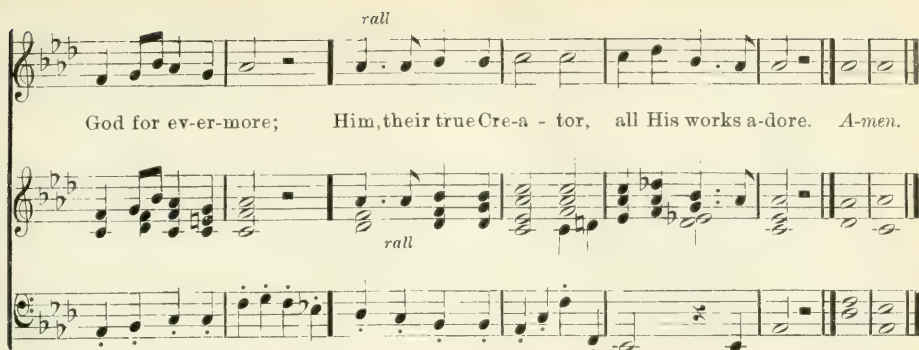
God for ev-er-more; Him, their true Cre-a-tor, all His works a-dore.

*ff* *svas.*

*ff* Refrain in unison.  
Wel-come, hap-py morn-ing! age to age shall say, Hell to-day is

vanquished, heav'n is won to-day. Lo! the Dead is liv-ing,

# Resurrection



- 2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,  
 All good gifts returned with her returning King;  
 Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,  
 Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.  
 Welcome, happy morning, etc.
- 3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,  
 Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;  
 Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,  
 Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.  
 Welcome, happy morning, etc.
- 4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,  
 Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,  
 Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,  
 Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.  
 Welcome, happy morning, etc.
- 5 Thou, of life the author, death didst undergo,  
 Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;  
 Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;  
 'Tis Thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord!  
 Welcome, happy morning, etc.
- 6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain,  
 All that now is fallen raise to life again;  
 Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,  
 Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee.  
 Welcome, happy morning, etc.

V. H. C. Fortunatus (6th Cent.) Tr. J. Ellerton, 1868

(This hymn will be found on the next page also, set to Fortunatus)



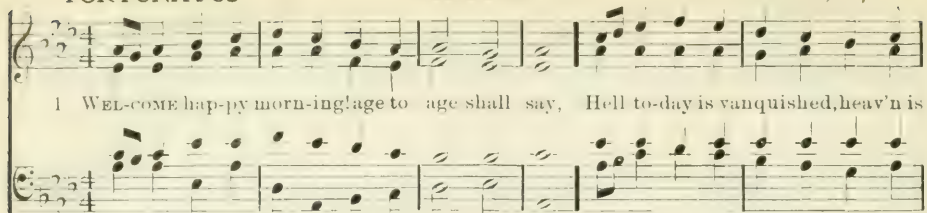
# Jesus Christ the Son

FORTUNATUS

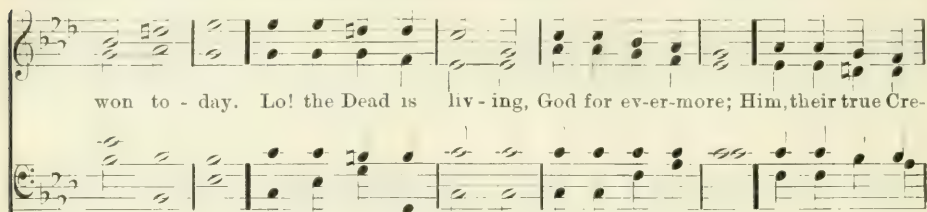
118.

(Second Time)

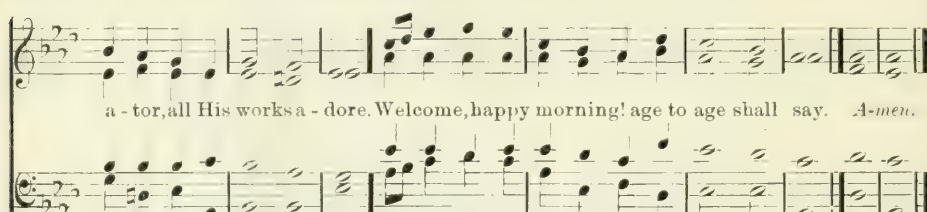
Arthur Sullivan, 1872



1 WEL-COME hap-py morn-ing! age to age shall say, Hell to-day is vanquished, heav'n is



won to - day. Lo! the Dead is liv - ing, God for ev-er-more; Him, their true Cre-



a - tor, all His works a - dore. Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say. A-men.

- 2 Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,  
All good gifts returned with her returning King;  
Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough.  
Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now.  
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.
- 3 Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,  
Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;  
Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea.  
Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee.  
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say.
- 4 Maker and Redeemer, life and health of all,  
Thou from heaven beholding human nature's fall,  
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,  
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on.  
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.
- 5 Thou, of life the author; death didst undergo,  
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show;  
Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;  
'Tis Thine own third morning: rise, O buried Lord!  
Welcome, happy morning! age to age shall say.
- 6 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain,  
All that now is fallen raise to life again;  
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,  
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee.  
Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day!

# Resurrection

292 SPONSA 8s, 7s. 81.

S. Nottingham

1. SING, with all the sons of glo - ry. Sing the res - ur - rec - tion - song.

Death and sor - row, earth's dark sto - ry, To the for - mer days be - long.

E - ven now the dawn is break - ing, Soon the night of time shall cease.

And, in God's own like - ness wak - ing, Man shall know e - ter - nal peace. A - men.

2 Oh, what glory, far exceeding  
 All that eye has yet perceived!  
 Holiest hearts, for ages pleading,  
 Never that full joy conceived.  
 God has promised, Christ prepares it,  
 There on high our welcome waits;  
 Ev'ry humble spirit shares it,  
 Christ has passed the eternal gates.

3 Life eternal! Heaven rejoices,  
 Jesus lives who once was dead;  
 Join, O man, the deathless voices,  
 Child of God, lift up thy head.

Patriarchs from distant ages,  
 Saints all longing for their heaven,  
 Prophets, psalmists, seers, and sages,  
 All await the glory given.

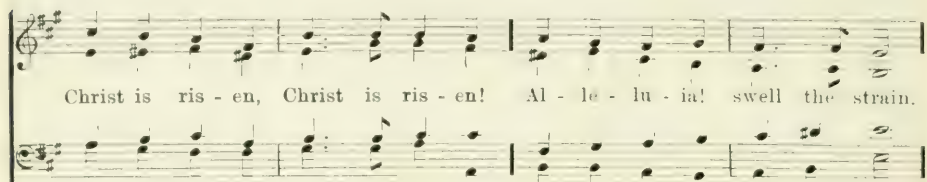
4 Life eternal! Oh, what wonders  
 Crowd on faith, what joy unknown,  
 When, amidst earth's closing thunders,  
 Saints shall stand before the throne!  
 Oh, to enter that bright portal,  
 See that glowing firmament,  
 Know, with Thee, O God immortal,  
 Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent!

# Jesus Christ the Son

293 RESURREXIT 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 5. 7. 5 With Refrain Arthur Sullivan (1874—)



1. CHRIST is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! He hath burst His bonds in twain,



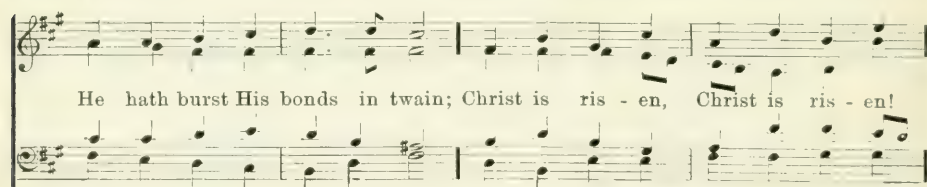
Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain.



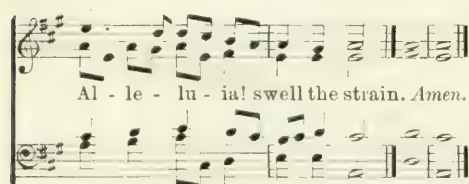
For our gain He suf - fer'd loss By di - vine de - cree; He hath died up -



*Refrain.*  
on the cross, But our God is He. Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en!



He hath burst His bonds in twain; Christ is ris - en, Christ is ris - en!



Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain. Amen.

2 See, the chains of death are broken;  
Earth below and heaven above  
Joy in each amazing token  
Of His rising, Lord of love;  
He for evermore shall reign  
By the Father's side,

Till He comes to earth again,  
Comes to claim His bride.—*Ref.*  
3 Glorious angels downward thronging  
Hail the Lord of all the skies;  
Heaven, with joy and holy longing  
For the Word incarnate, cries,  
Christ is risen! Earth, rejoice,  
Gleam, ye starry train;  
All creation, find a voice;  
He o'er all shall reign.  
*REF.*—Christ is risen, Christ is risen!  
He hath burst His bonds in twain;  
Christ is risen, Christ is risen!  
O'er the universe to reign.

# Resurrection

294 DOMINION 10s, 11s. 8l. Irregular

S. P. Warren, 1872



1. LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high, For Je-sus hath ris-en and  
man can-not die. Vain were the ter-rors that gath-ered a-round Him, And  
short the do-min-ion of death and the grave; He burst from the fet-ters of  
dark-ness that bound Him, Re-splendent in glo-ry to live and to save. Loud was the  
cho-rus of an-gels on high, "The Saviour hath ris-en, and man shall not die." A-men.

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy!  
The being He gave us, death cannot destroy;  
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,  
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;  
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,  
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.  
Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,  
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.



# Jesus Christ the Son

295 VICTORY 8, 8, 8 With Alleluia

Arr. fr. Palestrina (1515? -1594)

AL - LE - LU - IA! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Org.

1. THE strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, The vic - to - ry of life is won;

The song of tri - umph has be - gun. *f* Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 The powers of death have done their worst, 4 He closed the yawning gates of hell,  
But Christ their legions hath dispersed; The bars from heaven's high portals fell;  
Let shout of holy joy outburst, Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped, 5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee,  
He rises glorious from the dead; From death's dread sting Thy servants free,  
All glory to our risen Head! That we may live and sing to Thee,  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Anon. (Latin) Tr. F. Pott, 1861

(Second Tune)

CHRISTENDOM 8, 8, 8 With Alleluia

J. W. Elliott (1833—)

AL - LE - LU - IA! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! 1. THE strife is o'er, the bat - tle done, The

# Resurrection

*cres.* ..... *In harmony*

vic-to-ry of life is won; The song of triumph has be-gun. Al-le-lu-ia!

*Org.*

*Last verse slower.*

5. Lord, by the stripes which wound-ed Thee, From death's dread sting Thy servants free,

*Tempo lmo. cres.* ..... *rit.*

That we may live and sing to Thee. Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

## 296 ST. FULBERT C. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1852

1. YE choirs of new Je-ru-sa-lem, Your sweet-est notes em-ploy,

The Pas-chal vic-to-ry to hymn In strains of ho-ly joy. A-men.

2 For Judah's lion bursts His chains,  
Crushing the serpent's head,  
And cries aloud through death's domains,  
To wake the imprisoned dead.  
3 Triumphant in His glory now,  
To Him all power is given;

To Him in one communion bow  
All saints in earth and heaven.  
4 While we, His soldiers, praise our King,  
His mercy we implore  
Within His palace bright to bring,  
And keep us evermore.

Fulbert of Chartres, 1020. Tr. R. Campbell, 1850. Ab.  
Recast H. A. & M., 1850.

# Jesus Christ the Son

297 TRINITY CHAPEL 7s. 6s. 8l. With Alleluia

W. B. Gilbert, 1895

*mf*

1. COME, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-umph-ant gladness, God hath brought His

*cres.* *dim*

Is - ra - el In - to joy from sad - ness; Loosed from Pharaoh's bit - ter yoke

*cres.*

Jacob's sons and daughters, Led them with unmoistened foot Thro' the Red Sea waters.

*Chorus ad libitum.*

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - - - men.

# Resurrection

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day,  
Christ hath burst His prison,  
And from three days' sleep in death  
As a sun hath risen;  
All the winter of our sins,  
Long and dark, is flying  
From His light, to whom we give  
Laud and praise undying.—*Cho.*

3 Now the queen of seasons, bright  
With the day of splendor,  
With the royal feast of feasts,  
Comes its joy to render;

Comes to glad Jerusalem,  
Who with true affection  
Welcomes, in unwearied strains,  
Jesus' resurrection.—*Cho.*

4 Neither might the gates of death,  
Nor the tomb's dark portal,  
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,  
Hold Thee as a mortal;  
But to-day amidst the twelve  
Thou didst stand, bestowing  
That Thy peace, which evermore  
Passeth human knowing.—*Cho.*

*John of Damascus (6th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale, 1859*

ST. KEVIN 7s, 6s. 8l.

(Second Tune)

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. COME, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-umph-ant glad-ness,

God hath brought His Is-ra-el In-to joy from sad-ness;

Loosed from Pha-raoh's bit-ter yoke Ja-cob's sons and daugh-ters,

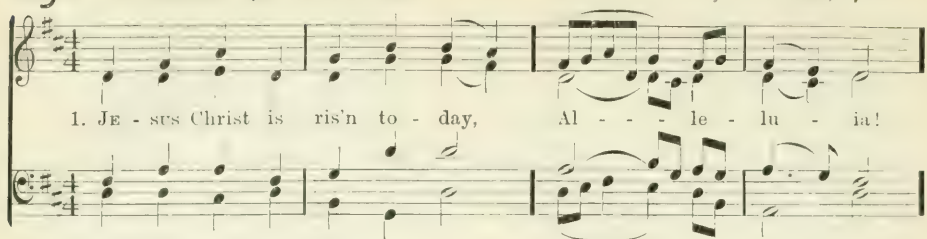
Led them with un-moist-ened foot Through the Red Sea wa-ters. A-men.



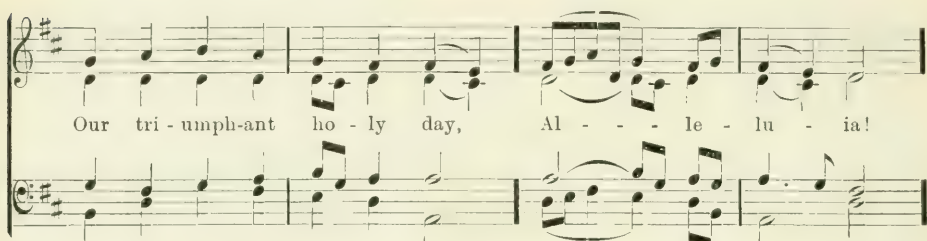
# Jesus Christ the Son

298 WORGAN 78. With Alleluia

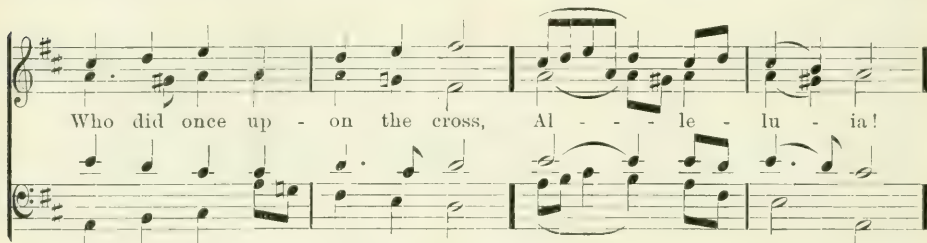
Lyra Davidica, 1708



1. JE - sus Christ is ris'n to - day, Al - - - le - lu - ia!



Our tri - umph-ant ho - ly day, Al - - - le - lu - ia!



Who did once up - on the cross, Al - - - le - lu - ia!



Suf - fer to re - deem our loss. Al - - - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing  
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,  
Who endured the cross and grave,  
Sinners to redeem and save.  
Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured,  
Our salvation have procured;  
Now above the sky He's King,  
Where the angels ever sing,  
Alleluia!

4 Now be God the Father praised,  
With the Son, from death upraised,  
And the Spirit, ever blest,  
One true God, by all confessed.  
Alleluia!

# Resurrection

299 EASTER HYMN 7s. With Alleluia

W. H. Monk (1823—1889)

1. { CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to - day, Al - le - lu - ia! }  
 { Sons of men and an - gels say, Al - le - lu - ia! } Raise your joys and triumphs high;

Al - le - lu - ia! Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

(Or to Beninster, No. 189)

2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,  
 Christ has burst the gates of hell;  
 Death in vain forbids Him rise,  
 Christ has opened paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ has led,  
 Following our exalted Head.  
 Made like Him, like Him we rise;  
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

3 Lives again our glorious King:  
 Where, O death, is now thy sting?  
 Once He died our souls to save:  
 Where thy victory, O grave?

5 King of glory, Soul of bliss,  
 Everlasting life is this,  
 Thee to know, Thy power to prove,  
 Thus to sing, and thus to love.

C. Wesley, 1739

MOZART 7s.

(Second Time)

W. A. Mozart (1756—1791)

1. CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say; Raise your joys and

triumphs high; Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply, Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply. A - men.

# Jesus Christ the Son

300

ST. ANDREW 8s. 7s. 8l.

J. Barnby, 1870

1. AL - LE - LU - IA! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heaven and voices raise;  
Sing to God a hymn of gladness, Sing to God a hymn of praise;  
He who on the cross a victim For the world's salvation bled,  
Je - sus Christ, the King of glory, Now is risen from the dead. A - men.

- 2 Now the iron bars are broken,  
Christ from death to life is born,  
Glorious life, and life immortal,  
On this holy Easter morn:  
Christ has triumphed, and we conquer  
By His mighty enterprise,  
We with Him to life eternal  
By His resurrection rise.
- 3 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits  
Of the holy harvest-field,  
Which will all its full abundance  
At His second coming yield:  
Then the golden ears of harvest  
Will their heads before Him wave,  
Ripened by His glorious sunshine  
From the furrows of the grave.

- 4 Christ is risen, we are risen!  
Shed upon us heavenly grace,  
Rain and dew and gleams of glory  
From the brightness of Thy face;  
That, with hearts in heaven dwelling,  
We on earth may fruitful be,  
And by angel-hands be gathered,  
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.
- 5 Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Glory be to God on high;  
Alleluia to the Saviour  
Who has won the victory;  
Alleluia to the Spirit,  
Fount of love and sanctity;  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
To the Triune Majesty.

# Resurrection

DAWN 8s, 7s. 81.

(Second Tune)

M. B. Foster (1851—)

1. AL - LE - LU - IA! Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heav'n and voic - es raise; Sing to God a hymn of gladness, Sing to God a hymn of praise; He who on the cross a vic - tim For the world's sal - va - tion bled, Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead. A - men.

LUX EOI 8s, 7. 81.

(Third Tune)

Arthur Sullivan, 1875

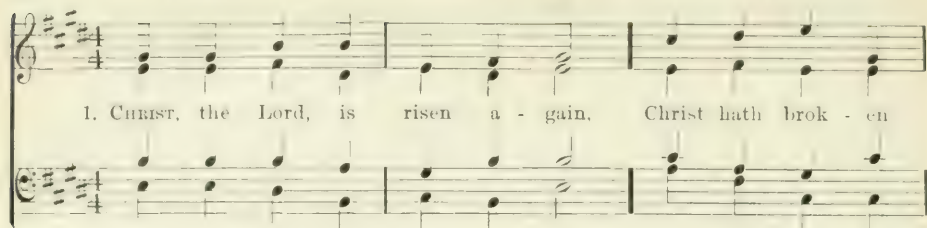
1. AL - LE - LU - IA Al - le - lu - ia! Hearts to heav'n and voic - es raise; Sing to God a hymn of gladness, Sing to God a hymn of praise; He who on the cross a vic - tim For the world's sal - va - tion bled, Je - sus Christ, the King of glo - ry, Now is ris - en from the dead. A - men.



# Jesus Christ the Son

301 WIRTEMBERG 7s. With Alleluia

J. Rosenmüller (1610—1686)



1. CHRIST, the Lord, is risen a - gain, Christ hath brok - en



ev - ery chain; Hark! an - gel - ic voic - es cry, Sing - ing ev - er -



more on high, Al - - - le - lu - - ia! A - men.

2 He who gave for us His life,  
Who for us endured the strife,  
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;  
We, too, sing for joy, and say  
Alleluia!

4 He who slumbered in the grave  
Is exalted now to save;  
Now through Christendom it rings  
That the Lamb is King of kings.  
Alleluia!

3 He who bore all pain and loss  
Comfortless upon the cross,  
Lives in glory now on high,  
Pleads for us and hears our cry;  
Alleluia!

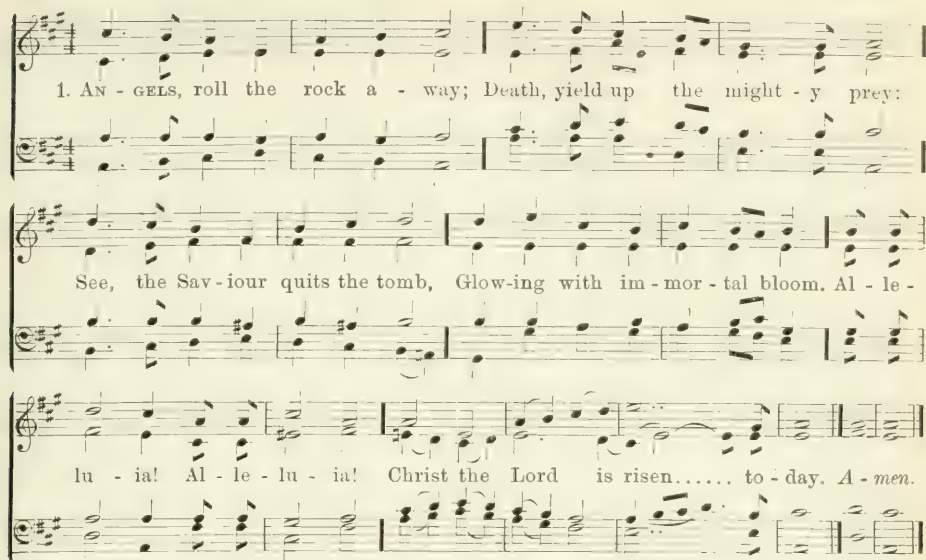
5 Now He bids us tell abroad  
How the lost may be restored,  
How the penitent forgiven,  
How we, too, may enter heaven.  
Alleluia!

6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,  
Christ, to-day Thy people feed;  
Take our sins and guilt away,  
Let us sing, by night and day,  
Alleluia!

# Resurrection

302 EASTER 7, 7, 7, 7, 8, 7

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)



1. AN - GELS, roll the rock a - way; Death, yield up the night - y prey:  
See, the Sav - iour quits the tomb, Glow - ing with im - mor - tal bloom. Al - le -  
lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord is risen..... to - day. A - men.

2 Shout, ye seraphs, angels, raise  
Your eternal song of praise;  
Let the earth's remotest bound  
Echo to the blissful sound.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

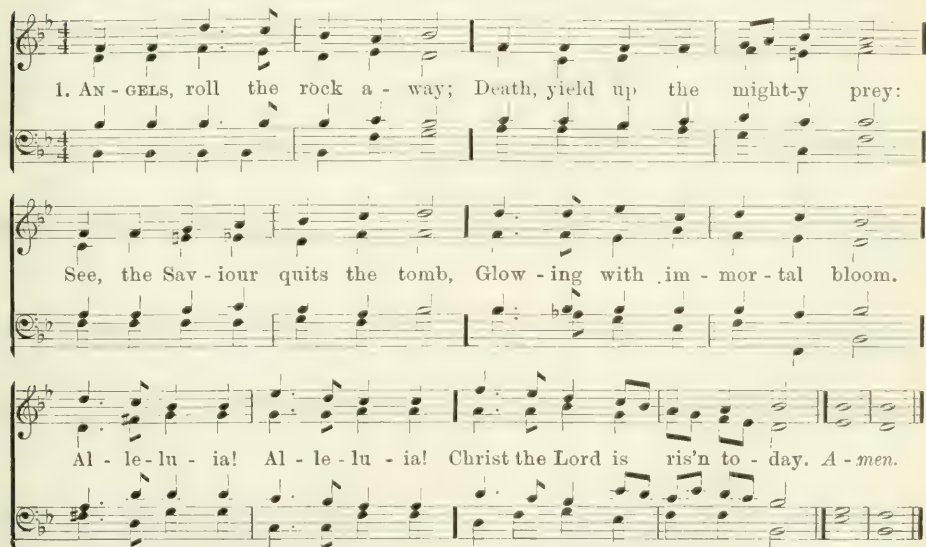
3 Holy Father, Holy Son,  
Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
Glory as of old to Thee,  
Now and evermore shall be.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!  
Christ the Lord is risen to-day.

T. Scott, 1769, and T. Gibbons

FIRTH 7, 7, 7, 7, 8, 7

(Second Tune)

R. A. Firth

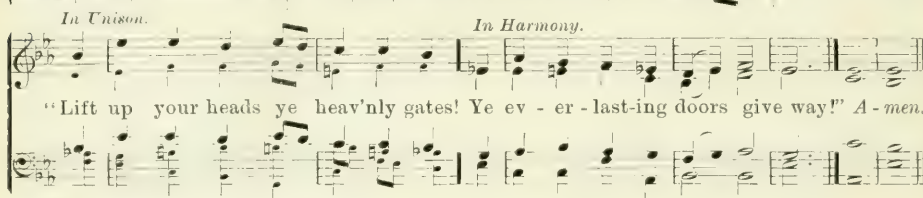
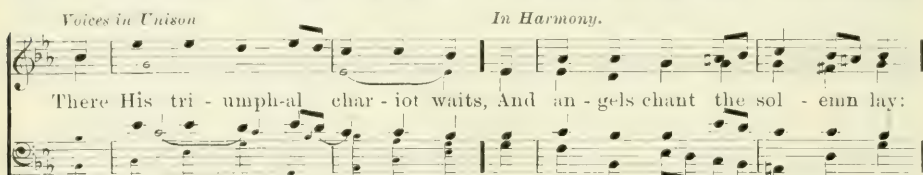
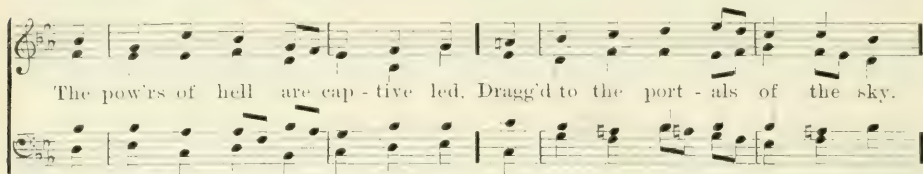
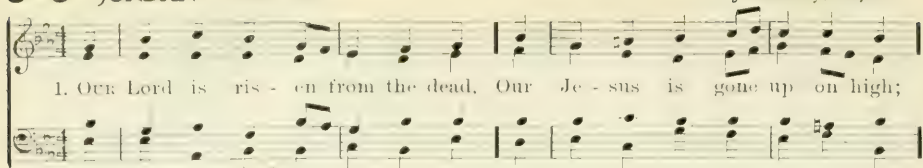


1. AN - GELS, roll the rock a - way; Death, yield up the night - y prey:  
See, the Sav - iour quits the tomb, Glow - ing with im - mor - tal bloom.  
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day. A - men.

# Jesus Christ the Son

303 JORDAN L. M. 81.

J. Barnby, 1872



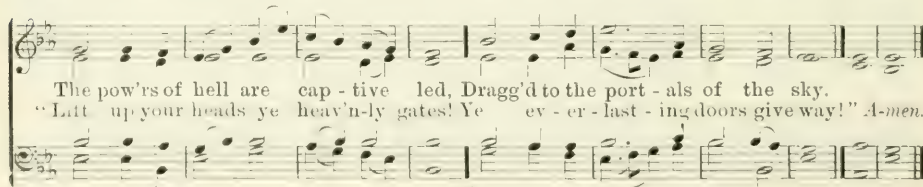
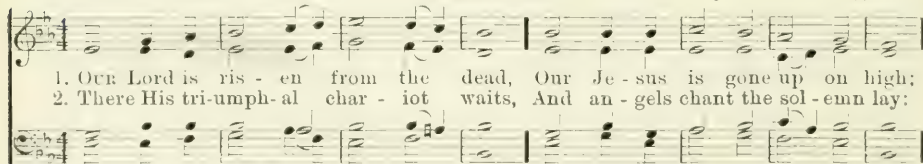
2 Loose all your bars of massy light.  
And wide unfold the radiant scene;  
He claims these mansions as His right;  
Receive the King of glory in.  
Who is the King of glory, who?  
The Lord that all His foes o'ercame,  
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,  
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

3 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay:  
"Lift up your heads ye heav'nly gates,  
Ye everlasting doors give way."  
Who is the King of glory, who?  
The Lord, of boundless power possessed,  
The King of saints and angels too,  
God, over all, for ever blest.

C. Wesley, 1741

DUKE STREET L. M. (Second Time)

J. Hatton, c. 1790



# Ascension

304 TRANSFIGURATION L. M. 81.

J. Goss, 1864

1. O SAV-IOUR, who for man hast trod The wine-press of the wrath of God,

As - cend and claim a - gain on high Thy glo - ry, left for us to die.

A ra - dant cloud is now Thy seat, And earth lies stretch'd be-neath Thy feet;

Ten thousand thousands round Thee sing, And share the triumph of their King. A-men.

2 The Angel-host enraptured waits:  
Lift up your heads, eternal gates!  
O God-and-Man, the Father's throne  
Is now for evermore Thine own.  
Our great High Priest and Shepherd Thou  
Within the veil art entered now,  
To offer there Thy precious blood  
Once poured on earth a cleansing flood.

3 And thence the church, Thy chosen bride,  
With countless gifts of grace supplied,  
Thro' all her members draws from Thee  
Her hidden life of sanctity.  
O Christ, our Lord, of Thy dear care  
Thy lowly members heaven-ward bear;  
Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,  
With Thee for evermore to reign.

C. Coffin, 1726 Tr. J. Chandler, 1837 Alt.



# Jesus Christ the Son

305 HYMN OF GLORY L. M.

G. M. Garrett (1834—1897)

1. A HYMN of glo - ry let us sing: New hymns throughout the world shall ring.

Christ by a new and wondrous road Ascends un - to the throne of God. A - men.

2 The Apostles on the mountain stand,  
The mystic mount, in Holy Land,  
And with the Virgin-Mother see  
Jesus ascend in majesty.

5 Lord, grant that we may thither tend,  
And with unwearied hearts ascend  
Where, seated on Thy Father's throne,  
Thee reigning, King of kings, we own.

3 To whom two shining angels cry,  
"Why stand ye gazing on the sky?  
This is the Saviour, upward borne  
On this His glorious triumph-morn.

6 Be Thou our joy on earth, O Lord,  
Who art to be our great reward;  
And as the countless ages flee,  
Let all our glory be in Thee.

4 Ye see Him now, ascending high  
To seek the portals of the sky:  
Hereafter Jesus ye shall see  
Return in equal majesty."

7 All glory to the Father be,  
All glory, Jesus Christ, to Thee,  
Who didst to heaven above ascend,  
And to the Spirit, without end.

Venerable Bede (7th Cent.) Tr. Elizabeth Charles, 1898 Alt.

306 DIADEM 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

W. B. Gilbert, 1872

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious, See the Man of Sor - rows now; From the

fight returned vic - to - ri - ous, Ev - ery knee to Him shall bow; Crown Him!

# Ascension

Crown Him! Crown Him! Crowns be - come the vic - tor's brow. A - men.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels crown Him;  
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;  
On the seat of power enthrone Him,  
While the vault of heaven rings;  
Crown Him! Crown Him!  
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

Own His title, praise His name:  
Crown Him! Crown Him!  
Spread abroad the victor's fame!

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,  
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;  
Saints and angels crowd around Him,

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation;  
Hark! those loud triumphant chords.  
Jesus takes the highest station;  
Oh, what joy the sight affords!  
Crown Him! Crown Him!  
King of kings, and Lord of lords.

T. Kelly, 1809

CORONÆ 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7 (Second Tune)

W. H. Monk, 1871

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo - rious, See the Man of Sor - rows now;

From the fight re-turned vic - to - rious, Ev - ery knee to Him shall bow;

Crown Him! Crown Him! Crowns be - come the vic - tor's brow. A - men.

# Jesus Christ the Son

307 ST. PATRICK 78. 81.

Arthur Sullivan (1842—)



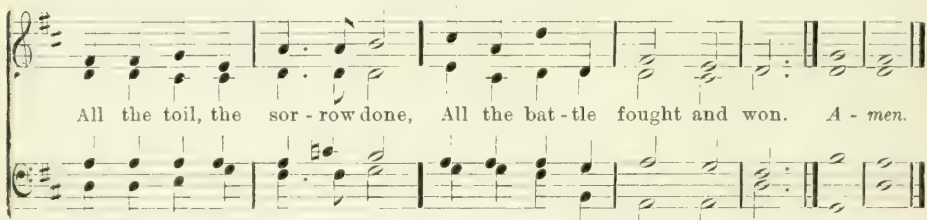
1. HE is gone: a cloud of light Has received Him from our sight;



High in heav'n, where eye of men Fol - lows not, nor an - gel's ken,



Thro' the veils of time and space, Passed in - to the ho - liest place;



All the toil, the sor - row done, All the bat - tle fought and won. A - men.

2 He is gone: towards their goal  
World and church must onward roll;  
Far behind we leave the past,  
Forward are our glances cast;  
Still His words before us range  
Through the ages as they change;  
Wheresoe'er the truth shall lead,  
He will give whate'er we need.

3 He is gone; but we once more  
Shall behold Him as before,  
In the heaven of heavens the same,  
As on earth He went and came.


In the many mansions there,  
Place for us He will prepare;  
In that world unseen, unknown,  
He and we may yet be one.

4 He is gone; but not in vain,  
Wait until He comes again.  
He is risen, He is not here,  
Far above this earthly sphere,  
Evermore in heart and mind  
There our peace in Him we find;  
To our own eternal friend,  
Thitherward let us ascend.

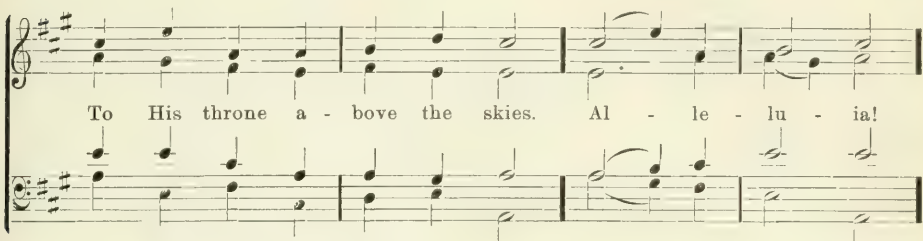
# Ascension

308 ASCENSION 7s. With Alleluia

W. H. Monk, 1861



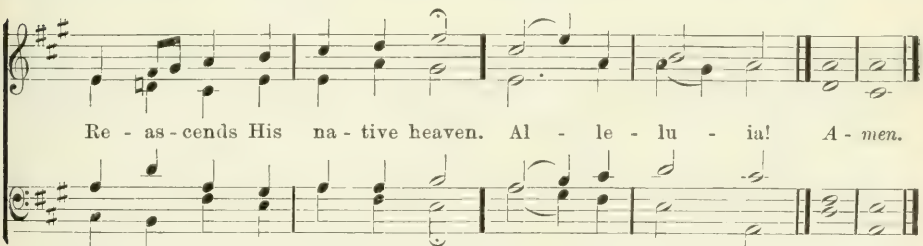
1. HAIL the day that sees Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia!



To His throne a - bove the skies. Al - le - lu - ia!



Christ, a - while to mor - tals given, Al - le - lu - ia!



Re - as - cends His na - tive heaven. Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 There the glorious triumph waits:  
Lift your heads, eternal gates;  
Wide unfold the radiant scene;  
Take the King of Glory in.

3 Him though highest heaven receives,  
Still He loves the earth He leaves  
Though returning to His throne,  
Still He calls mankind His own.

4 See, He lifts His hands above;  
See, He shows the prints of love;

Hark! His gracious lips bestow  
Blessings on His church below.

5 Still for us His death He pleads;  
Prevalent He intercedes;  
Near Himself prepares our place,  
Harbinger of human race.

6 Lord, though parted from our sight  
High above yon azure height,  
Grant our hearts may thither rise,  
Following Thee beyond the skies.

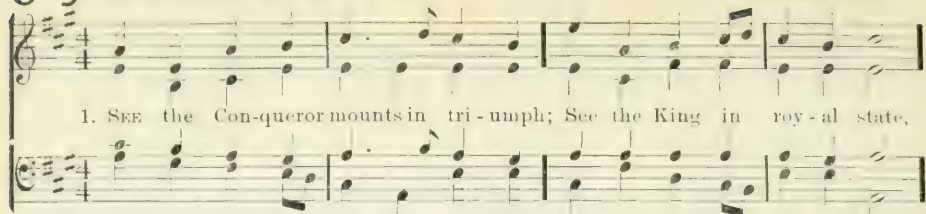


# Jesus Christ the Son

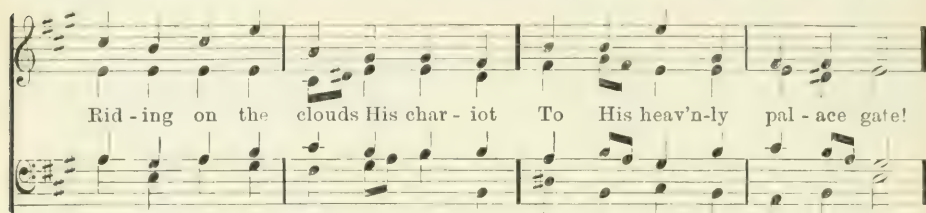
309

REX GLORIÆ 8s. 7s. 8l.

H. Smart, 1868



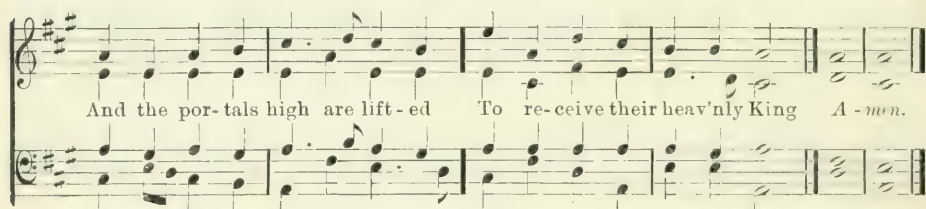
1. SEE the Con-queror mounts in tri-umph; See the King in roy-al state,



Rid-ing on the clouds His char-iot To His heav'n-ly pal-ace gate!



Hark! the choirs of an-gel-voic-es Joy-ful al-le-lu-ias sing,



And the por-tals high are lift-ed To re-ceive their heav'nly King A-men.

(Or to St. Asaph, No. 618)

2 Who is this that comes in glory,  
With the trump of jubilee?  
Lord of battles, God of armies,  
He hath gained the victory.  
He who on the cross did suffer,  
He who from the grave arose,  
He has vanquished sin and Satan;  
He by death has spoiled His foes.

3 While He raised His hands in blessing,  
He was parted from His friends,  
While their eager eyes behold Him,  
He upon the clouds ascends;  
He who walked with God and pleased Him,  
Preaching truth and doom to come,  
He, our Enoch, is translated,  
To His everlasting home.

4 Now our heav'nly Aaron enters,  
With His blood, within the veil;  
Joshua now is come to Canaan,  
And the kings before Him quail;  
Now He plants the tribes of Israel  
In their promised resting-place;  
Now our great Elijah offers  
Double portion of His grace.

5 Thou hast raised our human nature  
On the clouds to God's right hand:  
There we sit in heav'nly places,  
There with Thee in glory stand.  
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;  
Man with God is on the throne;  
Mighty Lord, in Thine ascension,  
We by faith behold our own.

# Ascension

310 HERMAS 6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain

F. R. Havergal, 1872

1. GOLD-EN harps are sound-ing, An-gel-voic-es ring, Pear-ly gates are o-pened,

O-pened for the King. Christ, the King of Glo-ry, Je-sus, King of love,

*Refrain.*  
Is gone up in tri-umph To His throne a-bove. All His work is end-ed;

Joy-ful-ly we sing, Je-sus hath as-cend-ed, Glo-ry to our King! A-men.

2 He who came to save us,  
He who bled and died,  
Now is crowned with glory,  
At His Father's side.  
Never more to suffer,  
Never more to die;  
Jesus, King of glory,  
Is gone up on high.  
All His work, etc.

3 Pleading for His children  
In that blessed place,  
Calling them to glory,  
Sending them His grace,  
His bright home preparing,  
Faithful ones, for you,  
Jesus ever liveth,  
Ever loveth too.  
All His work, etc.

# Jesus Christ the Son

311 HOADLEY S. M. 81.

J. Naylor, 1872

*Voices in Unison.*

*Voices in Harmony.*

1. Thou art gone up on high To man-sions in the skies, And

*Org.*

round Thy throne un - ceas - ing - ly The songs of praise a - rise.

But we are lin - g'ring here With sin and care op - press'd; Lord,

send Thy prom-ised Com-fort-er, And lead us to Thy rest! A - men.

2 Thou art gone up on high;  
But Thou didst first come down,  
Through earth's most bitter agony  
To pass unto Thy crown.  
And girt with griefs and fears  
Our onward course must be;  
But only let that path of tears  
Lead us at last to Thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high;  
But Thou shalt come again,  
With all the bright ones of the sky  
Attendant in Thy train.  
Oh, by Thy saving power,  
So make us live and die,  
That we may stand, in that dread hour,  
At Thy right hand on high.

E. Toke, 1851

# Ascension

312 TRIUMPH 8s, 7s. 61.

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)

1. COME ye faithful, raise the anthem, Cleave the skies with shouts of praise, Sing to Him who found the ransom,

Ancient of e - ter - nal days; God e - ternal, Word in - carnate, Whom the heav'n of heav'ns obeys. A - men.

(Or to St. Pancras, 313)

2 Ere He raised the lofty mountains,  
Formed the sea, or built the sky,  
Love eternal, free, and boundless,  
Led the Lord of life to die;  
Lifted up the Prince of princes  
On the throne of Calvary.

They upraise, the sons of light:  
Zion's people tell His praises,  
Victor after hard-won fight.

3 Now on these eternal mountains  
Stands the sapphire throne, all bright,  
Where unceasing alleluias

4 Bring your harps and bring your incense,  
Sweep the string and pour the lay;  
Let the earth proclaim His wonders,  
King of that celestial day.  
He the Lamb once slain, is worthy,  
Who was dead and lives for aye.

Job Hupton, 1805 Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851

ST. PETER'S WESTMINSTER 8s, 7s. 61. (Second Tune)

J. Turle, 1862

1. COME ye faithful, raise the anthem, Cleave the skies with shouts of praise, Sing to Him who found the ransom,

Ancient of e - ter - nal days; God eternal, Word incarnate, Whom the heav'n of heav'ns obeys. A - men.



# Jesus Christ the Son

313 ST. PANCRAS 8s, 7s. 6l.

H. Smart, 1868

1. JE - sus came, the heav'n's a - dor - ing, Came with peace from realms on high;  
 Je - sus came for man's re-demp-tion, Low - ly came on earth to die;  
 Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A - men.

(Or to Benedic Anima, No. 8ro)

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2 Jesus comes again in mercy,<br>When our hearts are bowed with care;<br>Jesus comes again in answer<br>To an earnest, heartfelt prayer;<br>Alleluia! Alleluia!<br>Comes to save us from despair.          | 4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,<br>Shares alike our hopes and fears;<br>Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,<br>Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;<br>Alleluia! Alleluia!<br>Cheering e'en our failing years. |
| 3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,<br>Bringing news of sins forgiven;<br>Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,<br>Leading souls redeemed to heaven:<br>Alleluia! Alleluia!<br>Now the gate of death is riven. | 5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,<br>When the heavens shall pass away;<br>Jesus comes again in glory,<br>Let us then our homage pay,<br>Alleluia! Ever singing,<br>Till the dawn of endless day.              |

G. Thring, 1864

FENITON COURT 8s, 7s. 6l. (Second Tune)

E. J. Hopkins (1818—)

1. JE - sus came, the heav'n's a - dor - ing, Came with peace from realms on high;

## Second Coming

Je - sus came for man's re-demp-tion, Low - ly came on earth to die;

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A - men.

### 314 SONANS 8s, 7s.

E. Hodges, 1859

1. HARK! a thrill-ing voice is sound-ing; "Christ is nigh," it seems to say;

"Cast a - way the works of dark-ness, O ye chil-dren of the day!" A - men.

(Or to Stuttgart, No. 180)

2 Startled at the solemn warning,  
Let the earth-bound soul arise;  
All the powers of darkness vanish;  
Christ our Day-Star mounts the skies.

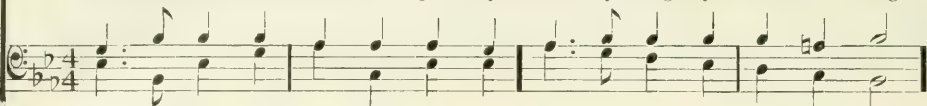
3 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,  
Comes with pardon down from heaven:  
Let us haste with tears of sorrow,  
One and all to be forgiven.

4 So when next He shines in glory,  
Wrapping all the earth in fear,  
Not for chastening, but salvation,  
Unto us shall He appear.

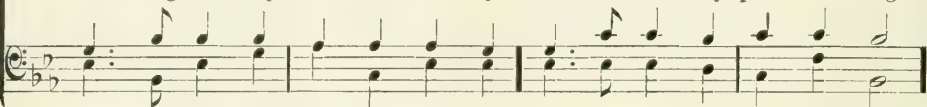
5 Honor, glory, might, dominion,  
To the Father and the Son,  
With the Everlasting Spirit,  
While eternal ages run.



1. FRIEND of sin - ners, Lord of glo - ry, Low - ly, night-y, broth - er, King!



Mu - sing o'er Thy won-drous sto - ry, Grate-ful we Thy prais - es sing:



Friend to help us, cheer us, save us, In whom pow'r and pit - y blend—



Praise we must the grace which gave us Je - sus Christ, the sin-ners' friend. A - men.



2 Friend who never fails nor grieves us,  
Faithful, tender, constant, kind;  
Friend who at all times receives us,  
Friend who came the lost to find.  
Sorrow soothing, joys enhancing,  
Loving until life shall end;  
Then conferring bliss entrancing,  
Still, in heaven, the sinners' friend.

3 Oh, to love and serve Thee better!  
From all evil set us free;  
Break, Lord, every sinful fetter;  
Be each thought conformed to Thee:  
Looking for Thy bright appearing,  
May our spirits upward tend;  
Till no longer doubting, fearing,  
We behold the sinners' friend.

# Second Coming

316 FALFIELD 8s, 7s. 81.

Arthur Sullivan, 1867

1. LIGHT of those whose drear-y dwell-ing Bor - ders on the shades of death,

Come, and by Thy love's re - veal-ing Dis - si-pate the clouds be - neath.

The new heav'n and earth's Cre-a - tor, In our deep - est dark-ness rise,

Scattering all the night of na-ture, Pour-ing eye-sight on our eyes. A - men.

(Or to Sardis, No. 418)

2 Still we wait for Thine appearing:  
Life and joy Thy beams impart,  
Chasing all our fears and cheering  
Every poor, benighted heart.  
Come and manifest the favor  
God hath for our ransomed race;  
Come, Thou universal Saviour,  
Come and bring the gospel grace.


3 Save us in Thy great compassion,  
O Thou mild, pacific Prince;  
Give the knowledge of salvation,  
Give the pardon of our sins.  
By Thine all-restoring merit,  
Every burdened soul release,  
Every weary, wandering spirit  
Guide into Thy perfect peace.




# Jesus Christ the Son

317 CONQUEROR 8s, 7s. 8l.


H. F. Hemy (1818—)



1. He is com-ing, He is com-ing, Not as once He came be-fore,



Wail-ing in-fant born in weak-ness On a low-ly sta-ble floor;



But up-on His cloud of glo-ry, In the crim-son-tint-ed sky,



Where we see the gold-en sun-rise In the ros-y dis-tance lie. A-men.

2 He is coming, He is coming,  
Not as once He wandered through  
All the hostile land of Judah,  
With His followers poor and few;  
But with all the holy angels  
Waiting round His judgment-seat,  
And the chosen twelve Apostles  
Sitting crowned at His feet.

3 He is coming, He is coming,  
Let His lowly first estate,  
And His tender love, so teach us  
That in faith and hope we wait,  
Till in glory eastward burning,  
Our redemption draweth near,  
And we see the sign in heaven  
Of our Judge and Saviour dear.

# Second Coming

318 ST. NICHOLAS 8s, 7s. 8l.

J. F. Bridge (1844—)

1. LORD, Thy ran-som'd Church is wak - ing Out of slum-ber far and near,

Know - ing that the morn is break-ing When the Bride-groom shall ap - pear;

Wak - ing up to claim the treas - ure With Thy pre-cious life-blood bought,

And to trust in full - er meas-ure All Thy wondrous death hath wrought. A-men.

2 Praise to Thee for this glad shower,  
Precious drops of latter rain,  
Praise, that by Thy Spirit's power  
Thou hast quickened us again;  
That Thy gospel's priceless treasure  
Now is borne from land to land,  
And that all the Father's pleasure  
Prosper in Thy piercèd hand.

3 Praise to Thee for saved ones yearning  
O'er the lost and wand'ring throng;  
Praise for voices daily learning  
To upraise the glad new song;

Praise to Thee for sick ones hasting  
Now to touch Thy garment's hem;  
Praise for souls believing, tasting  
All Thy love has won for them.

4 Set our hearts, O Lord, on fire  
With the love of Thy dear name;  
Touch our lips, our souls inspire  
Now to spread abroad Thy fame;  
Fix our eyes on Thy returning,  
Keeping watch till Thou shalt come,  
Loins well girt, lamps brightly burning;  
Then, Lord, take Thy servants home.

# Jesus Christ the Son

319 BRIDEGROOM 14s.

G. A. Macfarren (1813—1887)

1. BE - HOLD, the Bride-groom com - eth in the mid - dle of the night,

And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burn - ing bright;

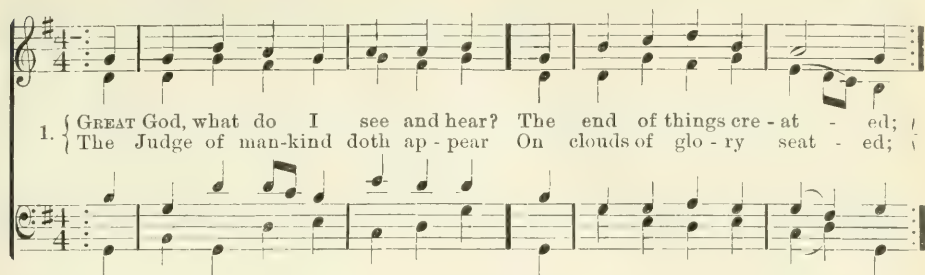
But woe to that dull ser - vant whom the Mas - ter shall sur - prise

With lamp untrimmed, un - burn - ing, and with slum - ber in his eyes. A - men.

- 2 Do thou, my soul, beware, beware lest thou in sleep sink down,  
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden crown;  
But see that thou be sober, with a watchful eye, and thus  
Cry, "Holy, holy, holy God, have mercy upon us!"
- 3 That day, the day of fear, shall come: my soul, slack not thy toil,  
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil;  
Thou knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide,  
"Behold, the Bridegroom comes! Arise! Go forth to meet the Bride!"
- 4 Beware, my soul! take thou good heed lest thou in slumber lie,  
And, like the five, remain without, and knock, and vainly cry;  
But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and Christ shall gird thee on  
His own bright wedding-robe of light,—the glory of the Son.

# Second Coming

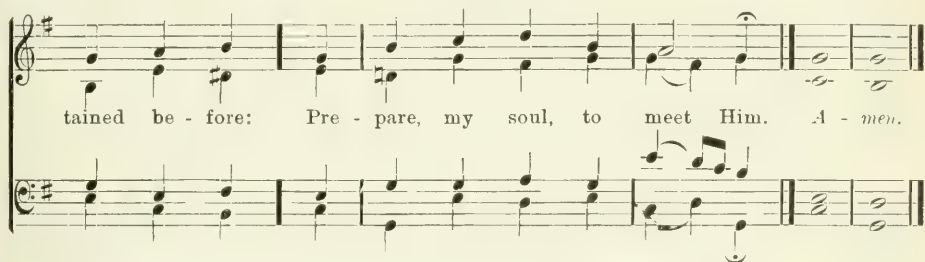
320 LUTHER'S HYMN 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7 Jos. Klug's Gesangbuch, Wittenberg, 1535



1. { GREAT God, what do I see and hear? The end of things cre - at - ed; /  
The Judge of man-kind doth ap - pear On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed; /



The trum - pet sounds; the graves re - store The dead which they con -



tained be - fore: Pre - pare, my soul, to meet Him. A - men.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,  
And greet th' archangel's warning,  
To meet the Saviour in the skies  
On this auspicious morning:  
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;  
His presence sheds eternal day  
On those prepared to meet Him.

3 Far over space, to distant spheres,  
The lightnings are prevailing;  
Th' ungodly rise, and all their tears  
And sighs are unavailing;  
The day of grace is past and gone;  
They shake before the Judge's throne,  
All unprepared to meet Him.

4 Stay, fancy, stay, and close thy wings,  
Repress thy flight too daring;  
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,  
The Judge my nature wearing.  
Beneath His cross I view the day  
When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
And thus prepare to meet Him.

B. Ringwaldt, 1585, and W. B. Collyer, 1812 Alt.

(The above hymn and tune are often erroneously attributed to Luther.—The hymn is an imitation of the well-known Latin hymn, "Dies irae, dies illa," by Thomas of Celano, who died c. 1255)

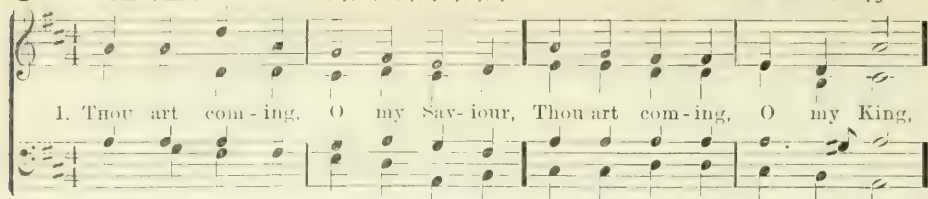


# Jesus Christ the Son

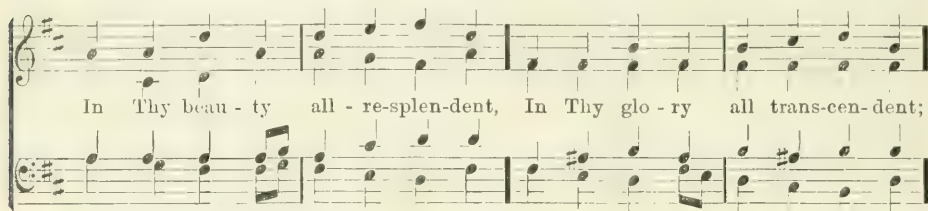
321

ADVENT P. M. 8, 7, 8, 8, 7, 7, 7, 7

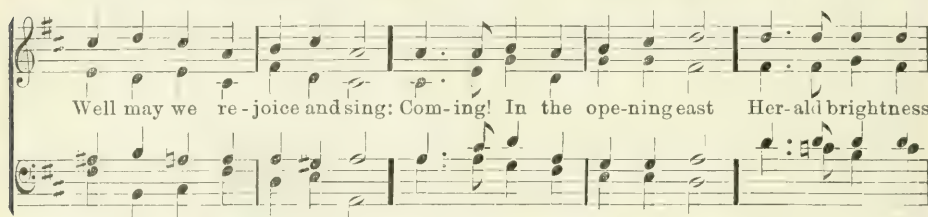
W. H. Monk, 1875



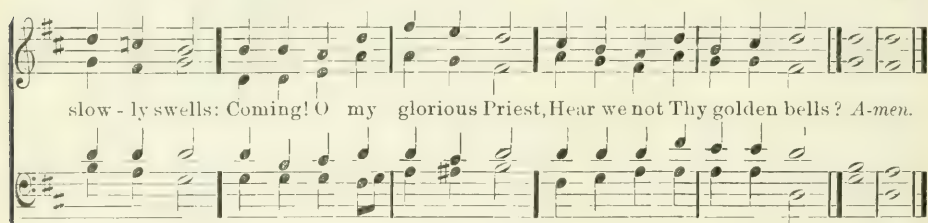
1. Thou art com-ing, O my Sav-iour, Thou art com-ing, O my King,



In Thy beau-ty all-re-splen-dent, In Thy glo-ry all trans-cen-dent;



Well may we re-joice and sing: Com-ing! In the ope-ning east Her-ald bright-ness



slow-ly swells: Com-ing! O my glorious Priest, Hear we not Thy golden bells? *A-men.*

2 Thou art coming, Thou art coming;  
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,  
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,  
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee  
All our hearts could never say;  
What an anthem that will be  
Ringing out our love to Thee,  
Pouring out our rapture sweet  
At Thine own all-glorious feet.

3 Thou art coming; at Thy table  
We are witnesses for this;  
While remembering hearts Thou meetest  
In communion clearest, sweetest,  
Earnest of our coming bliss,  
Showing not Thy death alone,  
And Thy love exceeding great,  
But Thy coming, and Thy throne,  
All for which we long and wait.

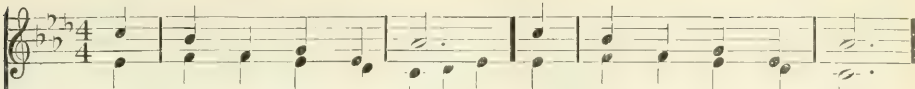
4 Thou art coming; we are waiting  
With a hope that cannot fail,  
Asking not the day or hour,  
Resting on Thy word of power,  
Anchored safe within the veil.  
Time appointed may be long,  
But the vision must be sure;  
Certainty shall make us strong,  
Joyful patience can endure.

5 O the joy to see Thee reigning,  
Thee, my own beloved Lord;  
Every tongue Thy name confessing,  
Worship, honor, glory, blessing  
Brought to Thee with one accord,  
Thee, my master, and my friend,  
Vindicated and enthroned,  
Unto earth's remotest end  
Glorified, adored, and owned!

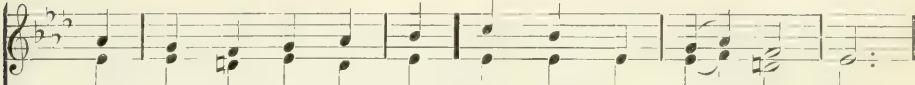
# Second Coming

322 BLESSED HOME 6s. 81.

J. Stainer, 1875



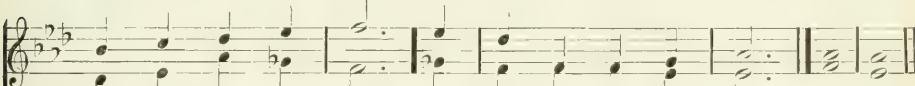
1. LIFT up your heads, re - joice, ... Re - demp-tion draw - eth nigh;



Now breathes a soft - er air, Now shines a mild - er sky;



The ear - ly trees put forth Their new and ten - der leaf; Hushed



is the moan - ing wind That told of win - ter's grief. A - men.

2 Lift up your heads, rejoice,  
Redemption draweth nigh;  
Now mount the laden clouds,  
Now flames the darkening sky;  
The early scattered drops  
Descend with heavy fall,  
And to the waiting earth  
The hidden thunders call.

3 Lift up your heads, rejoice,  
Redemption draweth nigh;  
Oh, note the varying signs  
Of earth, and air, and sky;

The God of glory comes  
In gentleness and might,  
To comfort and alarm,  
To succor and to smite.

4 He comes, the wide world's King;  
He comes, the true heart's friend,  
New gladness to begin,  
And ancient wrong to end;  
He comes, to fill with light  
The weary waiting eye.  
Lift up your heads, rejoice,  
Redemption draweth nigh.

# Jesus Christ the Son

323 HERBERT P. H.

F. Goss, 1668 Har. by M. Goss, 1856

1. Wee a wake for night is fly- ing The watchmen on the  
Mid- night and even bell is toll- ing His char- ist wheels are

heights are cry- ing, A wake Je- su on Je- su's track;  
near- er toll- ing, He comes, pre- pare ye third, ye pious wait.

Rise up, with will- ing feet Go forth, the Bridegroom meet, Al- le- lu- ia!

Hear thro' the night your well- trimm'd light, Speed forth to join the marriage rite, A men

2. Zion hears the watchmen singing,  
Her heart with deep delight is springing,  
She wakes, she rises from her gloom,  
Forth her Bridegroom comes, all glorious,  
In grace arrayed, by truth victorious  
Her star is risen, her light is come;  
All hail, Incarnate Lord,  
Our crown, and our reward!  
Alleluia!

We haste along, in pomp of song,  
And gladsome join the marriage throng.

3. Lamb of God, the heavens adore Thee,  
And men and angels sing before Thee,  
With harp and cymbal's cleared tone  
By the pearly gates in wonder  
We stand and swell the voice of thunder,  
That echoes round Thy dazzling throne  
No vision ever brought,  
No ear hath ever caught,  
Such bliss and joy

We raise the song, we swell the throng,  
To praise Thee ages all along.

# Second Coming

(Procession Tune)

WAKE, AWAKE, E. M.

F. M. Thomas (1874)

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics for this system are: "Wake, awake, for night is flying. The sun is in the shadow of thy wing."

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics for this system are: "The sun is in the shadow of thy wing. The sun is in the shadow of thy wing. The sun is in the shadow of thy wing."

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics for this system are: "The sun is in the shadow of thy wing. The sun is in the shadow of thy wing. The sun is in the shadow of thy wing."

The fourth system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics for this system are: "The sun is in the shadow of thy wing. The sun is in the shadow of thy wing. The sun is in the shadow of thy wing."

The fifth system of musical notation concludes the piece. The lyrics for this system are: "The sun is in the shadow of thy wing. The sun is in the shadow of thy wing. The sun is in the shadow of thy wing."



# Jesus Christ the Son

324 GREENLAND 7s, 6s. 8l.

Lausanne Psalter.

1. RE-JOICE, all ye be-liev-ers, And let your lights ap-pear; The eve-ning

is ad-vanc-ing, And dark-er night is near. The Bride-groom is a-

ris-ing, And soon He draw-eth nigh; Up, pray, and watch, and wres-tle:

At mid-night comes the cry. A-men.

2 See that your lamps are burning,  
Replenish them with oil;  
Look now for your salvation,  
The end of earthly toil.

The watchers on the mountain  
Proclaim the Bridegroom near;  
Go meet Him as He cometh,  
With alleluias clear.

3 Our hope and expectation,  
O Jesus, now appear;  
Arise, Thou Sun so longed for,  
O'er this benighted sphere.  
With hearts and hands uplifted,  
We plead, O Lord, to see  
The day of earth's redemption,  
That brings us unto Thee.

L. Laurenti, 1700 Tr. S. B. Findlater, 1853

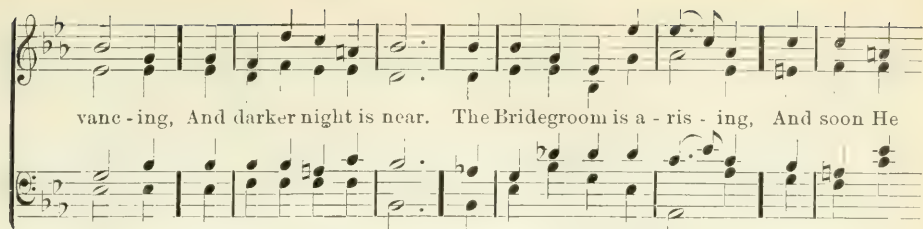
LANCASHIRE 7s, 6s. 8l.

(Second Tune)

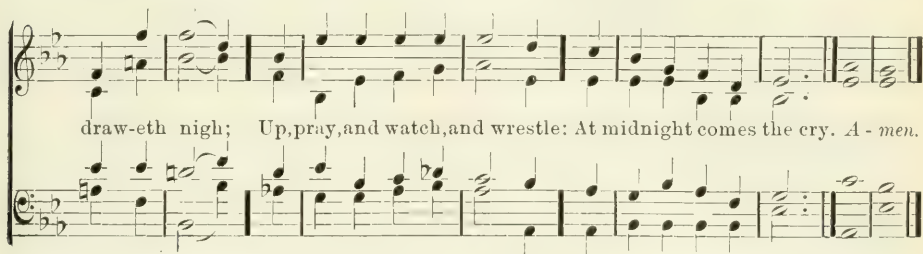
H. Smart, 1836

1. RE-JOICE, all ye be-liev-ers, And let your lights ap-pear; The eve-ning is ad-

## Second Coming



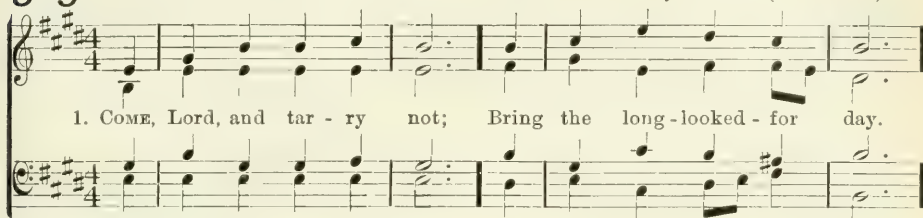
vanc - ing, And darker night is near. The Bridegroom is a - ris - ing, And soon He



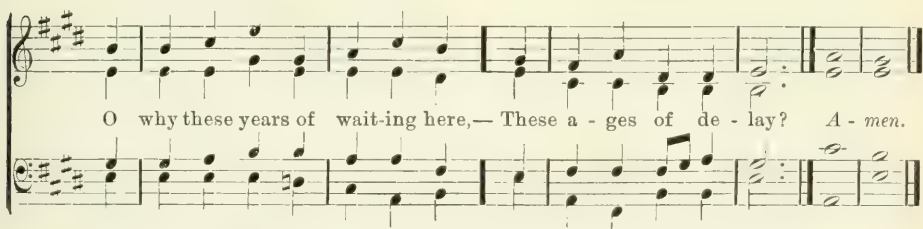
draw-eth nigh; Up, pray, and watch, and wrestle: At midnight comes the cry. A - men.

### 325 HOLYROOD S. M.

J. Watson (1816—1880)



1. COME, Lord, and tar - ry not; Bring the long - looked - for day.



O why these years of wait - ing here, — These a - ges of de - lay? A - men.

2 Come, for Thy saints still wait;  
Daily ascends their sigh;  
The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come:"  
Dost Thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for creation groans,  
Impatient of Thy stay,  
Worn out with these long years of ill,  
These ages of delay.

4 Come, for love waxes cold,  
Its steps are faint and slow;  
Faith now is lost in unbelief,  
Hope's lamp burns dim and low.

5 Come in Thy glorious might,  
Come with the iron rod,  
Scattering Thy foes before Thy face,  
Most mighty Son of God!

6 Come and make all things new;  
Build up this ruined earth;  
Restore our faded Paradise,  
Creation's second birth.

7 Come and begin Thy reign  
Of everlasting peace;  
Come, take the kingdom to Thyself,  
Great King of righteousness.

# Jesus Christ the Son

326 HOLLYWOOD 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

S. Webbe (1740—1816)

1. Lo! He comes, with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for fa-vored sin-ners slain;

Thousand thousand saints at-tend-ing Swell the tri-umph of His train:

Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! God ap-pears on earth to reign. A-men.

(Or to St. Peter's Westminster, No. 312)

2 Every eye shall now behold Him  
Robed in dreadful majesty;  
Those who set at naught and sold Him,  
Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true Messiah see.

Now shall meet Him in the air:  
Alleluia!  
See the day of God appear.

3 Now redemption, long expected,  
See in solemn pomp appear;  
All His saints, by man rejected,

4 Yea, Amen! let all adore Thee,  
High on Thine eternal throne;  
Saviour, take the power and glory,  
Claim the kingdom for Thine own:  
Alleluia!  
Thou shalt reign, and Thou alone.

V. 1, 2, 4, C. Wesley, 1758; v. 3, J. Cennick, 1752;  
Arr. Alt. M. Madan, 1760

HELMSLEY 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7 (Second Tune)

M. Madan, 1769

1. Lo! He comes, with clouds de-scend-ing, Once for fa-vored

sin-ners slain; Thou-sand thou-sand saints at-tend-ing Swell the

## Second Coming

tri - umph of His train: Al - - le - lu - ia! Al - - le - lu - ia!

Al - - le - lu - ia! God ap - pears on earth to reign. *A-men.*

### 327 STÖRL 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

J. G. C. Störl, 1734

1. O'ER the dis - tant mount - ains break - ing Comes the red - d'ning dawn of day;

Rise, my soul, from sleep a - wak - ing, Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;

'Tis thy Sav - iour, On His bright re - turn - ing way. *A - men.*

2 O Thou long-expected, weary  
Waits my anxious soul for Thee,  
Life is dark, and earth is dreary,  
Where Thy light I do not see;  
O my Saviour,  
When wilt Thou return to me?

3 Nearer is my soul's salvation,  
Spent the night, the day at hand;  
Keep me in my lowly station,

Watching for Thee, till I stand,  
O my Saviour,  
In Thy bright, Thy promised land,

4 With my lamp well trimm'd and burning,  
Swift to hear and slow to roam,  
Watching for Thy glad returning  
To restore me to my home.  
Come, my Saviour.  
Thou hast promised: quickly come.



# Jesus Christ the Son

328

PENIEL

8s. 61.

J. Booth, 1887

1. Oh, quick-ly come, dread Judge of all; For, aw - ful though Thine ad-vent be,

All shad-ows from the truth will fall, And false-hood die, in sight of Thee:

Oh, quick-ly come; for doubt and fear Like clouds dissolve when Thou art near. A-men.

2 Oh, quickly come, great King of all,  
Reign all around us, and within;  
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,  
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:  
Oh, quickly come; for Thou alone  
Canst make Thy scattered people one.

3 Oh, quickly come, true Life of all;  
For death is mighty all around;  
On every home his shadows fall,

On every heart his mark is found:  
Oh, quickly come; for grief and pain  
Can never cloud Thy glorious reign,

4 Oh, quickly come, sure Light of all;  
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;  
And weakly souls begin to fall  
With weary watching for the day:  
Oh, quickly come; for round Thy throne  
No eye is blind, no night is known.

L. Tuttielt, 1854

329

EATON

C. M. 81.

J. Barnby, 1882

1. LIGHT of the lone - ly pil - grim's heart, Star of the com - ing day,

# Second Coming

A - rise, and with Thy morn - ing beams Chase all our griefs a - way.

Come, bless - ed Lord! let ev - ery shore And an - swer - ing is - land sing

The prais - es of Thy roy - al name, And own Thee as their King. A - men.

2 Bid the whole earth, responsive now  
To the bright world above,  
Break forth in rapturous strains of joy  
In mem'ry of Thy love.

Thine was the cross, with all its fruits  
Of grace and peace divine:  
Be Thine the crown of glory now,  
The palm of victory Thine!

E. Denny, 1848

(Or to Wiltshire, No. 154)

EAGLEY C. M.

(Second Tune)

J. Walch, 1860

1. LIGHT of the lone - ly pil - grim's heart, Star of the com - ing day,  
2. Come, bless - ed Lord! let ev - ery shore And an - swer - ing is - land sing

A - rise, and with Thy morn - ing beams Chase all our griefs a - way.  
The prais - es of Thy roy - al name, And own Thee as their King. A - men.

# Jesus Christ the Son

330 ALLELUIA 8s, 7s. 81.

S. S. Wesley, 1868

1. AL - LE - LU - IA! sing to Je - sus; His the seep - tre, His the throne; Al - le - lu - ia!

His the triumph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone: Hark! the songs of peace ful Zi - on Thun - der like a

might - y flood; Je - sus out of ev - ery na - tion Hath re - deem - ed us by His blood. A - men.

2 Alleluia! not as orphans  
Are we left in sorrow now;  
Alleluia! He is near us,  
Faith believes, nor questions how.  
Though the cloud from sight received Him,  
When the forty days were o'er,  
Shall our hearts forget His promise,  
"I am with you evermore"?

3 Alleluia! Bread of heaven,  
Thou on earth our food, our stay!  
Alleluia! here the sinful  
Flee to Thee from day to day:  
Intercessor, friend of sinners,  
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,  
Where the songs of all the sinless  
Sweep across the crystal sea.

W. C. Dix, 1866

331 AUTUMN 8s, 7s. 81.

L. von Esch, c. 1810

1. MIGHT Y God, while angels bless Thee, May a mor - tal lisp Thy name? Lord of men, as well as an - gels,  
Sound - ed thro' the wide cre - a - tion

Thou art ev - ery creature's theme. Lord of ev - ery land and na - tion, Ancient of e - ter - nal days,  
Be Thy just and end - less praise. A - men.

# Reign and Mediation

2 For the grandeur of Thy nature,  
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;  
For the wonders of creation,  
Works with skill and kindness wrought;  
For Thy providence, that governs  
Through Thine empire's wide domain,  
Wings an angel, guides a sparrow,  
Blessèd be Thy gentle reign.

3 But Thy rich, Thy free redemption,  
Bright, though veiled in darkness long,—  
Thought is poor, and poor expression,—  
Who can sing that wondrous song?

Brightness of the Father's glory,  
Shall Thy praise unuttered lie?  
Break, my tongue, such guilty silence!  
Sing the Lord who came to die.

4 From the highest throne of glory  
To the cross of deepest woe,  
Thou didst stoop to ransom captives;  
Flow my praise, for ever flow.  
Re-ascend, immortal Saviour,  
Leave Thy footstool, take Thy throne:  
Thence return, and reign for ever:  
Be the kingdom all Thine own!

R. Robinson (1735—1790)

332 PARKHURST (St. Hilda) 8s, 7s. 81.

J. Barnby, 1861

1. HAIL, Thou once de-spis-ed Je-sus! Hail, Thou Ga-li-le-an King! Thou didst suf-fer  
to re-lease us; Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring Hail, Thou ag-o-niz-ing Sav-iour,  
Bear-er of our sin and shame! By Thy mer-it we find fa-vor;  
Life is giv-en thro' Thy name. A-men.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,  
All our sins on Thee are laid;  
By almighty love anointed,  
Thou hast full atonement made.  
All Thy people are forgiven  
Through the virtue of Thy blood;  
Opened is the gate of heaven,  
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,  
There for ever to abide;  
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,  
Seated at Thy Father's side.  
There for sinners Thou art pleading,  
There Thou dost our place prepare,  
Ever for us interceding,  
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honor, power and blessing  
Thou art worthy to receive;  
Loudest praises without ceasing,  
Meet it is for us to give.  
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,  
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;  
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,  
Help to chant Emmanuel's praise.

J. Bakewell, 1757—M. Madan—A. M. Toplady



# Jesus Christ the Son

333 MILES LANE C. M.

W. Shreve, 1785

1. And hail the power of Je - sus named! Let an - gels prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy - al

di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all! A - men.

2 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,  
Who fixed this floating ball:  
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

3 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God  
Who from His altar call;  
Exalt the stem of Jesse's root,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransomed of the fall,  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

5 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,  
Whom David Lord did call:

The God Incarnate, Man Divine,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

6 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

7 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

8 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng  
We at His feet may fall,  
Join in the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all!

E. Farnham, 1784; J. Rippen, 1787

## CORONATION C. M.

(Second Time)

G. Holden, 1793

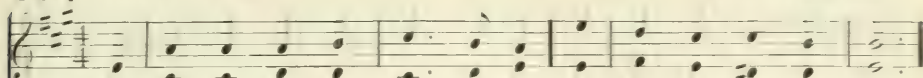
1. And hail the power of Je - sus named! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;  
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord.. of all! A - men.

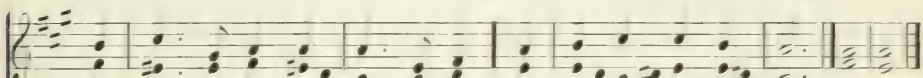
# Reign and Mediation

334 LAUD C. M.

J. H. Dyer 1860



1. COME, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne:



Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one. A-men.



2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,

"To be exalted thus:"

"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,

"For He was slain for us."

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,

And air, and earth, and seas,

Conspire to lift Thy glories high.

And speak Thine endless praise.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and pow'r divine;

And blessings, more than we can give.

Be, Lord, forever Thine.

5 The whole creation join in one  
To bless the sacred Name

Of Him that sits upon the throne,

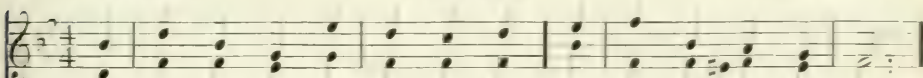
And to adore the Lamb.

*L. W. Mason*

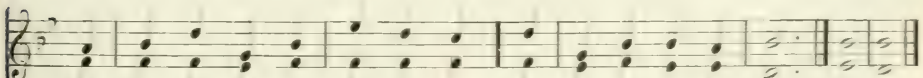
SOUTHWICK C. M.

(Third Tone)

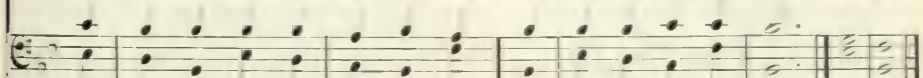
H. Hills (1826—)



1. ALL hail the power of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pro-strate fall;



Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all A-men.



# Jesus Christ the Son

335 JESSICA C. M.

Anon, 1884

1. Ho - san - na! Raise the peal - ing hymn To Da - vid's Son and Lord;  
With cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim Ex - alt th' In - car - nate Word. *A - men.*

(Or to Laud, No. 334)

- 2 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest, Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,  
How vast Thy gifts, how free: But hearts to be Thine own,  
Thy blood, our life; Thy word, our feast; 4 O Saviour, if, redeemed by Thee,  
Thy name, our only plea. Thy temple we behold,  
3 Hosanna, Master! lo, we bring Hosannas through eternity  
Our offerings to Thy throne; We'll sing to harps of gold.

W. H. Havergal, 1833

336 NATIVITY C. M.

H. Lahee, 1855

1. To our Re - deem - er's glo - rious name A - wake the sa - cred song;  
Oh, may His love, im - mor - tal flame, Tune ev - ery heart and tongue! *A - men.*

- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach, 4 Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay  
What mortal tongue display; Our humble thanks to Thee,  
Imagination's utmost stretch May every heart with rapture say,  
In wonder dies away. The Saviour died for me.  
3 Let wonder still with love unite, 5 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme  
And gratitude, and joy; Fill every heart and tongue,  
Be Jesus our supreme delight, Till strangers love Thy charming name,  
His praise our best employ. And join the sacred song.

# Reign and Mediation

## 337 ST. SAVIOUR C. M.

F. G. Baker, 1872

1. O CHRIST, our hope, our heart's de-sire, Re-demp-tion's on-ly spring,  
Cre-a-tor of the world art Thou, Its Sav-iour and its King. A-men.

2 How vast the mercy and the love

Which laid our sins on Thee,  
And led Thee to a cruel death,  
To set Thy people free.

3 But now the bonds of death are burst,  
The ransom has been paid,  
And Thou art on Thy Father's throne,  
In glorious robes arrayed.

4 Oh, may Thy mighty love prevail

Our sinful souls to spare;  
Oh, may we come before Thy throne  
And find acceptance there!

5 O Christ, be Thou our present joy,  
Our future great reward;  
Our only glory may it be  
To glory in the Lord.

Latin (7th or 8th Cent.) Tr. J. Chandler, 1837

## 338 MANCHESTER C. M.

R. Wainwright, 1782

1. BE-HOLD the glo-ries of the Lamb, A-midst His Fa-ther's throne;  
Pre-pare new hon-ors for His name, And songs be-fore un-known. A-men.

2 Let elders worship at His feet,  
The Church adore around,  
With vials full of odors sweet,  
And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,  
And these the hymns they raise;  
Jesus is kind to our complaints,  
He loves to hear our praise.

4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,  
Be endless blessings paid;  
Salvation, glory, joy remain  
Forever on Thy head.

5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,  
Hast set the prisoners free,  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with Thee.



# Jesus Christ the Son

339 LEEDS C. M.

W. Spark, c. 1869

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives And ev-er prays for me;

A tok-en of His love He gives, A pledge of lib-er-ty. A-men.

2 I find Him lifting up my head;  
He brings salvation near;  
His presence makes me free indeed,  
And He will soon appear.

4 Jesus, I hang upon Thy word:  
I steadfastly believe  
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,  
And to Thyself receive.

3 He wills that I should holy be:  
What can withstand His will?  
The counsel of His grace in me  
He surely shall fulfill.

5 When God is mine, and I am His,  
Of Paradise possessed,  
I taste unutterable bliss  
And everlasting rest.

C. Wesley, 1742 A.D.

BRADFORD (Messiah) C. M. (Second Tune)

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1741

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives And ev-er prays for me;

A tok-en of His love He gives, A pledge of lib-er-ty. A-men.

# Reign and Mediation

340 ST. MAGNUS (Nottingham) C. M.

J. Clarke (1670—1707)

1. THE Head that once was crown'd with thorns Is crown'd with glo - ry now;  
A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might-y Vic - tor's brow. A - men.

2 The highest place that heaven affords  
Is His, is His by right,  
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,  
And Heaven's eternal light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,  
The joy of all below,  
To whom He manifests His love  
And grants His name to know.

4 To them the cross with all its shame,  
With all its grace, is given;

Their name an everlasting name,  
Their joy the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,  
They reign with Him above,  
Their profit and their joy to know  
The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,  
Though shame and death to Him:  
His people's hopes, His people's wealth,  
Their everlasting theme.

T. Kelly, 1820

341 BROWN C. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1844

1. THE gold - en gates are lift - ed up, The doors are o - pen'd wide;  
The King of glo - ry is gone up Un - to His Fa - ther's side. A - men.

(Or to St. John's College, No. 513)

2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,  
To make for us a place,  
That we may be where now Thou art,  
And look upon Thy face.

3 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,  
Let Thy dear grace be given,

That while we wander here below,  
Our treasure be in heaven;

4 That where Thou art at God's right hand,  
Our hope, our love may be:  
Dwell Thou in us, that we may dwell  
For evermore in Thee.


# Jesus Christ the Son

342 HAREWOOD 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8


S. S. Wesley (1810—1876)



1. COME, ev - ery pi - ous heart That loves the Sav - iour's name,



Your no - blest pow'r ex - ert To cel - e - brate His fame: Tell all a -



bove, and all be - low, 'The debt or love to Him you owe. A - men.

2 He left His starry crown,  
And laid His robes aside;  
On wings of love came down,  
And wept, and bled, and died:  
What He endured, oh who can tell,  
To save our souls from death and hell?

3 From the dark grave He rose,  
The mansion of the dead;  
And thence His mighty foes  
In glorious triumph led;  
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,  
And reigns on high, the Saviour, God.


4 Jesus, we ne'er can pay  
The debt we owe Thy love;  
Yet tell us how we may  
Our gratitude approve:  
Our hearts, our all, to Thee we give;  
The gift, though small, do Thou receive!

S. Stennett, 1787

# Reign and Mediation

343 GOPSAL 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

G. F. Händel, 1745




1. RE-JOICE, the Lord is King!.... Your Lord and King a - dore!



Mor - tals, give thanks and sing, And tri - umph ev - er - more:

*Unison (optional.)*



Lift up your heart; lift up your voice; Re-joyce! a - gain I say, re-joyce! A-men.

(Or to Darwall, No. 730)

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
The God of truth and love:  
When He had purged our stains,  
He took His seat above.  
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice;  
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

3 He sits at God's right hand,  
Till all His foes submit,  
And bow to His command,  
And fall beneath His feet,  
Lift up your heart; lift up your voice;  
Rejoice! again I say, rejoice!

4 Rejoice in glorious hope.  
Jesus the Judge shall come,  
And take His servants up  
To their eternal home.  
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;  
The trump of God shall sound;—Rejoice!

C. Wesley, 1744 J. Taylor, 1795

(Composed by Händel for this hymn; and in the form here given)



# Jesus Christ the Son

344 PRESCOTT 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7

R. P. Stewart, 1868

1. HARK! ten thou-sand harps and voice-es Sound the note of praise a-bove;

Je-sus reigns, and Heav'n re-joice-es,— Je-sus reigns, the God of love.

See, He sits on yon-der throne: Je-sus rules the world a-lone. A-men.

2 King of glory, reign forever!  
Thine an everlasting crown;  
Nothing from Thy love shall sever  
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own—  
Happy objects of Thy grace,  
Destined to behold Thy face!

3 Saviour, hasten Thine appearing;  
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day  
When, the awful summons hearing,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away;  
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,  
"Glory, glory to our King!"

T. Kelly, 1804

345 HARWELL 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7 With Refrain

L. Mason, 1840

1. { WHO is this that comes from Edom, All His raiment stain'd with blood; } Glorious in the garb He wears, { To the slave proclaiming freedom; Bringing and bestowing good: }

Glorious in the garb He wears,

# Reign and Mediation

*Refrain.*



Glorious in the spoils He bears? Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! A-men. A-men.

Glorious in the spoils He bears?

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,  
Travelling onward in His might;

'Tis the Saviour; oh how glorious,  
To His people is the sight!

Satan conquered, and the grave,  
Jesus now is strong to save.—*Ref.*

3 Why that blood His raiment staining?

'Tis the blood of many slain;  
Of His foes there's none remaining,

None the contest to maintain:

Fallen they are, no more to rise;

All their glory prostrate lies.—*Ref.*

4 Mighty Victor, reign for ever,

Wear the crown so dearly won;

Never shall Thy people, never,

Cease to sing what Thou hast done;

Thou hast fought Thy people's foes;

Thou hast healed Thy people's woes.—*Ref.*

T. Kelly, 1809

346

ALLEN 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

E. Prout, 1865



1. GLO-RY to God on high! Let prais-es fill the sky; Praise ye His name: Angels His



name a-dore, Who all our sorrows bore; And saints cry ev-ermore, "Worthy the Lamb!" A-men.

(Or to St. Austin, No. 15)

2 All they around the throne

Cheerfully join in one,

Praising His name:

We who have felt His blood

Sealing our peace with God,

Spread His dear name abroad;

Worthy the Lamb!

Making a cheerful noise,

And say with heart and voice,

"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join all the human race

Our Lord and God to bless,

Praise ye His name:

In Him we will rejoice,

4 Though we must change our place,

Our souls shall never cease

Praising His name:

To Him we'll tribute bring,

Laud Him, our gracious King,

And, without ceasing, sing,

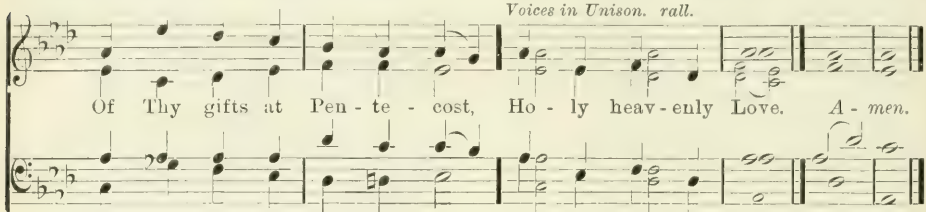
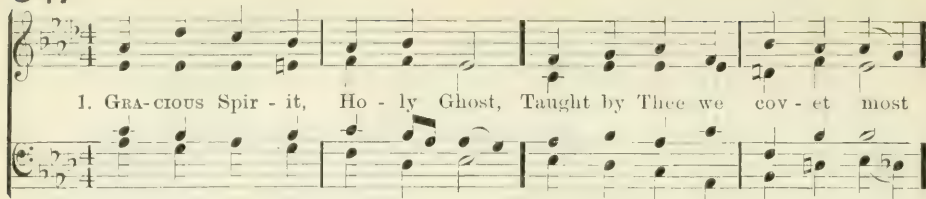
"Worthy the Lamb!"

J. Allen, 1761

# The Holy Ghost

347 CHARITY 7, 7, 7, 5

J. Stainer, 1868



2 Love is kind, and suffers long,  
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,  
Love than death itself more strong;  
Therefore, give us Love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,  
Melting in the light of day;  
Love will ever with us stay;  
Therefore, give us Love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;  
Hope be emptied in delight;

Love in heaven will shine more bright;  
Therefore, give us Love.

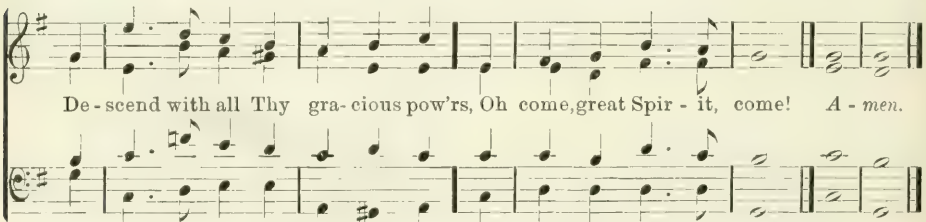
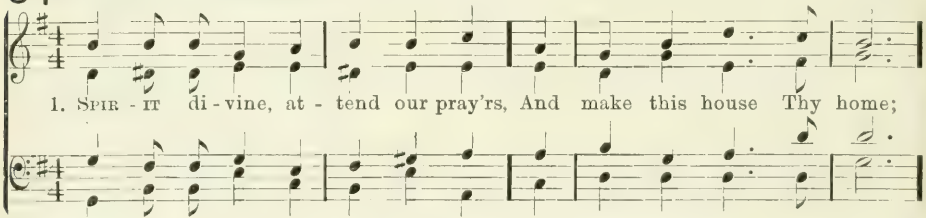
5 Faith and Hope and Love we see,  
Joining hand in hand, agree,  
But the greatest of the three,  
And the best, is Love.

6 From the overshadowing  
Of Thy gold and silver wing,  
Shed on us who to Thee sing,  
Holy heavenly Love.

C. Wordsworth, 1862

348 NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1875



2 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts  
Like sacrificial flame;

Let our whole soul an offering be  
To our Redeemer's name.

3 Come as the dove, and spread Thy wings  
The wings of peaceful love;

And let Thy Church on earth become  
Blest as the Church above.

4 Spirit divine, attend our prayers;  
Make a lost world Thy home;  
Descend with all Thy gracious pow'rs,  
Oh come, great Spirit, come!

# The Holy Ghost

349 MORNINGTON S. M.

Earl of Mornington, 1760

1. COME, Ho - ly Spir - it, come! Let Thy bright beams a - rise;

Dis - pel the dark - ness from our minds, And o - pen all our eyes. A - men.

2 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin;  
Then lead to Jesus' blood;  
And to our wondering view reveal  
The secret love of God.

4 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life on every part,  
And new create the whole.

5 Dwell therefore in our hearts;  
Our minds from bondage free;  
Then shall we know, and praise, and  
The Father, Son, and Thee. [love

J. Hart, 1759 Alt. A. M. Toplady, 1776

350 BUDDINGTON S. M.

H. G. Trembath (1845—)

1. LORD God, the Ho - ly Ghost, In this ac - cept - ed hour,

As on the day of Pen - te - cost, De - scend in all Thy power. A - men

2 We meet with one accord  
In our appointed place,  
And wait the promise of our Lord,  
The Spirit of all grace.

3 The young, the old, inspire  
With wisdom from above;  
And give us hearts and tongues of fire  
To pray, and praise, and love.

4 Spirit of light, explore,  
And chase our gloom away,  
With lustre shining more and more  
Unto the perfect day.

5 Spirit of Truth, be Thou,  
In life and death, our guide;  
O Spirit of Adoption, now  
May we be sanctified!

J. Montgomery, 1819



# The Holy Ghost

351 SALES 8, 8, 6.

F. Champneys

1. To THEE, O Com-fort-er di-vine, For all Thy grace and pow'r be-nign,

Sing we Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

4 To Thee, whose faithful pow'r doth heal,  
Enlighten, sanctify, and seal,  
Sing we Alleluia!

5 To Thee, whose faithful truth is shown  
By every promise made our own,  
Sing we Alleluia!

6 To Thee, our teacher and our friend,  
Our faithful leader to the end,  
Sing we Alleluia!

2 To Thee, whose faithful love had place  
In God's great covenant of grace,  
Sing we Alleluia!

3 To Thee, whose faithful voice doth win  
The wandering from the ways of sin,  
Sing we Alleluia!

7 To Thee, by Jesus Christ sent down,  
Of all His gifts the sum and crown,  
Sing we Alleluia!

8 To Thee, who art with God the Son  
And God the Father ever One,  
Sing we Alleluia!

F. R. Havergal, 1872

352 SOLITUDE (Downes) 7s.

L. T. Downes, 1851

1. Ho-ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;

Chase the shade of night a-way, Turn my dark-ness in-to day. A-men.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,  
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;  
Long has sin, without control,  
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,  
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;

Bid my many woes depart,  
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,  
Dwell within this heart of mine,  
Cast down every idol-throne;  
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

# The Holy Ghost

353 VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS 7s. 6l.

J. H. Knecht (1752—1817)

1. Ho - LY Spir - it, Lord of light, From the clear ce - les - tial height Thy pure beam-ing

ra-diance give. Come, Thou Fa-ther of the poor, Come, with treasures which en-dure,

Come, Thou light of all that live! A-men.

2 Thou of all consoiers best,  
Thou, the soul's delightful guest,  
Dost refreshing peace bestow;  
Thou, in toil, art comfort sweet,  
Pleasant coolness in the heat,  
Solace in the midst of woe.

3 Light immortal, Light divine,  
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,  
And our inmost being fill:  
If Thou take Thy grace away,  
Nothing pure in man will stay,  
All his good is turned to ill.

4 Thou, on those who evermore  
Thee confess, and Thee adore,  
In Thy sevenfold gifts descend;  
Give them comfort when they die;  
Give them life with Thee on high;  
Give them joys that never end.

Robert II. of France Tr. E. Caswall, 1849

LIGHT 7s. 6l.

(Second Tune)

Arr. by Arthur Sullivan (1842—)

1. Ho - LY Spir - it, Lord of light, From the clear ce - les - tial height

Thy pure beam-ing ra-diance give. Come, Thou Fa - ther of the poor,

Come, with treasures which en - dure, Come, Thou light of all that live! A - men.

# The Holy Ghost

354 ST. CUTHBERT S. G. S. 4

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der, last fare-well,  
A Guide, a Com-fort-er, be-queathed With us to dwell. A-men.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious, willing guest,  
While He can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each thought, that calms  
And speaks of heaven. [each fear,

4 And every virtue we possess,  
And every victory won,  
And every thought of holiness  
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see:  
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
And worthier Thee.

H. Auber, 1829

355 GRACE CHURCH L. M.

From I. J. Pleyel, 1800

1. COME, O Cre-a-tor Spir-it blest! And in our souls take up Thy rest;  
Come, with Thy grace and heav'nly aid, To fill the hearts which Thou hast made. A-men.

2 Great Paraclete! to Thee we cry:  
O highest gift of God most high!  
O fount of life! O fire of love!  
And sweet anointing from above!

3 Our senses touch with light and fire;  
Our hearts with charity inspire;  
And with endurance from on high  
The weakness of our flesh supply.

4 Far back our enemy repel,  
And let Thy peace within us dwell;  
So may we, having Thee for guide,  
Turn from each hurtful thing aside.

5 O may Thy grace on us bestow  
The Father and the Son to know,  
And evermore to hold confessed  
Thyself of each the Spirit blest.

# The Holy Ghost

356 ANGELS SONG L. M.

O. Gibbons (1583—1625)

1. COME, dear - est Lord, de-scend, and dwell, By faith and love, in ev - ery breast;

Then shall we know, and taste, and feel, The joys that can-not be expressed. A-men.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength; 3 Now to the God whose power can do  
Make our enlarged souls possess, More than our thoughts or wishes know,  
And learn the height and breadth and length Be everlasting honors done,  
Of Thine unmeasurable grace. By all the church, through Christ His Son.

I. Watts, 1709

357 ST. CRISPIN L. M.

G. J. Elvey (1816—1893)

1. Oh, grant us light, that we may know The wis-dom Thou a - lone canst give;

That truth may guide where'er we go, And vir-tue bless wher-e'er we live. A-men.

2 Oh, grant us light, that we may see  
Where error lurks in human lore,  
And turn our doubting minds to Thee,  
And love Thy simple word the more.

4 Oh, grant us light, in grief and pain,  
To lift our burdened hearts above,  
And count the very cross a gain,  
And bless our Father's hidden love.

3 Oh, grant us light, that we may learn  
How dead is life from Thee apart,  
How sure is joy for all who turn  
To Thee an undivided heart.

5 Oh, grant us light, when, soon or late,  
All earthly scenes shall pass away,  
In Thee to find the open gate  
To deathless home and endless day.

L. Tuttiert, 1864

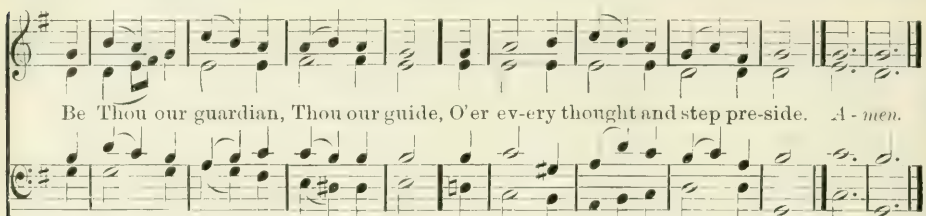
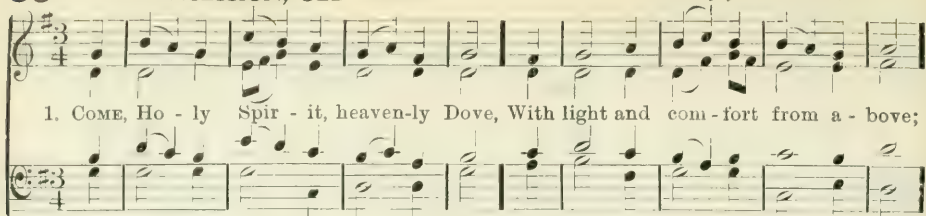


358

## The Holy Ghost

INTERCESSION, OLD L. M.

Arr. by J. P. Dykes, 1862



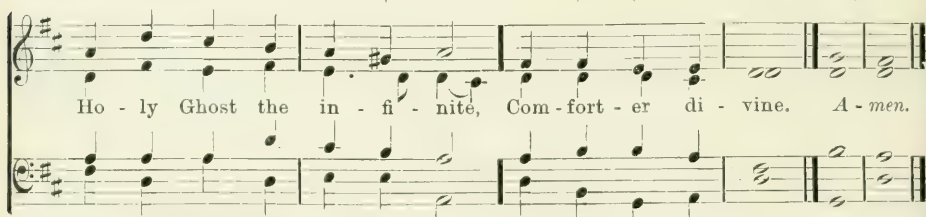
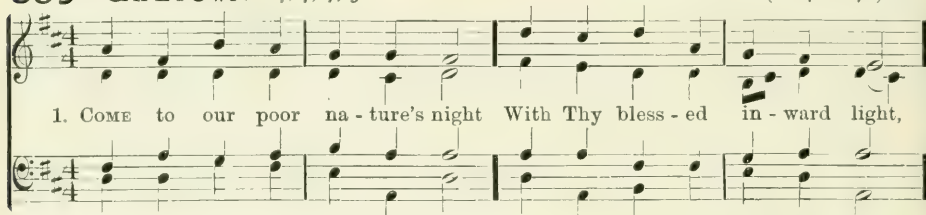
- 2 The light of truth to us display,  
That we may know and choose our way;  
Plant holy fear within each heart,  
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 4 Lead us to holiness, the road  
That we must take to dwell with God.
- 3 Lead us to Christ, the living way,  
Nor let us from His pastures stray;
- 4 Lead us to God; our final rest,  
In His enjoyment to be blest;  
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,  
Where pleasure in perfection is.

S. Browne, 1720 Alt.

359

CAPETOWN 7. 7, 7, 5

F. Filitz (1804-1876)



- 2 We are sinful, cleanse us, Lord;  
Sick and faint, Thy strength afford;  
Lost, until by Thee restored,  
Comforter divine.
- 5 Our unutterable need,  
Comforter divine.
- 3 Like the dew Thy peace distil;  
Guide, subdue our wayward will,  
Things of Christ unfolding still,  
Comforter divine.
- 5 In us, "Abba, Father," cry;  
Earnest of the bliss on high,  
Seal of immortality,  
Comforter divine.
- 4 With us, for us, intercede,  
And with voiceless groanings plead
- 6 Search for us the depths of God;  
Upwards, by the starry road,  
Bear us to Thy high abode,  
Comforter divine.

# The Holy Ghost

360

MAGDALEN (Rest) L. M. 61.

J. Stainer, 1875

1. CRE - A - TOR Spir-it, by whose aid The world's foun-da-tions first were laid,

Come, vis - it ev - ery hum-ble mind; Come, pour Thy joys on hu - man kind;

*Voices in unison.* From sin and sor-row set us free, *Harmony.* And make Thy tem-ples wor - thy Thee. *dim.* A-men.

- 2 O Source of uncreated light,  
The Father's promised Paraclete!  
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,  
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;  
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring  
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, come from on high,  
Rich in Thy sevenfold energy;  
Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practise all that we believe;  
Give us Thyself, that we may see  
The Father and the Son by Thee.
- 4 Immortal honor, endless fame,  
Attend the Almighty Father's Name;  
The Saviour Son be glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died;  
And equal adoration be  
Eternal Paraclete, to Thee.

Tr. J. Dryden, 1693 *All. and Ab.*

# The Holy Ghost

361 ST. TIMOTHY C. M.

H. W. Baker, 1874 Har. by W. H. Monk

1. O Ho - ly Ghost, Thy peo - ple bless, Who long to feel Thy might;

And fain would grow in ho - li - ness, As chil - dren of the light. A - men.

2 To Thee we bring, who art the Lord,  
Ourselves to be Thy throne;  
Let every thought, and deed, and word  
Thy pure dominion own.

Give life and order, light and love,  
Where now is death or sleep.

3 Life-giving Spirit, o'er us move,  
As on the formless deep;

4 Great gift of our ascended King,  
His saving truth reveal;  
Our tongues inspire His praise to sing,  
Our hearts His love to feel.

H. W. Baker, 1874

362 GOUDA C. M.

B. Tours (1838-'89)

1. Why should the chil - dren of a King Go mourn - ing all their days?

Great Com - fort - er, de - scend, and bring Some tok - ens of Thy grace. A - men.

2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,  
And seal the heirs of heaven?  
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,  
And show my sins forgiven?

And bear Thy witness with my heart  
That I am born of God.

3 Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood,

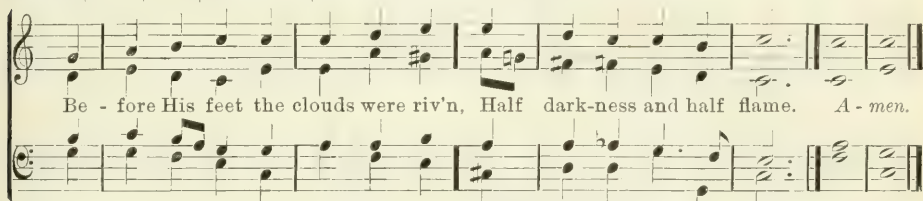
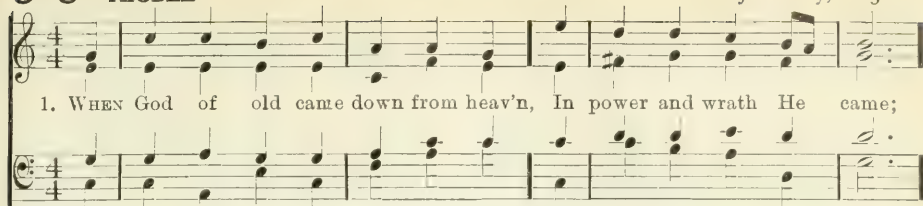
4 Thou art the earnest of His love,  
The pledge of joys to come;  
And Thy soft wings, celestial Dove,  
Will safe convey me home.

363

HIGBEE C. M.

## The Holy Ghost

J. Barnby, 1883



2 But when He came the second time,  
He came in power and love;  
Softer than gale at morning prime,  
Hovered His holy Dove.

3 The fires, that rushed on Sinai down  
In sudden torrents dread,  
Now gently light, a glorious crown,  
On every sainted head.

4 And, as on Israel's awe-struck ear  
The voice exceeding loud,

The trump that angels quake to hear,  
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud;

5 So, when the Spirit of our God  
Came down His flock to find,  
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,  
A rushing mighty wind.

6 Come, Lord, come wisdom, love and pow'r,  
Open our ears to hear;  
Let us not miss th' accepted hour;  
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

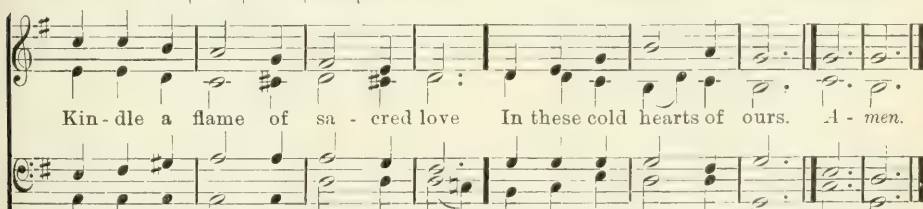
J. Keble, 1807

364

ST. AGNES C. M.

(Or to Balerma, No. 590)

J. B. Dykes, 1866



2 Look, how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys:  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise:  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this poor, dying rate?  
Our love so faint, so cold, to Thee,  
And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

I. Watts, 1707



# The Holy Ghost

365

HERMON 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

J. G. Braun, 1675

1. COME, Ho - ly Ghost, in love, Shed on us from a - bove  
Thine own bright ray: Di - vine - ly good Thou art; Thy sa - cred  
gifts im - part To glad - den each sad heart: Oh come to - day! A - men.

2 Come, tenderest Friend and best,  
Our most delightful guest,  
With soothing power:  
Rest, which the weary know;  
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;  
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow;  
Cheer us this hour.

3 Come, Light, serene and still,  
Our inmost bosoms fill,  
Dwell in each breast;  
We know no dawn but Thine,  
Send forth Thy beams divine,  
On our dark souls to shine,  
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires,  
Extinguish passion's fires,  
Heal every wound;  
Our stubborn spirits bend,  
Our icy coldness end,  
Our devious steps attend,  
While heavenward bound.

5 Come, all the faithful bless;  
Let all who Christ confess,  
His praise employ;  
Give virtue's rich reward,  
Victorious death accord,  
And, with our glorious Lord,  
Eternal joy.

Latin (17th Cent.) Tr. R. Palmer, 1858

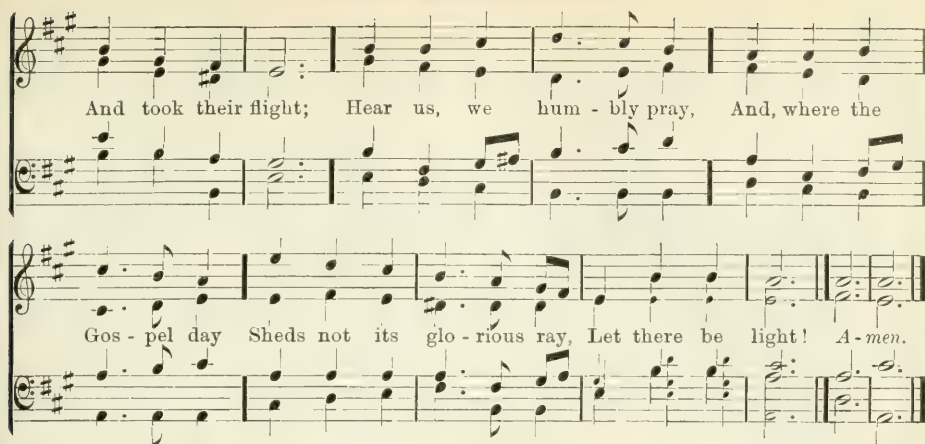
366

FIAT LUX 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. THOU, whose al - might - y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard,

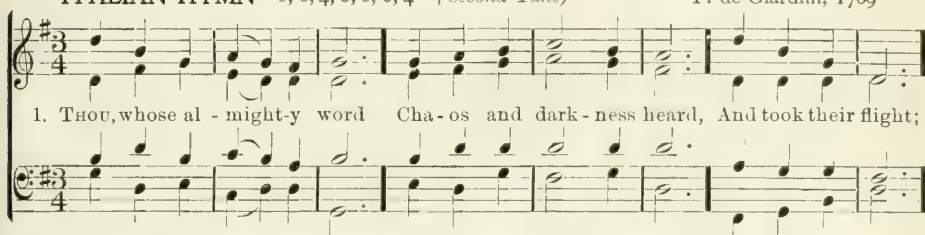
# The Holy Ghost



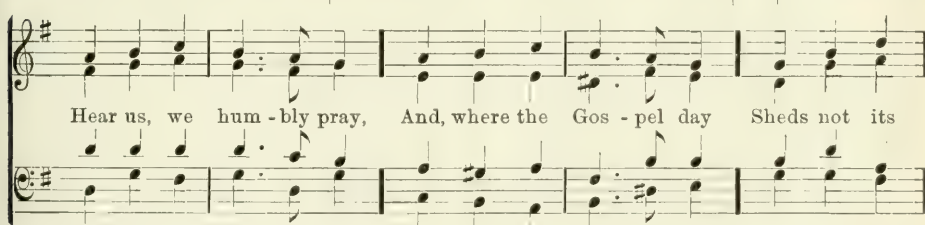
And took their flight; Hear us, we hum - bly pray, And, where the  
Gos - pel day Sheds not its glo - rious ray, Let there be light! A - men.

ITALIAN HYMN 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4 (Second Tune)

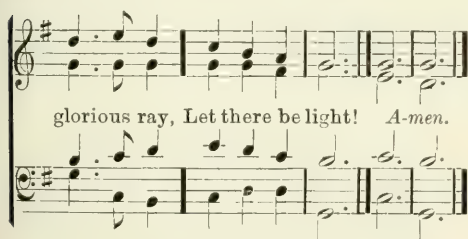
F. de Giardini, 1769



1. Thou, whose al - might-y word Cha - os and dark - ness heard, And took their flight;



Hear us, we hum - bly pray, And, where the Gos - pel day Sheds not its



glorious ray, Let there be light! A - men.

3 Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
Speed forth Thy flight;  
Move on the waters' face  
Spreading the beams of grace,  
And, in earth's darkest place,  
Let there be light!

2 Thou who didst come to bring  
On Thy redeeming wing  
Healing and sight,  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly blind,  
Oh, now, to all mankind,  
Let there be light!

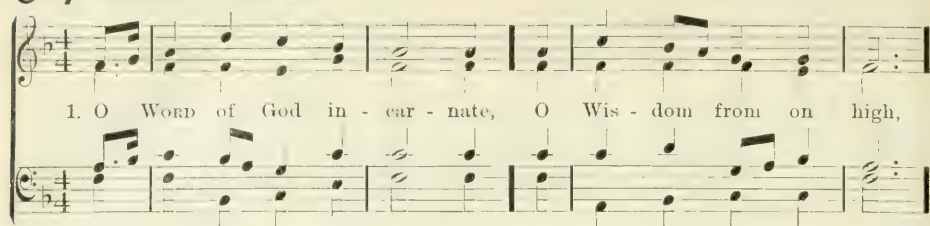
4 Holy and blessèd Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Wisdom, Love, Might;  
Boundless as ocean's tide  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Through the world, far and wide,  
Let there be light!

J. Marriott, c. 1813

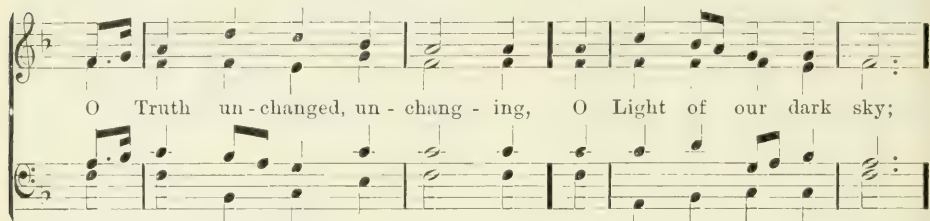
# The Holy Scriptures

367 MUNICH 7s, 6s. 8l.

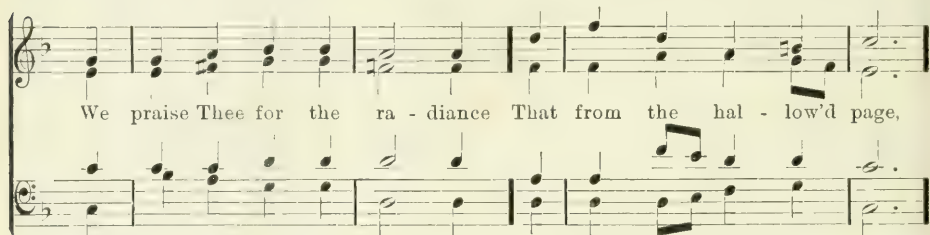
J. G. C. Störl's Choralbuch, 1710



1. O Word of God in - ear - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,



O Truth un - changed, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;



We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - low'd page,



A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age. A - men.

(Or to Aurelia, No. 633 Or to Chenies, No. 117)

2 The Church from her dear Master  
Received the gift divine,  
And still that light she lifteth  
O'er all the earth to shine.  
It is the golden casket  
Where gems of truth are stored,  
It is the heaven-drawn picture  
Of Christ, the living Word.

3 It floateth like a banner  
Before God's host unfurled;  
It shineth like a beacon  
Above the darkling world;

It is the chart and compass  
That o'er life's surging sea,  
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,  
Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.

4 Oh, make Thy Church, dear Saviour,  
A lamp of purest gold,  
To bear before the nations  
Thy true light as of old;  
O teach Thy wandering pilgrims  
By this their path to trace,  
Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
They see Thee face to face.

# The Holy Scriptures

DIES DOMINICA 7s. 6s. 8l. (Second Tune)

J. B. Dykes, 1870

1. O WORD of God in - car-nate, O Wis-dom from on high, O Truth unchanged, un-  
chang-ing, O Light of our dark sky; We praise Thee for the ra-diance That  
from the hallow'd page, A lantern to our foot-steps, Shines on from age to age. A-men.

## 368 DALLAS 7s.

Arr. fr. M. L. Cherubini (1760—1842)

1. SPREAD, oh, spread, Thou might-y word, Spread the king-dom of the Lord,  
Where-so - e'er His breath has given Life to be-ings meant for heaven. A - men.

(Or to Ravenna [Vienna], No. 149)

- 2 Tell them how the Father's will  
Made the world, and keeps it still;  
How He sent His Son to save  
All who help and comfort crave.
- 3 Word of life, most pure and strong,  
Lo, for Thee the nations long:

- Spread, till from its dreary night  
All the world awakes to light.
- 4 Lord of harvest, let there be  
Joy and strength to work for Thee;  
Let the nations, far and near,  
See Thy light, and learn Thy fear.



# The Holy Scriptures

369 CÆLI 7s, 6s. 8l.

R. P. Stewart (1825—1894)

1. THE heav'ns declare Thy glo - ry, The firm - a - ment Thy pow'r; Day un - to day the

sto - ry Re - peats from hour to hour; Night un - to night re - ply - ing Proclaims in

ev - ery land, O Lord, with voice un - dy - ing, The won - ders of Thy hand. A - men.

- 2 The sun with royal splendor  
Goes forth to chant Thy praise;  
And moonbeams soft and tender  
Their gentler anthem raise :  
O'er ev'ry tribe and nation  
That music strange is poured;  
The song of all creation  
To Thee, creation's Lord.
- 3 How perfect, just, and holy  
The precepts Thou hast given!  
Still making wise the lowly,  
They lift the thoughts to heaven;  
How pure, how soul-restoring  
Thy gospel's heavenly ray,  
A brighter radiance pouring  
Than noon of brightest day!
- 4 Thy statutes, Lord, with gladness  
Rejoice the humble heart;  
And guilty fear and sadness  
From contrite souls depart:

- Thy word hath richer treasure  
Than dwells within the mine,  
And sweetness beyond measure  
Attends Thy voice divine.
- 5 Oh who can make confession  
Of every secret sin;  
Or keep from all transgression  
His spirit pure within?  
But let me never boldly  
From Thy commands depart,  
Or render to Thee coldly  
The service of my heart.
- 6 All heaven on high rejoices  
To do its Maker's will;  
The stars with solemn voices  
Resound Thy praises still:  
So let my whole behaviour,  
Thoughts, words, and actions be,  
O Lord, my strength, my Saviour,  
One ceaseless song to Thee.

# The Holy Scriptures

370 EVANGELIST 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

German, 1738



1. COME, pure hearts, in sweet-est meas-ures Sing of those who spread the treas-ures



In the ho - ly Gos - pel shrined; Bless - ed tid - ings of sal - va - tion,



Peace on earth their proc-la - mation, Love from God to lost man-kind. A - men.



2 See the rivers four that gladden  
With their streams the better Eden,  
Planted by our Saviour dear:  
Christ the fountain, these the waters;  
Drink, O Zion's sons and daughters,  
Drink, and find salvation here.

3 Here our souls, by Jesus sated,  
More and more shall be translated  
Earth's temptations far above:  
Freed from sin's abhorred dominion,  
Soaring on angelic pinion,  
They shall reach the source of love.

4 Then shall thanks and praise ascending,  
For Thy mercies without ending,  
Rise to Thee, O Saviour blest:  
With Thy gracious aid defend us;  
Let Thy guiding light attend us;  
Bring us to Thy place of rest.

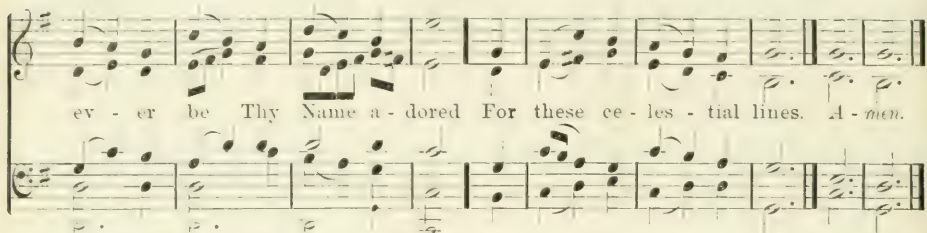
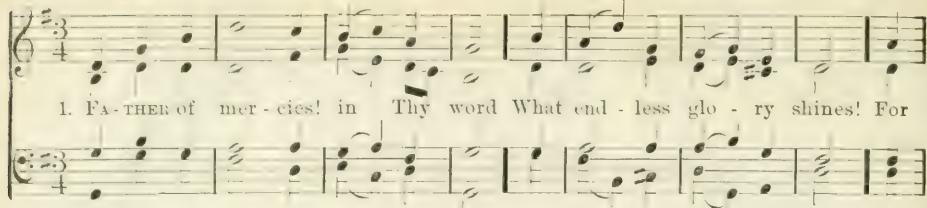
Adam of St. Victor, 1150 Tr. R. Campbell, 1850

371

CHESTERFIELD C. M.

## The Holy Scriptures

T. Haweis (1733—1820)



2 Here may the wretched sons of want,  
Exhaustless riches find;  
Riches above what earth can grant,  
And lasting as the mind.

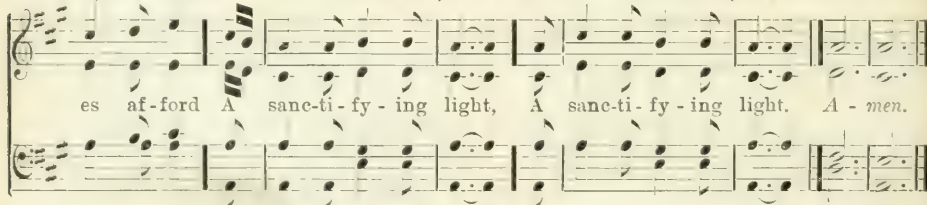
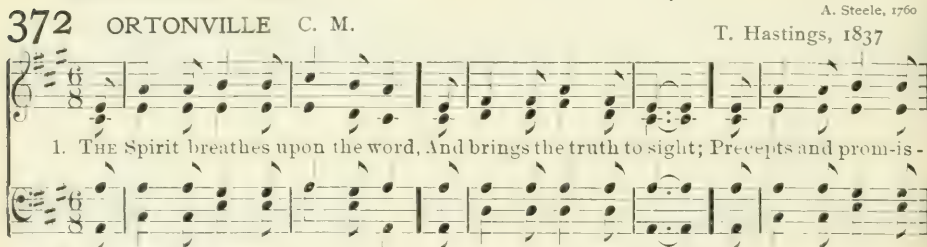
3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice  
Spreads heavenly peace around;  
And life and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be  
My ever dear delight;  
And still new beauties may I see,  
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,  
Be Thou for ever near;  
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,  
And view my Saviour there.

A. Steele, 1760

T. Hastings, 1837



(Or to Southwell, No. 794)

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic like the sun;  
It gives a light to every age;  
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave it still supplies  
The gracious light and heat;  
His truths upon the nations rise;  
They rise, but never set.

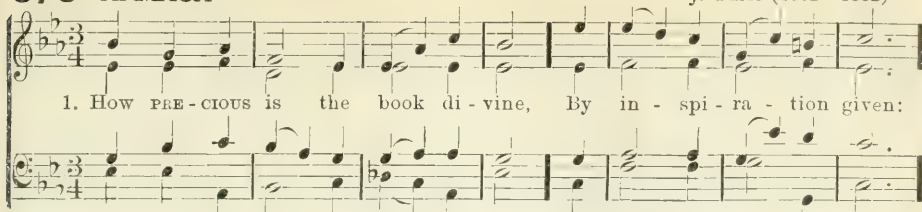
4 Let everlasting thanks be Thine,  
For such a bright display  
As makes a world of darkness shine  
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue  
The steps of Him I love,  
Till glory breaks upon my view  
In brighter worlds above.

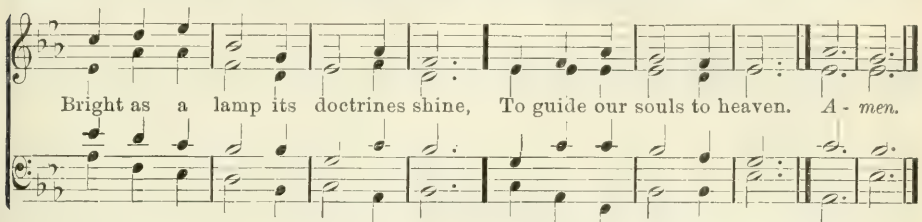
# The Holy Scriptures

## 373 ARMAGH C. M.

J. Turle (1802—1882)



1. HOW PRE-CIOUS is the book di-vine, By in-spi-ra-tion given:



Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to heaven. A-men.

- 2 Its light, descending from above,  
Our gloomy world to cheer,  
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,  
And brings His glories near.
- 3 It shows to man his wandering ways,  
And where his feet have trod;  
And brings to view the matchless grace  
Of a forgiving God.

- 4 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,  
In this dark vale of tears;  
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,  
And quells our rising fears.
- 5 This lamp, through all the tedious night  
Of life, shall guide our way,  
Till we behold the clearer light  
Of an eternal day.

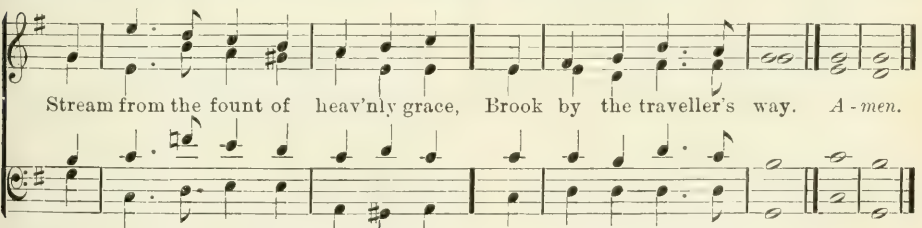
J. Fawcett, 1782 *Ab.*

## 374 NOX PRÆCESSIT C. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1875



1. LAMP of our feet, where-by we trace Our path, when wont to stray,



Stream from the fount of heav'nly grace, Brook by the traveller's way. A-men.

- 2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed,  
True manna from on high;  
Our guide and chart, wherein we read  
Of realms beyond the sky:
- 3 Pillar of fire, through watches dark,  
Or radiant cloud by day;  
When waves would 'whelm our tossing  
Our anchor and our stay: [bark,

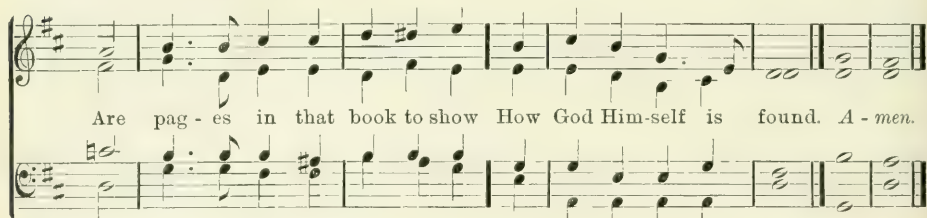
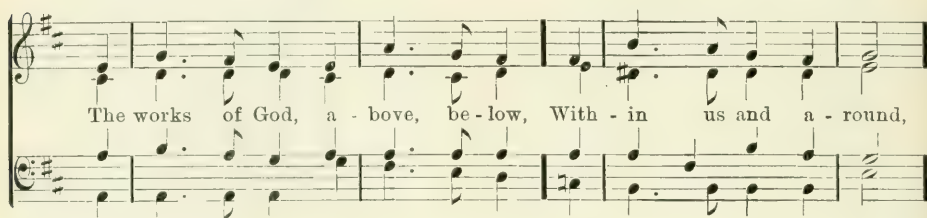
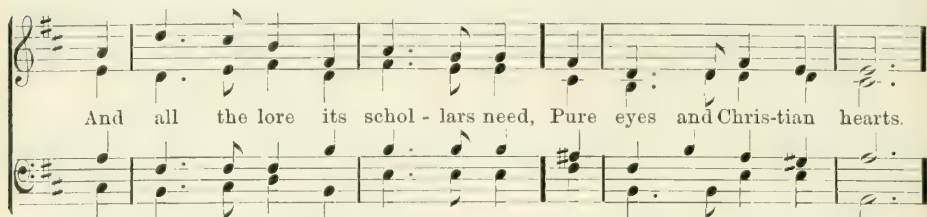
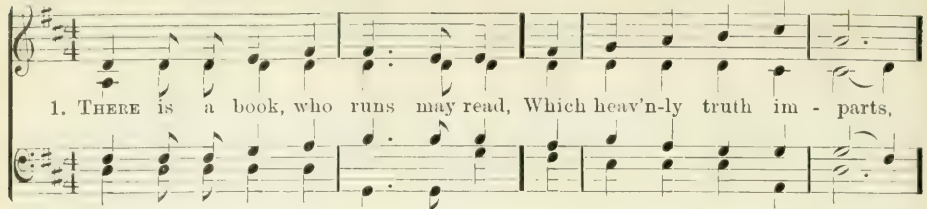
- 4 Word of the ever-living God,  
Will of His glorious Son;  
Without Thee how could earth be trod,  
Or heaven itself be won?
- 5 Lord, grant us all aright to learn  
The wisdom it imparts;  
And to its heavenly teaching turn,  
With simple, childlike hearts.



# The Holy Scriptures

375 HOLY WORD C. M. 81.

J. Barnby (1838—1896)



2 The glorious sky, embracing all,  
Is like the Maker's love,  
Wherewith encompassed great and small  
In peace and order move.  
The moon above, the church below,  
A wondrous race they run;  
But all their radiance, all their glow,  
Each borrows of its sun.

3 The Saviour lends the light and heat  
That crowns His holy hill;  
The saints, like stars, around His seat  
Perform their courses still.  
The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,  
It steals in silence down;  
But, where it lights, the favored place  
By richest fruits is known.

4 One Name above all glorious names,  
With its ten thousand tongues,  
The everlasting sea proclaims,  
Echoing angelic songs.  
The raging fire, the roaring wind,  
Thy boundless power display;  
But in the gentler breeze we find  
The Spirit's viewless way.

5 Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin  
Forbids us to descry  
The mystic heaven and earth within,  
Plain as the sea and sky.  
Thou, who hast given me eyes to see  
And love this sight so fair,  
Give me a heart to find out Thee  
And read Thee everywhere.

# The Holy Scriptures

376 ALFRETON L. M.

Anon., 1703

1. God, in the Gos-pel of His Son, Makes His e - ter-nal coun-sels known;

'Tis here His rich-est mer-cy shines, And truth is drawn in fair-est lines. A-men.

2 Here, sinners of a humble frame  
May taste His grace, and learn His name;  
May read, in characters of blood,  
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.

3 The prisoner here may break his chains;  
The weary rest from all his pains;  
The captive feel his bondage cease,  
The mourner find the way of peace.

4 Here, faith reveals, to mortal eyes,  
A brighter world beyond the skies;  
Here, shines the light which guides our way  
From earth to realms of endless day.

5 Oh, grant us grace, Almighty Lord!  
To read and mark Thy Holy Word,  
Its truths with meekness to receive,  
And by its holy precepts live.

B. Beddome, 1787 Alt. T. Cotterill, 1819

377 RAVENSHAW 6s. (Or to St. Cyprian, No. 283)

German Hy. A. & M., 243

1. LORD, Thy word a - bid - eth, And our foot-steps guid-eth; Who its truth be-liev - eth

Light and joy re - ceiv - eth. A-men.

Then its light directeth,  
And our way protecteth.

4 Who can tell the pleasure,  
Who recount the treasure,  
By Thy word imparted  
To the simple-hearted?

5 Word of mercy, giving  
Succor to the living;  
Word of life, supplying  
Comfort to the dying!

6 Oh, that we, discerning  
Its most holy learning,  
Lord, may love and fear Thee!  
Evermore be near Thee!

2 When our foes are near us,  
Then Thy word doth cheer us;  
Word of consolation,  
Message of salvation.

3 When the storms are o'er us,  
And dark clouds before us,

# Invitation

378 BENTLEY 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. Hullah, 1867

1. "COME un-to Me, ye wea-ry, And I will give you rest." O bless-ed voice of

Je-sus, Which comes to hearts op-pressed! It tells of ben-e-dic-tion, Of par-don,

grace, and peace, Of joy that hath no end-ing, Of love which cannot cease. A-men.

2 "Come unto Me, dear children,  
And I will give you light."  
O loving voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to cheer the night.  
Our hearts were filled with sadness,  
And we had lost our way;  
But He has brought us gladness  
And songs at break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye weary,  
And I will give you life."  
O cheering voice of Jesus,  
Which comes to aid our strife,

The foe is stern and eager,  
The fight is fierce and long;  
But Thou hast made us mighty  
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh  
I will not cast him out."  
O welcome voice of Jesus,  
Which drives away our doubt,  
Which calls us, very sinners,  
Unworthy though we be  
Of love so free and boundless,  
To come, dear Lord, to Thee.

W. C. Dix, 1867

COME UNTO ME 7s, 6s. 8l. (Second Time)

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. "COME un-to Me, ye wea-ry, And I will give you rest."

# Invitation

*Cres.*  
*p* O bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest!  
*mf.* It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,  
*f* Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can-not cease. *rall.* A - men.

ENTREATY 7s, 6s. 8l.

(Third Tune)

J. Barnby, 1883

1. "COME un-to Me, ye wea-ry, And I will give you rest." O bless-ed voice of  
 Je - sus, Which comes to hearts opprest! It tells of ben - e - dic-tion, Of par-don,  
 grace and peace, Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which cannot cease. A-men.

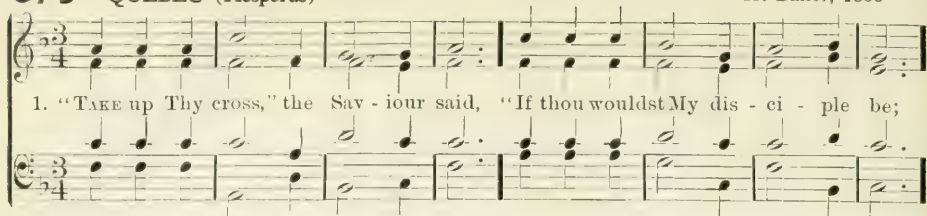


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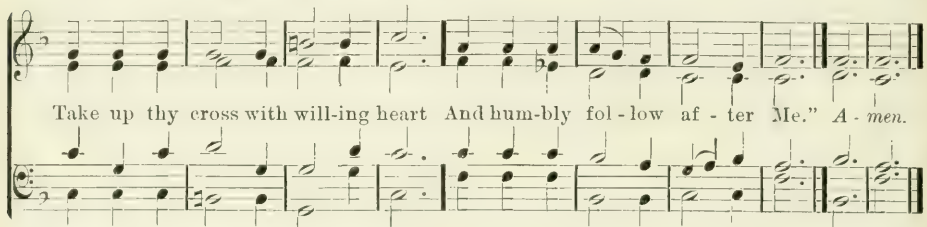
379

QUEBEC (Hesperus) L. M.

H. Baker, 1866



1. "TAKE up Thy cross," the Sav - iour said, "If thou wouldst My dis - ci - ple be;



Take up thy cross with will-ing heart And hum-bly fol-low af - ter Me." A - men."

2 Take up thy cross; let not its weight  
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;  
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,  
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,  
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross and follow Christ,  
Nor think till death to lay it down;

3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;  
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;

For only he who bears the cross  
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

C. W. Everest, 1833

380

SERVETUS L. M.

E. G. Monk (1819—1900)



1. GOD call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?



Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-ber lie? A - men."

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?  
Can I His loving voice despise,  
And basely His kind care repay?  
He calls me still; can I delay?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give  
No heed, but still in bondage live?  
I wait, but He does not forsake;  
He calls me still: my heart, awake!

3 God calling yet! and shall He knock,  
And I my heart the closer lock?  
He still is waiting to receive,  
And shall I dare His Spirit grieve?

5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;  
My heart I yield without delay.  
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;  
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

# Invitation

381 MONSELL (St. Andrew) S. M.

J. Barnby, 1866

1. THE Spir - it in our hearts Is whis-pering, "Sin-ner, come;" The  
Bride, the Church of Christ, pro-claims To all His chil-dren, "Come." A - men.

2 Let him that heareth, say  
To all about him, "Come;"  
Let him that thirsts for righteousness  
To Christ, the fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,  
O let him freely come,

And freely drink the stream of life:  
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo, Jesus, who invites,  
Declares, "I quickly come;"  
Lord, even so; I wait Thine hour;  
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

H. U. Onderdonk, 1826

382 ST. LAWRENCE L. M.

L. G. Hayne, 1863

1. BE - HOLD, the Mas-ter pass-eth by! Oh seest thou not His plead-ing eye?  
With low sad voice He call-eth thee, "Leave this vain world and fol-low Me." A-men.

2 O soul, bowed down with harrowing care,  
Hast thou no thought for heaven to spare?  
From earthly toils lift up thine eye;  
Behold, the Master passeth by!

3 One heard Him calling long ago,  
And straightway left all things below,  
Counting his earthly gain as loss  
For Jesus and His blessed cross.

4 That "Follow Me" his faithful ear  
Seemed every day afresh to hear;  
Its echoes stirred his spirit still,  
And fired his hope, and nerved his will.

5 God gently calls us every day:  
Why should we then our bliss delay?  
Thou, Lord, e'en now art calling me,—  
I will leave all, and follow Thee.

# 383 COME 7s.

## Invitation

G. M. Garrett, 1872

1. COME, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make My paths your choice;

I will guide you to your home, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come. A - men.

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,  
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
Long hast roamed the barren waste,  
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,  
In remorse for guilt who mourn;  
4 Hither come, for here is found  
Balm that flows for every wound,  
Peace that ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,  
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;

Mrs. A. L. Barbault, 1792

# 384 ST. BEES 7s.

J. B. Dykes, 1874

1. HARK! my soul, it is the Lord, 'Tis thy Sav - iour, hear His word:

Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee: "Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou Me? A - men.

2 "I delivered thee when bound,  
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound,  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.

3 "Can a woman's tender care  
Cease towards the child she bare?  
Yes, she may forgetful be;  
Yet will I remember thee.

5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done;  
Partner of My Throne shalt be:  
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above,

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint;  
Yet I love Thee and adore;  
Oh, for grace to love Thee more!

# Invitation

385 BLUMENTHAL 7s. 81.

J. Blumenthal, 1847

1. SIN - NERS, turn! Why will ye die? God your Mak - er asks you why,

God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with Him - self to live,

He the fa - tal cause de - mands, Asks the work of His own hands;

Why, ye thank-less creatures, why Will ye cross His love and die? A - men.

2 Sinners, turn! Why will ye die?  
 God your Saviour asks you why,  
 God, who did your souls retrieve,  
 God, who died that ye might live.  
 Will ye let Him die in vain,  
 Crucify the Lord again?  
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why  
 Will ye slight His grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn! Why will ye die?  
 God, the Spirit, asks you why,  
 God, who all your lives hath strove,  
 Wooed you to embrace His love.  
 Will you not the grace receive?  
 Will you still refuse to live?  
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why  
 Will ye grieve your God and die?



# Invitation

386 STEPHANOS 8, 5, 8, 3

H. W. Baker, 1861

1. ART thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and, com - ing, Be at rest." A - men.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,<br>If He be my guide?<br>"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,<br>And His side." | 5 If I still hold closely to Him,<br>What hath He at last?<br>"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,<br>Jordan passed."            |
| 3 Is there diadem, as monarch,<br>That His brow adorns?<br>"Yea, a crown, in very surety,<br>But of thorns."           | 6 If I ask Him to receive me,<br>Will He say me nay?<br>"Not till earth and not till heaven<br>Pass away."                   |
| 4 If I find Him, if I follow,<br>What His guerdon here?<br>"Many a sorrow, many a labor,<br>Many a tear."              | 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,<br>Is He sure to bless?<br>"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,<br>Answer, Yes." |

J. M. Neale, 1862

BULLINGER 8, 5, 8, 3 (Second Tune)

E. W. Bullinger, 1877

1. ART thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and, com - ing, Be..... at rest." A - men.

# Invitation

387 RATISBON 7s. 6l.

J. Crüger (Psalmodia sacra), 1658

1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Sav - iour deigns to die,

What me - lo - dious sounds I hear, Burst - ing on my rav - ished ear:

"Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come. A - men.

2 "Spread for thee, the festal board  
See with richest dainties stored;  
To thy Father's bosom pressed,  
Yet again a child confessed,  
Never from His house to roam:  
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

3 "Soon the days of life shall end;  
Lo, I come, your Saviour, friend,  
Safe your spirit to convey  
To the realms of endless day,  
Up to My eternal home:  
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

T. Haweis, 1792 Ab.

ROCK OF AGES (Elvey) 7s. 6l. (Second Tune)

G. J. Elvey (1816—1893)

1. From the cross up - lift - ed high, Where the Sav - iour deigns to die,

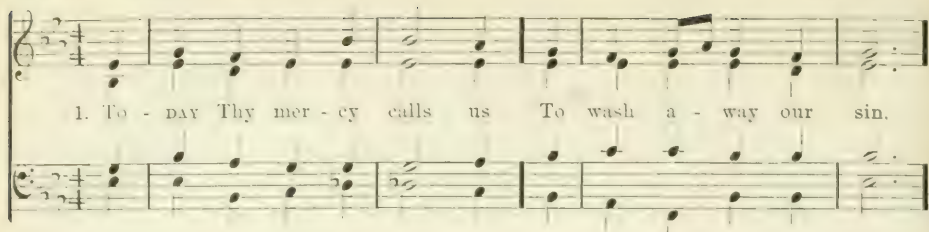
What me - lo - dious sounds I hear, Burst - ing on my rav - ished ear:

"Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Come and wel - come, sin - ner, come. A - men.

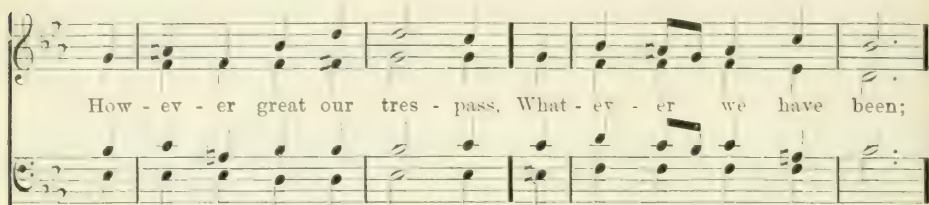
# Invitation

388 TO-DAY · 7s. 6s. 8l.

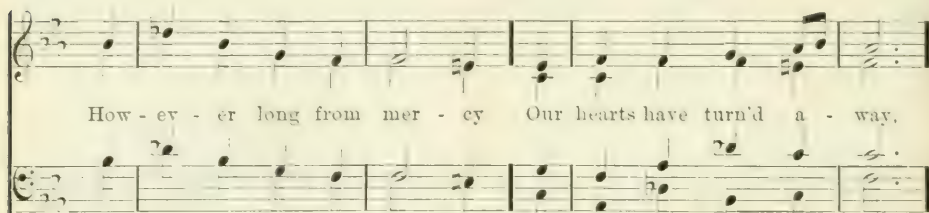
J. Barnby, 1883



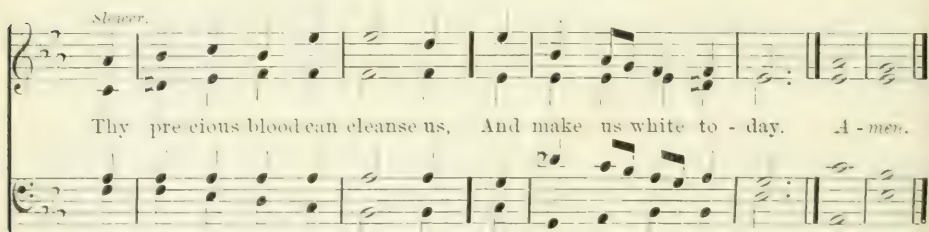
1. To - day Thy mer - cy calls us To wash a - way our sin.



How - ev - er great our tres - pass, What - ev - er we have been;



How - ev - er long from mer - cy Our hearts have turn'd a - way.



*slower.*  
Thy pre - cious blood can cleanse us, And make us white to - day. A - men.

2 To-day Thy gate is open,  
And all who enter in  
Shall find a Father's welcome,  
And pardon for their sin.  
The past shall be forgotten,  
A present joy be given,  
A future grace be promised,  
A glorious crown in heaven.

3 To-day our Father calls us,  
His Holy Spirit waits;  
His blessed angels gather  
Around the heavenly gates.

No question will be asked us  
How often we have come;  
Although we oft have wandered,  
It is our Father's home.

4 O all-embracing mercy!  
O ever-open door!  
What should we do without Thee  
When heart and eye run o'er?  
When all things seem against us,  
To drive us to despair,  
We know one gate is open,  
One ear will hear our prayer.

# Salvation

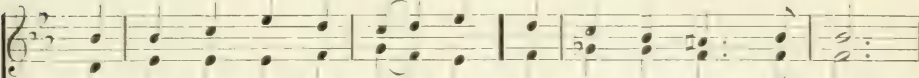
389 LUX MUNDI 7s, 6s. 8l.

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

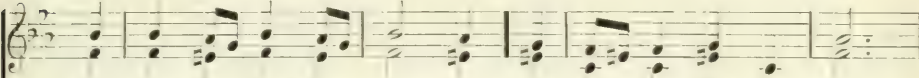
*Not too fast.*



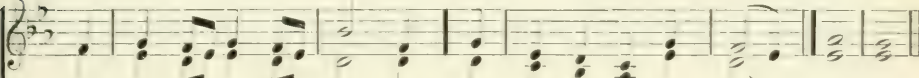
1. We stand in deep re - pent - ance Be - fore Thy throne of love;



O God of grace, for - give us, The stain of guilt re - move;



Be - hold us while with weep - ing We lift our eyes to Thee.



And, all our sins sub - du - ing, Our Fa - ther, set us free. A - men.

(Or to Union Square, No. 480 Or to To-day, opposite)

2 O shouldst Thou from us, fallen,  
Withhold Thy grace to guide,  
Forever we should wander  
From Thee, and peace, aside;  
But Thou to spirits contrite  
Dost light and life impart,  
That man may learn to serve Thee,  
With thankful, joyous heart.

3 Our souls—on Thee we cast them,  
Our only refuge Thou!  
Thy cheering words revive us,  
When pressed with grief we bow:  
Thou bear'st the trusting spirit  
Upon Thy loving breast,  
And givest all Thy ransomed  
A sweet, unending rest.

Tr. R. Palmer. 1834



# Salvation

390

GETHSEMANE (Redhead 76) 7s. 61.

R. Redhead, 1853

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. A-men.

ROCK OF AGES (Dykes) 7s. 61. (Second Time)

J. B. Dykes, 1872

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. A-men.

# Salvation

HURSTLEIGH 7s. 6l.

(Third Tune)

H. Leslie (1822—1896)

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. A - men.

2 Not the labors of my hands  
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;  
Simply to Thy cross I cling;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress;

Helpless, look to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly:  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die?

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne;  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee!

A. M. Toplady, 1776

TOPLADY 7s. 6l.

(Fourth Tune)

T. Hastings, 1830

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;

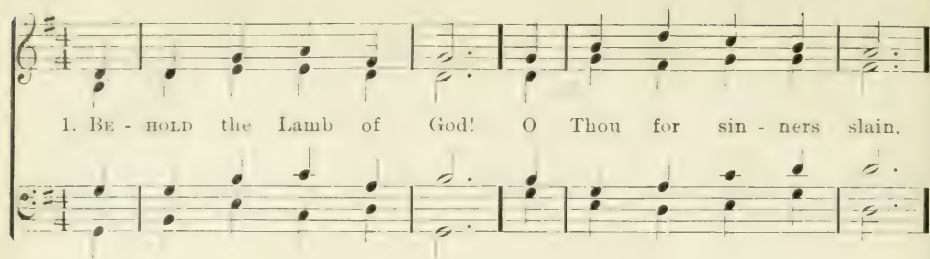
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power. A - men.

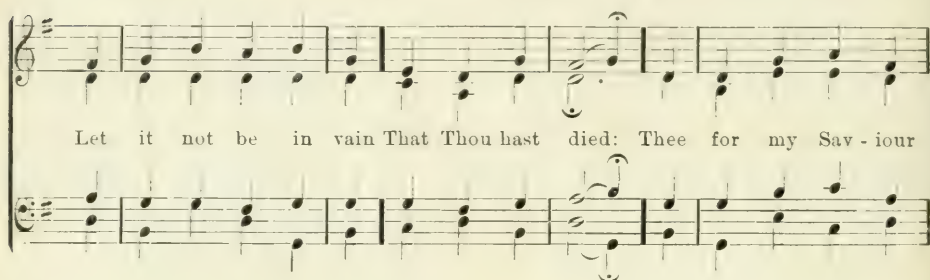
# Salvation

39I ECCE AGNUS 6, 6, 6, 4, 8, 8, 4

Old Melody



1. BE - HOLD the Lamb of God! O Thou for sin - ners slain,



Let it not be in vain That Thou hast died: Thee for my Sav - iour



let me take, My on - ly ref - uge let me make Thy pierc - ed side. A - men.

2 Behold the Lamb of God!  
 Into the sacred flood  
 Of Thy most precious blood  
 My soul I cast;  
 Wash me and make me clean within,  
 And keep me pure from every sin,  
 Till life be past.

3 Behold the Lamb of God!  
 All hail, incarnate Word,  
 Thou everlasting Lord,  
 Saviour most blest;  
 Fill us with love that never faints,  
 Grant us, with all Thy blessed saints,  
 Eternal rest.

4 Behold the Lamb of God!  
 Worthy is He alone  
 That sitteth on the throne  
 Of God above;  
 One with the Ancient of all days,  
 One with the Comforter in praise,  
 All light and love.

M. Eridges, 1848

# Salvation

392 SPRINGCROFT 7s.

R. De W. Mallary, 1895

Copyright, 1906, by The Century Co.

1. PRINCE of Peace, con - trol my will; Bid this strug-gling heart be still;  
 Bid my fears and doubt-ings cease; Hush my spir-it in - to peace. A - men.

- 2 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,  
 Opened wide the gate to God.  
 Peace I ask, but peace must be,  
 Lord, in being one with Thee.  
 3 May Thy will, not mine, be done,  
 May Thy will and mine be one;

- Chase these doubtings from my heart,  
 Now Thy perfect peace impart.  
 4 Saviour, at Thy feet I fall,  
 Thou my life, my God, my all!  
 Let Thy happy servant be  
 One for evermore with Thee.

M. S. B. Shindler, 1858

393 REMEMBER ME (Holy Cross) C. M.

Anon.

1. JE - SUS, Thou art the sin - ner's friend: As such I look to Thee;  
 Now, in the ful-ness of Thy love, O Lord, re-mem-ber me. A - men.

- 2 Remember Thy pure word of grace,  
 Remember Calvary;  
 Remember all Thy dying groans,  
 And then remember me.  
 3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God,  
 I yield myself to Thee;  
 While Thou art sitting on Thy throne,  
 Dear Lord, remember me.

- 4 Lord, I am guilty, I am vile,  
 But Thy salvation's free;  
 Then in Thine all-abounding grace,  
 Dear Lord, remember me.  
 5 And when I close my eyes in death,  
 When creature-helps all flee,  
 Then, O my dear Redeemer God,  
 I pray, remember me.

R. Burnham, 1783



# Salvation

394 NEWCASTLE 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

H. L. Morley

1. E - TER - NAL Light! e - ter - nal Light! How pure the soul must be,

When, placed with - in Thy search - ing sight, It shrinks not, but with

calm de - light Can live, and look on Thee! A - men.

(Or to Ravensbourne, opposite)

2 The spirits that surround Thy throne  
May bear the burning bliss;  
But that is surely theirs alone,  
Since they have never, never known  
A fallen world like this.

3 Oh, how shall I, whose native sphere  
Is dark, whose mind is dim,  
Before the Ineffable appear,  
And on my naked spirit bear  
The uncreated beam?

4 There is a way for man to rise  
To that sublime abode,—  
An offering and a sacrifice,  
A Holy Spirit's energies,  
An advocate with God.

5 These, these prepare us for the sight  
Of holiness above:  
The sons of ignorance and night  
May dwell in the eternal Light,  
Through the eternal Love.

# Salvation

## 395 SERENITY S. M.

C. Bryan (1775—1840)

1. Oh CEASE, my wandering soul,.... On rest - less wing to roam;

All the wide world, to ei - ther pole, Has not for thee a home. A-men.

2 Behold the ark of God,  
Behold the open door;  
Hasten to gain that dear abode,  
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,  
There sweet shall be thy rest,  
And every longing satisfied,  
With full salvation blest.

W. A. Muhlenberg, 1826

## 396 RAVENSBORNE 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

F. C. Maker (1844—)

1. O SAVIOUR, where shall guilty man Find rest ex-cept in Thee? Thine was the war-fare

with his foe, The cross of pain, the cup of woe, And Thine the vic-to - ry. A-men.

2 How came the everlasting Son,  
The Lord of life, to die?  
Why didst Thou meet the tempter's  
power,  
Why, Jesus, in Thy dying hour,  
Endure such agony?

That ours might be Thy perfect life,  
Thy thorny crown, Thy cross, Thy strife,  
And ours the victory.

3 To save us by Thy precious blood,  
To make us one in Thee,

4 Oh, make us worthy, gracious Lord,  
Of all Thy love to be;  
To Thy blest will our wills incline,  
That unto death we may be Thine,  
And ever live in Thee.

# Salvation

397 ST. GODRIC 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

J. B. Dykes, 1862

1. Thy works, not mine. O Christ, Speak glad-ness to this heart; They

tell me all is done; They bid my fear de-part, To whom, save

Thee, who canst a-lone For sin a-tone, Lord, shall I flee? A-men.

2 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,  
Has borne the awful load  
Of sins, that none in heaven  
Or earth could bear but God.  
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone  
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

3 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,  
Has paid the ransom due;  
Ten thousand deaths like mine

Would have been all too few.  
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone  
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

4 Thy righteousness, O Christ,  
Alone can cover me;  
No righteousness avails  
Save that which is of Thee.  
To whom, save Thee, who canst alone  
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

H. Bonar, 1857

398 CROFT'S 148TH 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

W. Croft, 1700

1. Blow ye the trum-pet, blow, The glad-ly sol-emn sound;

# Salvation

Let all the na - tions know, To earth's re - mot - est bound, The

year of Ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ransomed sin - ners, home. A - men.

2 Jesus, our great High-Priest,  
Hath full atonement made;  
Ye weary spirits, rest,  
Ye mournful souls, be glad:  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,  
The all-atoning Lamb;  
Redemption by His blood  
Throughout the world proclaim.  
The year of Jubilee is come;  
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

C. Wesley, 1750

LENOX 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

(Second Tune)

L. Edson, 1782

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad - ly sol - emn sound; Let all the nations know,

To earth's re - mot - est bound, The year of Ju - bi - lee is come, The

The year of Ju - bi - lee is come, The year of Ju - bi -  
year of Ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ransomed sin - ners, home. A - men.

lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran - - somed sin - ners, home.



# Salvation

399 MARTYRDOM (Avon) C. M.

H. Wilson (1764—1824)

1. THERE is a fount-ain filled with blood Drawn from Em-man-uel's veins,  
And sin-ners, plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains. A-men.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
And there have I, as vile as he,  
Wash'd all my sins away.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious  
blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved, to sin no more.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor, lisping, stammering  
tongue  
Lies silent in the grave.

W. Cowper, 1771

COWPER C. M.

(Second Tune)

L. Mason, 1830

1. THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood Drawn from Emmanuel's veins, And sinners, plung'd be-  
neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains. A-men.

# Penitence and Confession

400

SEMPER ASPECTEMUS C. M.

J. H. Casson, 1889

1. O JE - SUS, Sav - iour of the lost, My rock and hid - ing - place,

By storms of sin and sor - row toss'd, I seek Thy sheltering grace. A - men.

2 Guilty, forgive me, Lord, I cry,  
Pursued by foes, I come;

A sinner, save me, or I die,  
An outcast, take me home.

3 Once safe in Thine almighty arms,  
Let storms come on amain;

There danger never, never harms,  
There death itself is gain.

4 And when I stand before Thy Throne,  
And all Thy glories see,  
Still be my righteousness alone  
To hide myself in Thee.

E. H. Bickersteth, 1852

401

BRADFIELD C. M.

J. B. Calkin, 1872

1. LORD Je - sus, are we one with Thee? O height, O depth of love!

Thou one with us on Cal - va - ry, We one with Thee a - bove. A - men.

2 Such was Thy grace, that for our sake  
Thou didst from heaven come down,  
With us of flesh and blood partake,  
In all our misery, one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,  
Confessed and borne by Thee;  
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were Thine,  
To set Thy members free.

4 Ascended now, in glory bright,  
Still one with us Thou art;

Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height  
Thy saints and Thee can part.

5 Oh, teach us, Lord, to know and own  
This wondrous mystery,  
That Thou with us art truly one,  
And we are one with Thee.

6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,  
When, seated on Thy throne,  
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display  
That Thou with us art one.

J. G. Deck, 1837

# Penitence and Confession

402 BLENDEN C. M. 8l.

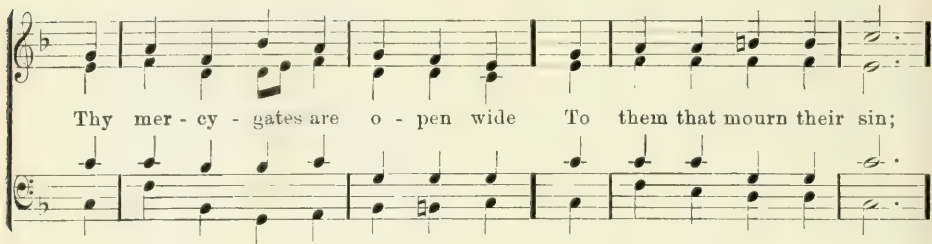
C. E. Kettle (1833--)



1. O LORD, turn not Thy face a - way From them that low - ly lie,



La - ment - ing sore their sin - ful life, With tears and bit - ter cry.



Thy mer - cy - gates are o - pen wide To them that mourn their sin;



O shut them not a - gainst us, Lord, But let us en - ter in. A - men.

2 We need not to confess our fault,  
For surely Thou canst tell;  
What we have done, and what we are,  
Thou knowest very well.  
Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,  
With tears we come to Thee,  
As children that have done amiss  
Fall at their father's knee.

3 And need we, then, O Lord, repeat  
The blessing which we crave,  
When Thou dost know, before we speak,  
The thing that we would have.  
Mercy, O Lord, we mercy ask,  
This is the total sum;  
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;  
O let Thy mercy come!

# Penitence and Confessi

403 ST. BERNARD C. M.



1. WHEN wound-ed sore the strick-en soul



One on-ly hand, a pierc-ed hand, Can salve the sin-ner's wound. A-men.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,  
And tears of anguish flow,  
One only heart, a broken heart,  
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain  
Over some foul dark spot,  
One only stream, a stream of blood,  
Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,  
His hand that brings relief,  
His heart that's touched with all our joys,  
And feeleth for our grief.

5 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord,  
Unseal that cleansing tide;  
We have no shelter from our sin  
But in Thy wounded side.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1858 Alt.

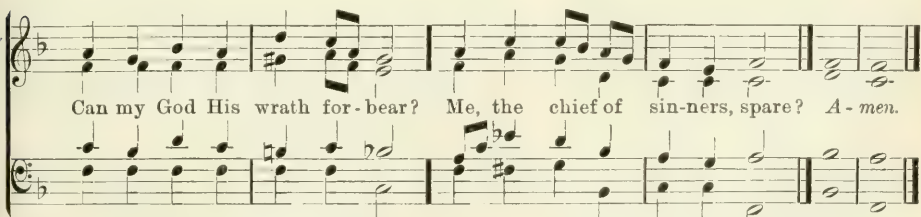


404 SEYMOUR 7s.

Arr. fr. C. M. von Weber, 1826



1. DEPTH of mer-cy, can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me?



Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare? A-men.

2 I have long withstood His grace,  
Long provoked Him to His face,  
Would not hearken to His calls,  
Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

3 Kindled His relentings are,  
Me He now delights to spare;

Cries, "How shall I give Thee up?"  
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

4 There for me the Saviour stands,  
Shows His wounds, and spreads His hands;  
God is love: I know, I feel;  
Jesus lives and loves me still.



# Penitence and Confession

402 BLENDGE 7s. 8l.

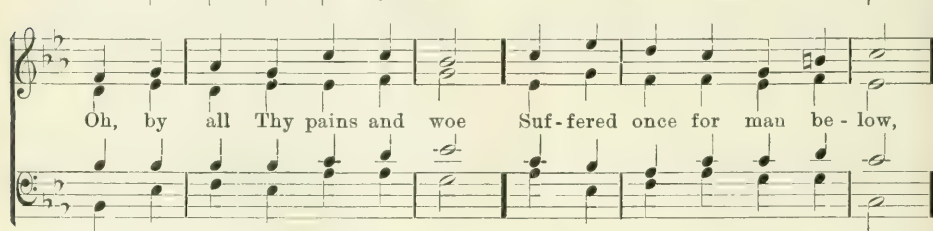
H. Smart (1813—1879)



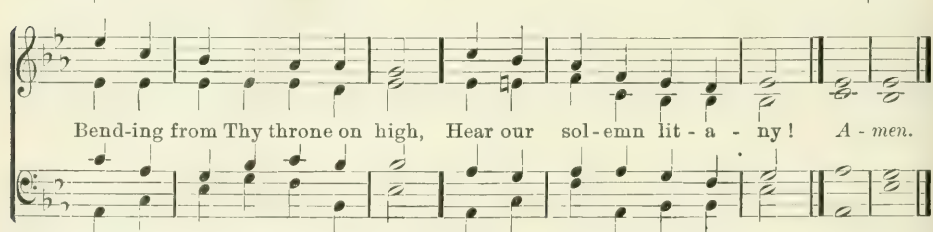
SAV-IOUR! when in dust to Thee Low we bow th'a-dor-ing knee,



When, re-pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep-ing eyes,



Oh, by all Thy pains and woe Suf-fered once for man be-low,



Bend-ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol-emn lit-a-ny! A-men.

- 2 By Thy helpless infant years,  
By Thy life of want and tears,  
By Thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness,  
By the dread mysterious hour  
Of the insulting tempter's power:  
Turn, oh turn a favoring eye,  
Hear our solemn litany!
- 3 By the sacred grief that wept  
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;  
By the boding tears that flowed  
Over Salem's loved abode;  
By the anguished sigh that told;  
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;  
From Thy seat above the sky,  
Hear our solemn litany!

- 4 By Thine hour of dire despair,  
By Thine agony of prayer,  
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;  
By the gloom that veiled the skies  
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;  
Listen to our humble cry,  
Hear our solemn litany!
- 5 By Thy deep expiring groan;  
By the sad sepulchral stone;  
By the vault, whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God:  
Oh! from earth to heaven restored,  
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn litany!

# Penitence and Confession

406 ST. LUKE L. M.

J. F. Lampe, 1746

1. WITH brok-en heart, and con - trite sigh, A trembling sin - ner, Lord, I cry;  
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free; O God, be mer - ci - ful to me! A - men.

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,  
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;  
Christ and His Cross my only plea;  
O God, be merciful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes  
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;  
But Thou dost all my anguish see;  
O God, be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done  
Can for a single sin atone;  
To Calvary alone I flee;  
O God, be merciful to me!

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,  
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,  
My raptured song shall ever be,  
God has been merciful to me!

C. Elven, 1852

## SPANISH CHANT 7s. 8l. (Second Tune)

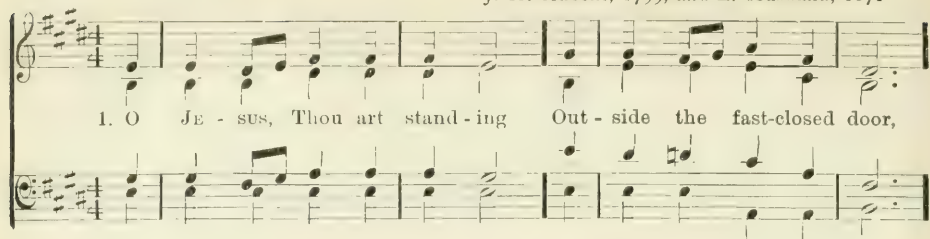
Spanish Melody.

1. SAV - IOUR! when in dust to Thee Low we bow th'a - dor - ing knee,  
When, re - pent - ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep - ing eyes,  
Oh, by all Thy pains and woe Suf - fered once for man be - low,  
Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn lit - a - ny! A - men.

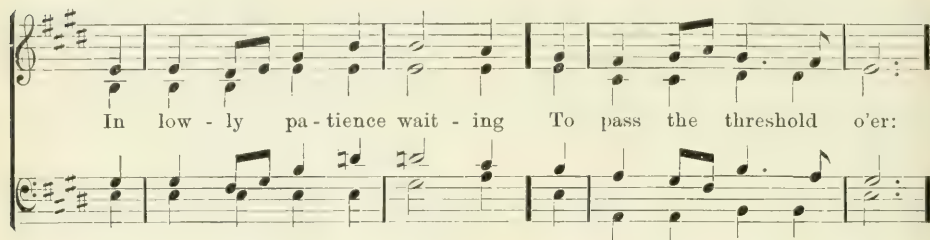
# Penitence and Confession

407 ST. HILDA 7s, 6s. 81.

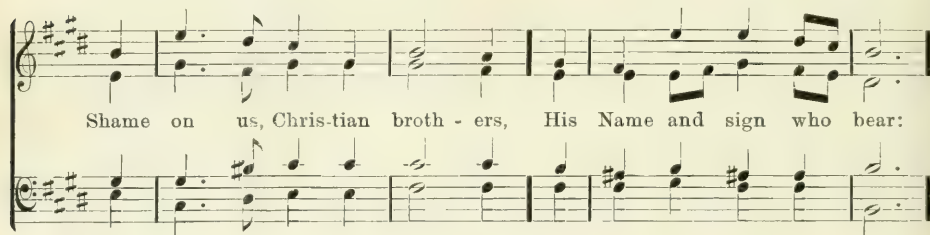
Arr. by W. H. Walter, from  
J. H. Knecht, 1799, and E. Husband, 1871



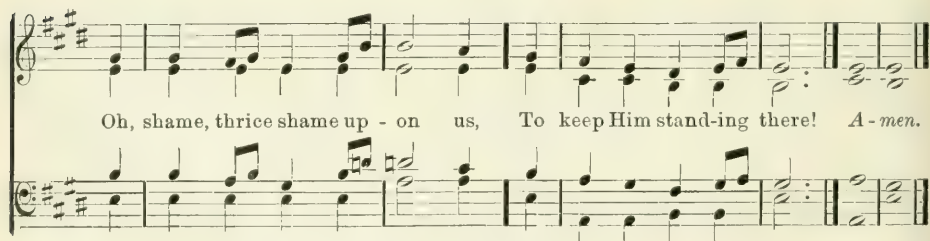
1. O JE - SUS, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door,



In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er:



Shame on us, Chris - tian broth - ers, His Name and sign who bear:



Oh, shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him stand - ing there! A - men.

(Or to Lux Mundi, No. 389)

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking:  
And lo! that hand is scarred,  
And thorns Thy brow encircle,  
And tears Thy face have marred:  
O love that passeth knowledge,  
So patiently to wait!  
O sin that hath no equal,  
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus, Thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low,  
"I died for you, My children,  
And will ye treat Me so?"  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door:  
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
And leave us nevermore.

# Penitence and Confession

408 CATHERINE (St. Catherine) 7s, 6s. 81.

R. F. Dale

1. I KNOW no life di - vid - ed, O Lord of life! from Thee;

In Thee is life pro - vid - ed For all man-kind and me;

I know no death, O Je - sus! Be - cause I live in Thee;

Thy death it is which frees us From death e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

2 I fear no tribulation,  
Since, whatsoe'er it be,  
It makes no separation  
Between my Lord and me:  
If Thou, my God and teacher!  
Vouchsafe to be my own,  
Though poor, I shall be richer  
Than monarch on his throne,

3 Lord! with this truth impress me,  
And write it on my heart,  
To comfort, cheer, and bless me,  
That Thou my Saviour art;  
Without Thy love to guide me,  
I should be wholly lost;  
The floods would quickly hide me,  
On life's wide ocean tost.

(German) C. J. P. Spitta, 1836 Tr. R. Massie, 1859



# Penitence and Confession

409 BLENHAM 7s, 6s. 8l.

M. B. Foster, (1851—)

1. O JE - sus, our Sal - va - tion, Low at Thy cross we lie; Lord,

in Thy great com - pas - sion, Hear our be - wail - ing cry. We come to Thee with

mourn - ing, We come to Thee in woe; With con - trite hearts re - turn - ing,

And tears that o - ver - flow. A - men.

We spread our sins before Thee,  
We tell them one by one;  
Oh, for Thy Name's great glory,  
Forgive all we have done.

3 Oh, by Thy cross and passion,  
Thy tears and agony,  
And crown of cruel fashion,  
And death on Calvary;  
By all that untold suffering  
Endured by Thee alone,  
O Priest! O spotless Offering,  
Plead for us, and atone.

J. Hamilton, 1865 *Ab.*

2 O gracious Intercessor,  
O Priest within the veil,  
Plead, for each lost transgressor,  
The blood that cannot fail.

410

L. M.

(To either St. Crispin or Woodworth, opposite)

1 JESUS, the sinner's friend! to Thee,  
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;  
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,  
Open Thine arms, and take me in.

2 Pity and heal my sin-sick soul;  
'Tis Thou alone canst make me whole;  
I cannot rest till Thou art mine,  
Until in me Thine image shine.

3 At last I own it cannot be  
That I should fit myself for Thee;  
Here then, to Thee, I all resign;  
Thine is the work, and only Thine.

4 What can I say, Thy grace to move?  
Lord! I am sin, but Thou art love;  
I give up every plea beside;  
Lord! I'm condemned, but Thou hast died.

# Penitence and Confession

411 ST. CRISPIN L. M.

G. J. Elvey (1816—1893)

1. JUST as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A-men.

2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown  
Has broken every barrier down;  
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come.

C. Elliott, 1836

(Or to Quebec, No. 379)

WOODWORTH L. M.

(Second Tune)

W. B. Bradbury, 1849

1. JUST as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A-men.

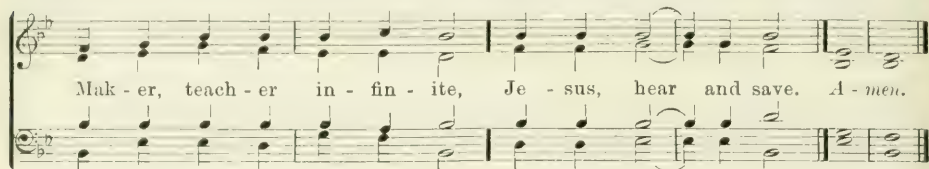
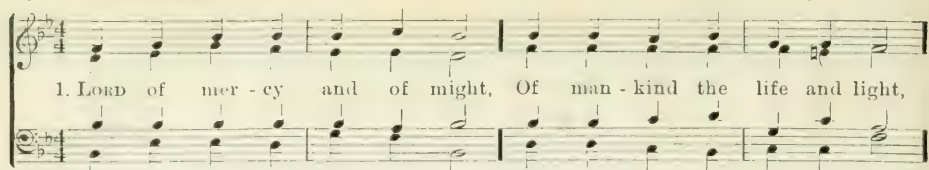
# Penitence and Confession

412

AMBROSE

7, 7, 7, 5

Gregorian Ad. H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)



2 Mighty monarch, Saviour mild,  
Humbled to a mortal child,  
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,  
Jesus, hear and save.

3 Throned above celestial things,  
Borne aloft on angels' wings,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings,  
Jesus, hear and save.

4 Soon to come to earth again,  
Judge of angels and of men,  
Hear us now, and hear us then,  
Jesus, hear and save.

Bend from heaven, Thy dwelling-place;  
Hear, forgive and save.

2 When Thy love our hearts shall fill,  
And we long to do Thy will,  
Turning to Thy holy hill:  
Lord, accept and save.

3 Should we wander from Thy fold,  
And our love to Thee grow cold,  
With a pitying eye behold;  
Lord, forgive and save.

4 And whate'er our cry may be,  
When we lift our hearts to Thee,  
From our burden set us free:  
Hear, forgive and save.

R. Heber, 1827

413

7, 7, 7, 5

1 GOD of pity, God of grace,  
When we humbly seek Thy face,

Eliza F. Morris, 1858 Ab.

414

IRVINE S. M.

J. Barnby, 1872



2 Out of the deep I cry,  
The woeful deep of sin,  
Of evil done in days gone by,  
Of evil now within.

3 Out of the deep of fear,  
And dread of coming shame.

From morning watch till night is near  
I plead the precious name.

4 Lord, there is mercy now,  
As ever was, with Thee;  
Before Thy throne of grace I bow;  
Be merciful to me.

# Penitence and Confession

415 ST. PHILIP 7s, 3l.

W. H. Monk, 1861

1. LORD, in this Thy mer-cy's day, Ere the time shall pass a-way, On our knees we fall and pray. A-men.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
Ere that day of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,  
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,  
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,  
By Thy supplicating cry,  
By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not Thy love forego.

6 Judge and Saviour of our race,  
Grant us when we see Thy face,  
With Thy ransomed ones a place.

7 On Thy love we rest alone,  
And that love shall then be known  
By the pardoned, round Thy throne.

I. Williams, 1844

416 LACRYMÆ 7s, 3l.

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1. HEAL me, O my Sav-iour, heal; Heal me as I sup-pliant kneel; Heal me, and my par-don seal. A-men.

2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;  
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,  
And in mercy send me aid.

3 Helpless, none can help me now;  
Cheerless, none can cheer but Thou;  
Suppliant, Lord, to Thee I bow.

4 Thou the true physician art;  
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,  
Binding up the bleeding heart.

5 Other comforters are gone;  
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,  
Thou for all my sin atone.

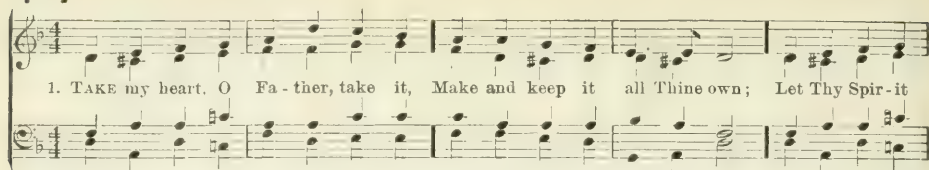
G. Thring, 1866



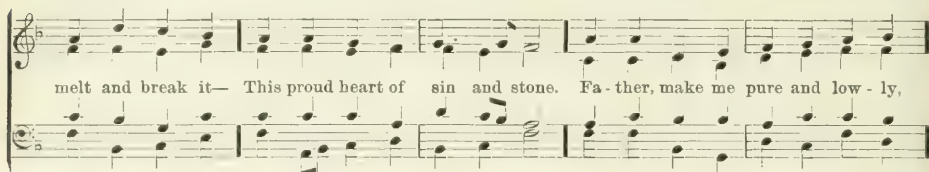
# Penitence and Confession

## 417 SUPPLICATION 8s, 7s. 8l.

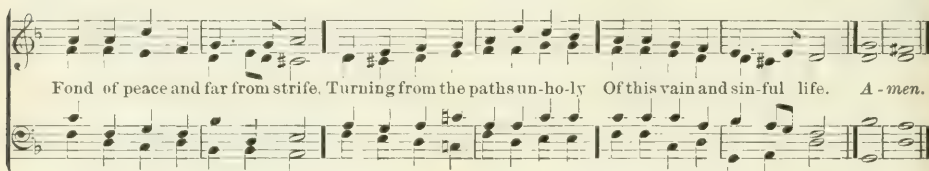
W. H. Monk (1823—1889)



1. TAKE my heart, O Fa-ther, take it, Make and keep it all Thine own; Let Thy Spir-it



melt and break it— This proud heart of sin and stone. Fa-ther, make me pure and low-ly,



Fond of peace and far from strife, Turning from the paths un-ho-ly Of this vain and sin-ful life. A-men.

2 Ever let Thy grace surround me;  
Strengthen me with power divine,  
Till Thy cords of love have bound me;  
Make me to be wholly Thine.

May the blood of Jesus heal me,  
And my sins be all forgiven;  
Holy Spirit, take and seal me,  
Guide me in the path to heaven.

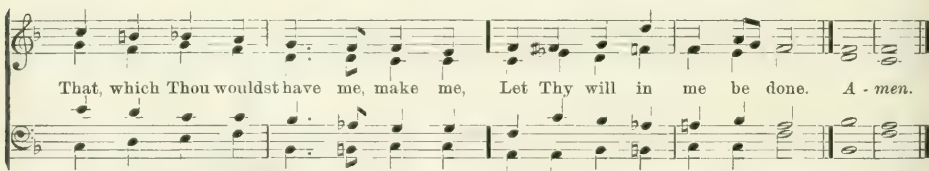
Anon., 1849

## 418 SARDIS 8s, 7s. 4l.

Arr. fr. L. van Beethoven (1770—1827)



1. TAKE me, O my Fa-ther, take me, Take me, save me, through Thy Son;



That, which Thou wouldst have me, make me, Let Thy will in me be done. A-men.

2 Long from Thee my footsteps straying,  
Thorny proved the way I trod;  
Weary come I now, and praying  
Take me to Thy love, my God.

At Thy feet, O Father, falling,  
To Thy household take me in.

3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,  
Humbly I confess my sin;

4 Freely now to Thee I proffer  
This relenting heart of mine;  
Freely, life and soul I offer,  
Gift unworthy love like Thine.

# Penitence and Confession

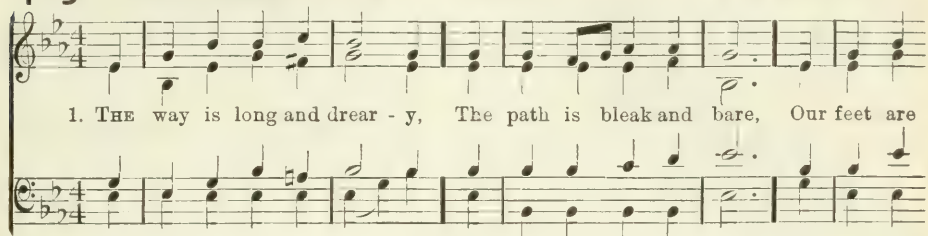
5 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,  
Bore our sins upon the tree;  
On that sacrifice relying,  
Now I look in hope to Thee.

6 Father, take me; all forgiving,  
Fold me to Thy loving breast;  
In Thy love for ever living,  
I must be for ever blest.

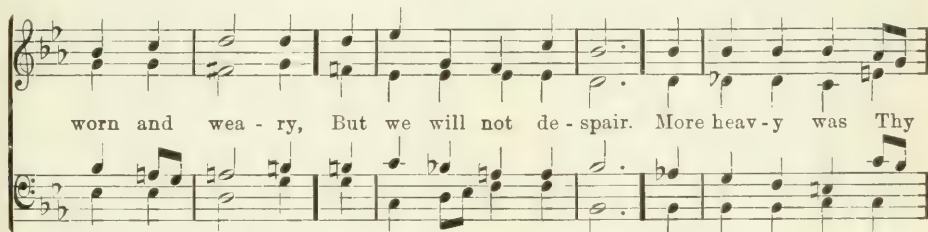
H. R. Palmer, 1864

419 VIA DOLOROSA 7s, 6s. 9l. Irregular

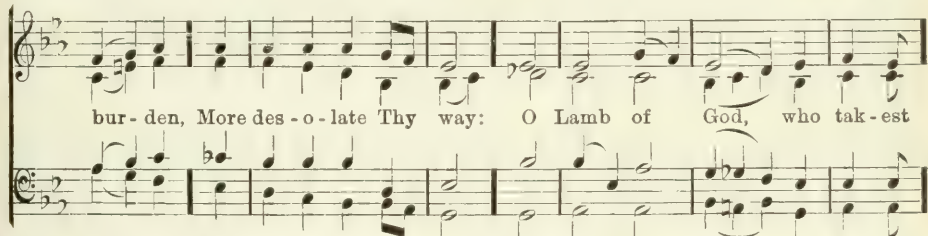
J. B. Dykes, 1874



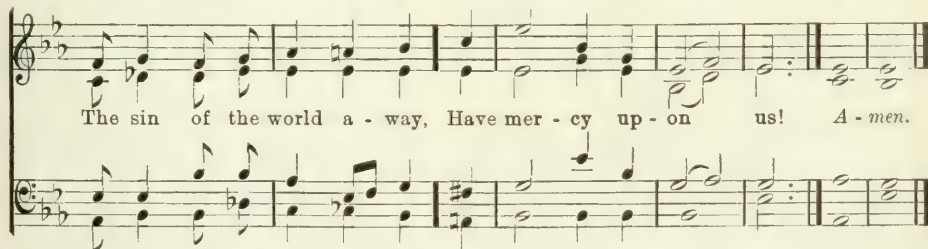
1. THE way is long and drear - y, The path is bleak and bare, Our feet are



worn and wea - ry, But we will not de - spair. More heav - y was Thy



bur - den, More des - o - late Thy way: O Lamb of God, who tak - est



The sin of the world a - way, Have mer - cy up - on us! A - men.

2 The snows lie thick around us  
In the dark and gloomy night,  
The tempest roars above us,  
The stars have hid their light;  
But blacker was the darkness  
Round Calvary's cross that day:  
O Lamb of God, who takest  
The sin of the world away,  
Have mercy upon us!

3 Our hearts are faint with sorrow,  
Heavy and sad to bear;  
We dread the bitter morrow,  
But we will not despair.  
Thou knowest all our anguish,  
And Thou wilt bid it cease:  
O Lamb of God, who takest  
The sin of the world away,  
Oh give to us Thy peace!

# Penitence and Confession

420 FLEMMING 8, 8, 8, 6

Arr. fr. F. F. Flemming (1778—1813)

1. O Thou, the con-trite sin-ner's Friend, Who, lov-ing, lov'st them to the end,  
On this a-lone my hopes de-pend, That Thou wilt plead for me. A-men.

(Or to Elmhurst, No. 718)

2 When, weary in the Christian race,  
Far-off appears my resting-place,  
And fainting I mistrust Thy grace,  
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

3 When I have err'd and gone astray  
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,  
And see no glimmering guiding ray,  
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,  
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,  
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,  
And plead, oh, plead for me!

5 And when my dying hour draws near,  
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,  
Then to my fainting sight appear,  
Pleading in Heaven for me.

C. Elliott, 1833

421 DERRY 8, 8, 8, 6

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. His are the thou-sand spark-ling rills That from a thou-sand fount-ains burst,  
And fill with mu-sic all the hills, And yet He saith "I thirst." A-men.

2 All fiery pangs on battle-fields,  
On fever-beds where sick ones toss,  
Are in that human cry He yields  
To anguish on the cross.

3 But more than pains that racked Him then,  
Was the deep longing thirst divine,

That thirsted for the souls of men;  
Dear Lord! and one was mine.

4 O Love most patient, give me grace;  
Make all my soul athirst for Thee:  
That parched dry lip, that fading face,  
That thirst was all for me.

# Penitence and Confession

422 COBURG P. M.

J. Walthersches Gesangbuch, 1524 Har. S. P. Warren, 1896

1. Out of the depths I cry to Thee, Lord God, oh hear my wailing!

Thy gracious ear incline to me, And make my prayer availing.

On my mis-deeds in mercy look, Oh deign to blot them

from Thy book, Or who can stand before Thee? A - men.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 2 Thy sovereign grace and boundless love | 4 Like those who watch for midnight's hour |
| Make Thee, O Lord, forgiving;            | To hail the dawning morrow,                |
| My purest thoughts and deeds but prove   | I wait for Thee, I trust Thy power,        |
| Sin in my heart is living:               | Unmoved by doubt or sorrow.                |
| None guiltless in Thy sight appear;      | So thus let Israel hope in Thee,           |
| All who approach Thy throne must fear,   | And he shall find Thy mercy free,          |
| And humbly trust Thy mercy.              | And Thy redemption plenteous.              |
| 3 Thou canst be merciful while just,—    | 5 Where'er the greatest sins abound,       |
| This is my hope's foundation;            | By grace they are exceeded;                |
| On Thy redeeming grace I trust,          | Thy helping hand is always found           |
| Grant me, then, Thy salvation.           | With aid, where aid is needed:             |
| Shielded by Thee, I stand secure;        | Thy hand, the only hand to save,           |
| Thy word is firm, Thy promise sure,      | Will rescue Israel from the grave,         |
| And I rely upon Thee.                    | And pardon his transgression.              |



# Penitence and Confession

423 LANGRAN 108.

J. Langran, 1862

1. WEA-RY of earth and la-den with my sin, I look at heav'n and long to en-ter in,

But there no e-vil thing may find a home: And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come." Amen.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand<br>In the pure glory of that holy land?<br>Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?<br>Yet there are hands stretched out to draw<br>me near.       | 5 'Twas He who found me on the deathly<br>wild,<br>And made me heir of heaven, the Father's<br>child.<br>And day by day, whereby my soul may<br>live,<br>Gives me His grace of pardon, and will<br>give.                |
| 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly<br>way,<br>Evil is ever with me day by day;<br>Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,<br>"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from<br>all." | 6 Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, righteous<br>Lord,<br>Thine all the merits, mine the great re-<br>ward;<br>Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden<br>crown,<br>Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid<br>down. |
| 4 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear,<br>His are the hands stretched out to draw me<br>near,<br>And His the blood that can for all atone,<br>And set me faultless there before the throne.   |   |

S. J. Stone, 1866.

PENITENTIA 108.

(Second Tune)

E. Dearle, 1874

1. WEA-RY of earth and la-den with my sin, I look at heav'n and long to en-ter in,

But there no e-vil thing may find a home; And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come." Amen.

# Penitence and Confession

424 NEWLAND S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1858

1. BE - HOLD what won - drous grace The Fa - ther hath be - stowed

On sin - ners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God. A-men.

2 Nor doth it yet appear  
How great we must be made;  
But when we see our Saviour here,  
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine  
May trials well endure,  
May purge our souls from sense and sin,  
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love  
I share a filial part,  
Send down Thy Spirit, like a dove,  
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie  
Like slaves beneath the throne;  
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,  
And Thou the kindred own.

I. Watts, 1709 Ab.

LEIGHTON S. M.

(Second Tune)

H. W. Greatorex, 1849

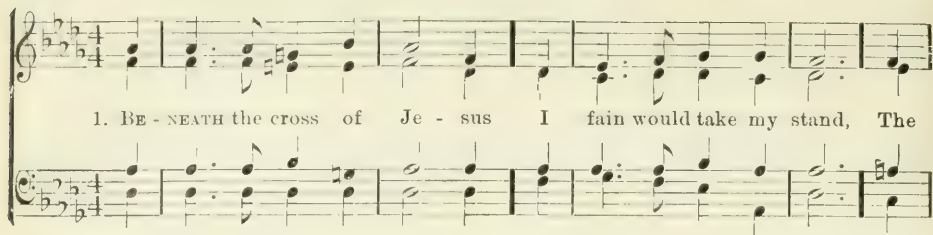
1. BE - HOLD what won - drous grace The Fa - ther hath be - stowed

On sin - ners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God. A-men.

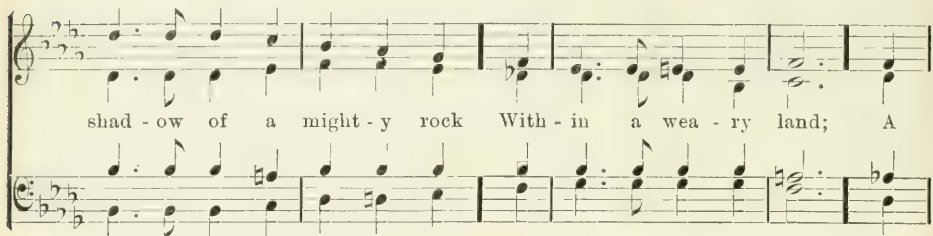
# Penitence and Confession

425 ST. CHRISTOPHER 7, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6

F. C. Maker, 1881



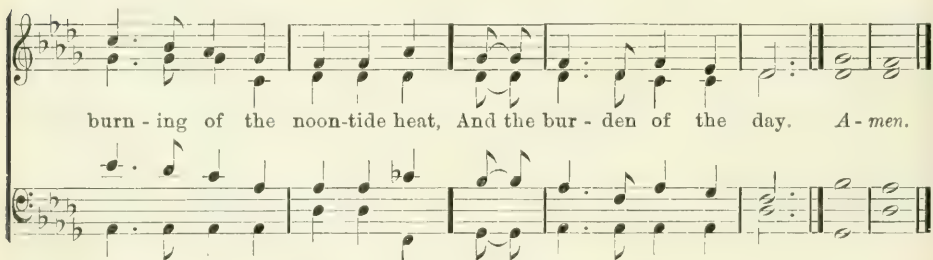
1. BE - NEATH the CROSS of Je - sus I fain would take my stand, The



shad - ow of a might - y rock With - in a wea - ry land; A



home with - in the wil - der - ness, A rest up - on the way, From the



burn - ing of the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day. A - men.

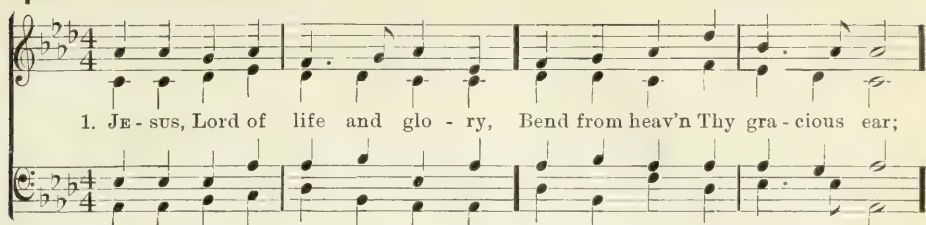
2 Upon the cross of Jesus,  
 Mine eye at times can see  
 The very dying form of one  
 Who suffered there for me.  
 And from my smitten heart with tears,  
 These wonders I confess,—  
 The wonder of His glorious love,  
 And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O Cross, thy shadow  
 For my abiding-place;  
 I ask no other sunshine than  
 The sunshine of His face;  
 Content to let the world go by,  
 To know no gain nor loss,  
 My sinful self my only shame,  
 My glory all the cross.

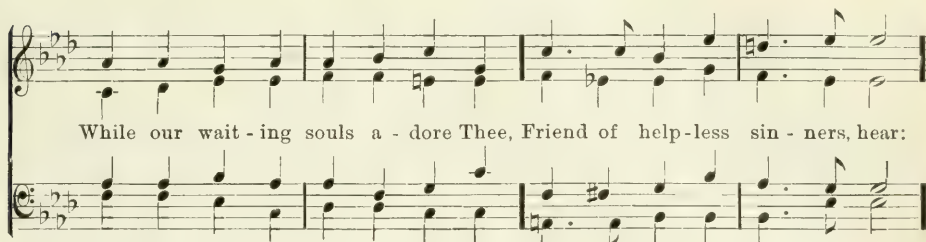
# Penitence and Confession

426 ST. RAPHAEL 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

E. J. Hopkins (1818—)



1. JE - sus, Lord of life and glo - ry, Bend from heav'n Thy gra - cious ear;



While our wait - ing souls a - dore Thee, Friend of help - less sin - ners, hear:



By Thy mer - cy, Oh de - liv - er us, good Lord. A - men.

2 From the depths of nature's blindness,  
From the hardening power of sin,  
From all malice and unkindness,  
From the pride that lurks within,  
By Thy mercy,  
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

4 When the world around is smiling,  
In the time of wealth and ease,  
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,  
In the day of health and peace,  
By Thy mercy,  
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

3 When temptation sorely presses,  
In the day of Satan's power,  
In our times of deep distresses,  
In each dark and trying hour,  
By Thy mercy,  
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

5 In the weary hours of sickness,  
In the times of grief and pain,  
When we feel our mortal weakness  
When all human help is vain,  
By Thy mercy,  
Oh deliver us, good Lord.

6 In the solemn hour of dying,  
In the awful judgment day,  
May our souls, on Thee relying,  
Find Thee still our hope and stay:  
By Thy mercy,  
Oh deliver us, good Lord.



# Faith and Consecration

427 DAVENPORT 7s, 6s. 8l.

M. D. Babcock, 1896

1. O LAMB of God, still keep me Near to Thy wounded side; 'Tis on - ly  
there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bide. What foes and snares sur -  
round me! What doubts and fears with - in! The grace that sought and found me  
A - lone can keep me clean. A - men.

2 'Tis only in Thee hiding  
I feel my life secure;  
Only in Thee abiding  
The conflict can endure.

Thine arm the victory gaineth  
O'er every hurtful foe;  
Thy love my heart sustaineth  
In all its care and woe.

3 Soon shall mine eyes behold Thee,  
With rapture, face to face;  
One half hath not been told me  
Of all Thy power and grace:  
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,  
The wonders of Thy love,  
Shall be the endless story  
Of all Thy saints above.

J. G. Deck, 1842

428 BROWNELL L. M. 6l.

F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)

1. THE Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare And feed me with a shepherd's care;

# Faith and Consecration

His pres-ence shall my wants sup-ply And guard me with a watch-ful eye;

My noonday walks He shall at-tend And all my mid-night hours de-fend. A-men.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,  
To fertile vales and dewy meads  
My weary, wandering steps He leads,  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,

For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4 Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;  
The barren wilderness shall smile,  
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

J. Addison, 1712

## 429 SHELTERING WING L. M.

J. Barnby, 1883

1. LORD, I am Thine, en-tire-ly Thine, Purchased and saved by blood di-vine;

With full consent Thine I would be, And own Thy sovereign right in me. A-men.

2 Thine would I live, Thine would I die,  
Be Thine through all eternity;  
The vow is past beyond repeal;  
Now will I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the blood  
That bought my guilty soul for God,  
Thee my new Master now I call,  
And consecrate to Thee my all.

# Faith and Consecration

430

BEN RHYDDING S. M.

A. R. Reinagle (1799—1877)

1. Nor all the blood of beasts On Jew-ish al-tars slain, Could  
give the guilt-y con-science peace, Or wash a-way the stain. A-men.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,  
Takes all our sins away;  
A sacrifice of nobler name,  
And richer blood, than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of Thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see  
The burdens Thou didst bear,  
When hanging on the cursèd tree,  
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice  
To see the curse remove;  
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,  
And sing His bleeding love.

I. Watts, 1709.

431

SUNDERLAND S. M.

H. Smart, 1867

1. Your harps, ye trem-bling saints, Down from the wil-lows take;  
Loud to the praise of love di-vine, Bid ev-ery string a-wake. A-men.

2 Though in a foreign land,  
We are not far from home;  
And nearer to our house above  
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end  
Stronger and brighter shine;  
Nor present things, nor things to come  
Shall quench the spark divine.

4 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
Subside at His control;  
His loving-kindness shall break through  
The midnight of the soul.

5 Blest is the man, O God,  
That stays himself on Thee:  
Who wait for Thy salvation, Lord,  
Shall Thy salvation see.

A. M. Toplady, 1772

# Faith and Consecration

432

SEFTON L. M.

(Or to Wareham, No. 135)

J. B. Calkin, 1872

I. Lift up your heads, ye might-y gates! Be-hold the King of glo-ry waits,  
The King of kings is draw-ing near, The Sav-iour of the world is here. A-men.

- 2 The Lord is just, a helper tried,  
Mercy is ever at His side;  
His kingly crown is holiness,  
His sceptre, pity in distress.
- 3 O blest the land, the city blest,  
Where Christ the Ruler is confest;  
O happy hearts and happy homes  
To whom this King of triumph comes.
- 4 Fling wide the portals of your heart,  
Make it a temple, set apart

- From earthly use for heav'n's employ,  
Adorned with pray'r and love and joy.
- 5 Redeemer, come; I open wide  
My heart to Thee: here, Lord, abide.  
Let me Thy inner presence feel;  
Thy grace and love in me reveal.
- 6 So come, my Sovereign! enter in;  
Let new and nobler life begin;  
Thy Holy Spirit guide us on,  
Until the glorious goal be won.

G. Weissel, 1835 Tr. C. Winkworth, 1855 Alt.

433

ALDERSGATE S. M.

G. P. Merrick, 1887

1. Je-sus, I live to Thee, The lov-li-est and best; My  
life in Thee, Thy life in me, In Thy blest love I rest. A-men.

- 2 Jesus, I die to Thee,  
Whenever death shall come;  
To die in Thee is life to me,  
In my eternal home.
- 3 Whether to live or die,  
I know not which is best;

- To live in Thee is bliss to me,  
To die is endless rest.
- 4 Living or dying, Lord,  
I ask but to be Thine;  
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,  
Makes heaven for ever mine.



# Faith and Consecration

434 ST. BEDE C. M. 61.

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. FA - THER, I know that all my life Is por-tioned out for me;

The chang-es that are sure to come, I do not fear to see;

I ask Thee for a pres-ent mind, In-tent on pleas-ing Thee. A-men.

2 I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,  
Through constant watching wise,  
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,  
To wipe the weeping eyes;  
A heart at leisure from itself  
To soothe and sympathize.

4 Wherever in the world I am,  
In whatsoe'er estate,  
I have a fellowship with hearts  
To keep and cultivate;  
A work of lowly love to do  
For Him on whom I wait.

3 I would not have the restless will  
That hurries to and fro,  
Seeking for some great thing to do,  
Or secret thing to know;  
I would be treated as a child,  
And guided where I go.

5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,  
To none that ask denied,  
A mind to blend with outward life,  
While keeping at Thy side,  
Content to fill a little space,  
If Thou be glorified.

6 In service which Thy will appoints  
There are no bonds for me;  
My secret heart is taught the truth  
That makes Thy children free;  
A life of self-renouncing love  
Is one of liberty.

# Faith and Consecration

435 ADORO L. M. 61.

J. Barnby, 1872

1. THOU hid-den source of calm re - pose, Thou all - suf - fi - cient Love di - vine,  
My help and ref - uge from my foes, Se - cure I am, if Thou art mine;  
*Slower.*  
And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame, I hide me, Je - sus, in Thy name. A - men.

(Or to Magdalen No. 829)

- 2 Thy mighty name salvation is,  
And keeps my happy soul above;  
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,  
And joy, and everlasting love;  
To me, with Thy dear name, are given  
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.
- 3 Jesus, my all in all Thou art,  
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,  
The medicine of my broken heart,  
In war, my peace, in loss, my gain,  
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,  
In shame, my glory and my crown;
- 4 In want, my plentiful supply,  
In weakness, my almighty power,  
In bonds, my perfect liberty,  
My light in Satan's darkest hour,  
In grief, my joy unspeakable, —  
My life in death, my all in all.
- I see from far Thy beauteous light,  
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:  
My heart is pained, nor can it be  
At rest till it finds rest in Thee.
- 2 'Tis mercy all that Thou hast brought  
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;  
Yet while I seek, but find Thee not,  
No peace my wandering soul shall see:  
Oh, when shall all my wanderings end,  
And all my steps to Thee-ward tend!
- 3 O Love, Thy sovereign aid impart  
To save me from low-thoughted care;  
Chase this self-will through all my heart,  
Through all its latent mazes there;  
Make me Thy duteous child, that I  
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry.
- 4 Each moment draw from earth away  
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;  
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,  
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."  
To feel Thy power, to hear Thy voice  
To taste Thy love, be all my choice.

C. Wesley, 1749

436

C. M. 61

- 1 THOU hidden love of God, whose height,  
Whose depth unfathomed no man  
knows,

G. Tersteegen, 1729 Tr. J. Wesley, 1736 Ab.

# Faith and Consecration

437 DESIRE 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

H. Smart (1813—1879)

1. Thy love to me, O Christ, Thy love to me, Not mine to Thee, I plead.

Not mine to Thee: This is my com-fort strong, This is my on - ly song,

Thy love to me A - men.

2 Thy record I believe,  
Thy word to me:  
Thy love I now receive,  
Full, changeless, free,—  
Love from the sinless Son,  
Love to the sinful one,  
Thy love to me.

3 Immortal love of Thine,  
Thy sacrifice,  
Infinite need of mine  
Only supplies.  
Streams of divinest power,  
Flow to me, hour by hour,  
Thy love to me.

4 Let me more clearly trace,  
Thy love to me,  
See in the Father's face,  
His love to Thee;  
Know as He loves the Son,  
So dost Thou love Thine own  
Thy love to me.

Mrs. M. E. Gates, 1886

438 HOLBORN HILL L. M.

St. Alban's Tune Book, 1865

1. My gra-cious Lord, I own Thy right To ev-ery serv-ice I can pay.

And call it my su-preme de-light To hear Thy dic-tates, and o-bey. A - men.

# Faith and Consecration

- 2 What is my being but for Thee,  
Its sure support, its noblest end,  
Thine ever-smiling face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a friend?
- 3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,  
To Him who for my ransom died;
- Nor could the bowers of Eden give  
Such bliss as blossoms at His side.
- 4 His work my hoary age shall bless,  
When youthful vigor is no more;  
And my last hour of life confess  
His dying love, His saving power.

P. Doddridge, 1740

439 PROPRIOR DEO 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. MORE love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the pray'r I make

On bend - ed knee. This is my earn - est plea. More love, O

Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee! A - men.

- 2 Once earthly joy I craved,  
Sought peace and rest;  
Now Thee alone I seek;  
Give what is best;  
This all my prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee!

- 3 Let sorrow do its work,  
Send grief and pain;  
Sweet are Thy messengers,  
Sweet their refrain,  
When they can sing with me,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee!

- 4 Then shall my latest breath  
Whisper Thy praise;  
This be the parting cry  
My heart shall raise,—  
This still its prayer shall be,  
More love, O Christ, to Thee,  
More love to Thee!



# Faith and Consecration

440

WINTERTON 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

J. Barnby, 1892

1. NEAR-ER, O God, to Thee! Hear Thou my pray'r; E'en though a  
heav-y cross Faint-ing I bear, Still all my pray'r shall be, Near-er, O  
God, to Thee, Near-er, O God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee. A - men.

2 If where they led my Lord,  
I too am borne,  
Planting my steps in His,  
Weary and worn;  
There even let me be  
Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

3 If thou the cup of pain  
Givest to drink,  
Let not my trembling lip  
From the draught shrink;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

4 Though the great battle rage  
Hotly around,  
Still where my Captain fights  
Let me be found;  
Through toils and strife to be  
Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

5 And when thou, Lord, once more  
Glorious shalt come,  
Oh, for a dwelling-place,  
In Thy bright home!  
Through all eternity  
Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

W. W. How, 1864

EDEN 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

(Second Tune)

S. S. Wesley (1810—1876)

1. NEAR-ER, O God, to Thee! Hear Thou my pray'r; E'en though a heav-y cross Faint-ing I bear,  
Still all my pray'r shall be, Near-er, O God, to Thee, Near-er, O God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee. A - men.

# Faith and Consecration

44I WILBER 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

H. B. Judd, 1896

1. Sav - iour, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me,

Nor should I aught with - hold, My Lord, from Thee;

In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fil its vow,

Some of - f'ring bring Thee now, Some - thing for Thee. A - men.

(Or to Winterton, opposite)

2 O'er the blest mercy-seat  
Pleading for me,  
My feeble faith looks up,  
Jesus, to Thee.  
Help me the cross to bear,  
Thy wondrous love declare,  
Some song to raise, or prayer,  
Something for Thee.

3 Give me a faithful heart,  
Likeness to Thee,  
That each departing day  
Henceforth may see

Some work of love begun,  
Some deed of kindness done,  
Some wanderer sought and won,  
Something for Thee.

4 All that I am and have,  
Thy gifts so free,  
In joy, in grief, through life,  
O Lord, for Thee!  
And when Thy face I see,  
My ransomed soul shall be,  
Through all eternity,  
Something for Thee.

# Faith and Consecration

**442 NEARER TO THEE** 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4 Ad. fr. Händel by J. Goss (1800—1880)

1. NEAR-ER, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross  
That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my  
God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! A - men.

(Or to St. Edmund, No. 578 Or to Propior Deo, No. 439)

2 Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me.  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou send'st to me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs,  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

S. F. Adams, 1841

**HORBURY** 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4 (Second Tune)

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. NEAR-ER, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth  
me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! A - men.

# Faith and Consecration

KEDRON 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

(Third Tune)

A. B. Spratt

1. NEAR - ER, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it  
be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,  
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - men.

*Ped.*

BETHANY 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

(Fourth Tune)

L. Mason, 1856

1. NEAR - ER, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross  
That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my  
God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - men.



# Faith and Consecration

443 OLIVET 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

L. Mason, 1832

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine!

Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way, Oh, let me

from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A - men.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire;  
As Thou hast died for me,  
Oh, may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold, sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll;  
Blest Saviour, then, in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
Oh, bear me safe above,  
A ransomed soul!

R. Palmer, 1830

HAZELWOOD 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

(Second Tune)

E. J. Hopkins (1818—)

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way,

Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A - men.

# Faith and Consecration

SUTTON 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4 (Third Tune)

H. Houseley, 1896

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,  
Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my  
guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A - men.

ST. AMBROSE, No. 2 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4 (Fourth Tune) W. H. Monk (1823-1889)

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,  
Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my  
guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine. A - men.

# Faith and Consecration

444 BUDLEIGH 108

T. M. Mudie (1809 - 1876)

1. I LIFT my heart to Thee, Sav - iour di - vine, For Thou art all to me,

and I am Thine Is there on earth a clos - er bond than this, That "my Be -

3 How can I, Lord, withhold life's brightest hour  
lov-ed's mine, and I am His"? *A-men.* From Thee; or gathered gold, or any power?  
Why should I keep one precious thing from Thee,  
When Thou hast given Thine own dear self for me?

2 To Thee, Thou bleeding Lamb, I all things owe;

All that I have and am, and all I know.

All that I have is now no longer mine,

And I am not mine own; Lord, I am Thine.

4 I pray Thee, Saviour, keep me in Thy love,

Until death's holy sleep shall me remove

To that fair realm, where, sin and sorrow o'er,  
Thou and Thine own are one for evermore.

C. E. Mudie, 1873

JESU DILECTISSIME 108 (Second Tune)

W. H. Monk (1823-1889)

1. I LIFT my heart to Thee, Sav - iour di - vine, For Thou art all to me,

and I am Thine. Is there on earth a clos - er bond than this,

That "my Be - lov - ed's mine, and I am His"? *A men.*

# Faith and Consecration

445 INNSBRÜCK 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

H. Isaac, c. 1496  
Har. S. P. W.

1. O LORD, how hap - py should we be If we could cast our care on Thee,

If we from self could rest; And feel at heart that One a - bove

In per - fect wis - dom, per - fect love, Is work - ing for the best. A - men.

2 How far from this our daily life,  
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,  
By sudden wild alarms;  
Oh, could we but relinquish all  
Our earthly props, and simply fall  
On Thine Almighty arms!

3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,  
E'en while we pray, upon our God,  
Then rise with lightened cheer;  
Sure that the Father, who is nigh  
To still the famished raven's cry,  
Will hear in that we fear.

4 We cannot trust Him as we should;  
So chafes weak nature's restless mood  
To cast its peace away;  
But birds and flowerets round us preach,  
All, all the present evil teach  
Sufficient for the day.

5 Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours  
Such lessons learn from birds and flowers;  
Make them from self to cease,  
Leave all things to a Father's will,  
And taste, before him lying still,  
E'en in affliction, peace.

J. Anstice, 1836

SONG OF FAITH 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6 (Second Tune) G. M. Garrett (1834—1897)

1. O LORD, how happy should we be If we could cast our care on Thee, If we from self could rest;

And feel at heart that One a - bove In per - fect wis - dom, per - fect love, Is working for the best. A - men.



# Faith and Consecration

446 TRUST 8s, 7s.

Arr. fr. Mendelssohn, 1840

1. COME, Thou fount of ev - ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;

Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise. A-men.

(Or to Sharon, No. 648)

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
Sung by flaming tongues above;  
Praise the mount; I'm fixed upon it,  
Mount of God's unchanging love!

3 Here I raise my Ebenezer;  
Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure;  
Safely to arrive at home.

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;

He, to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed with precious blood.

5 Oh, to grace how great a debtor  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let that grace now, like a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee.

6 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
Prone to leave the God I love;  
Here's my heart; O take and seal it,  
Seal it from Thy courts above.

R. Robinson, 1758

NETTLETON 8s, 7s. 8l. (Second Tune)

J. Wyeth, 1812

1. COME, Thou fount of ev - ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;  
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.  
Praise the mount; I'm fixed up-on it, Mount of God's un-changing love! A - men.

Teach me some me - lo-dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

# Faith and Consecration

447 MUNUS 7s.

J. B. Calkin, 1872

1. SOL - DIERS who to Christ be - long, Trust ye in His word, be strong;

For His prom - is - es are sure, His re - wards for aye en - dure. A - men.

2 His no crowns that pass away;  
His no palm that sees decay;  
His the joy that shall not fade:  
His the light that knows no shade:

3 His the home for spirits blest,  
Where He gives them peaceful rest,  
Far above the starry skies,  
In the bliss of Paradise.

4 Here on earth ye can but clasp  
Things that perish in the grasp;  
Lift your hearts, then, to the skies,  
God Himself shall be your prize.

5 Praise we now with saints at rest  
Father, Son, and Spirit blest;  
For His promises are sure,  
His rewards shall aye endure.

Anon., 1736 Tr. I. Williams, 1839; recast in The Hymnary, 1872

448 HEINLEIN 7s.

P. Heinlein, 1677

1. Ho - LY Fa - ther, hear my cry; Ho - ly Sav - iour, bend Thine ear;

Ho - ly Spir - it, come Thou nigh; Fa - ther, Sav - iour, Spir - it, hear. A - men.

2 Father, save me from my sin;  
Saviour, I Thy mercy crave;  
Gracious Spirit, make me clean;  
Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

3 Father, let me taste Thy love;  
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;

Spirit, come my heart to move;  
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

4 Father, Son, and Spirit, Thou  
One Jehovah, shed abroad  
All Thy grace within me now;  
Be my Father and my God.

# Faith and Consecration

449

CLINGING 8, 8, 8, 6

G. W. Torrance (1835—)

1. O Ho - ly Sav - iour, friend un - seen, The faint, the weak, on Thee may lean;  
Help me, throughout life's vary - ing scene. By faith to cling to Thee. A - men.

(Or to Flemming, No. 420)

- 2 Blest with communion so divine,  
Take what Thou wilt, shall I repine,  
When, as the branches to the vine,  
My soul may cling to Thee?
- 3 What though the world deceitful prove,  
And earthly friends and joys remove;  
With patient, uncomplaining love,  
Still would I cling to Thee.
- 4 Oft when I seem to tread alone  
Some barren waste, with thorns o'ergrown,  
A voice of love, in gentlest tone,  
Whispers, "Still cling to me."
- 5 Though faith and hope awhile be tried,  
I ask not, need not aught beside;  
How safe, how calm, how satisfied,  
The souls that cling to Thee!

C. Elliott, 1836 Alt.

450

POSEN 7s.

G. C. Strattner (1650—1705)

1. Sav - iour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey;  
Sweet - er les - son can - not be, Lov - ing Him who first loved me. A - men.

- 2 With a childlike heart of love,  
At Thy bidding may I move;  
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,  
Loving Him who first loved me.
- 3 Teach me all Thy steps to trace,  
Strong to follow in Thy grace;  
Learning how to love from Thee;  
Loving Him who first loved me.
- 4 Love in loving finds employ,  
In obedience all her joy;  
Ever new that joy will be,  
Loving Him who first loved me.
- 5 Thus may I rejoice to show  
That I feel the love I owe;  
Singing, till Thy face I see,  
Of His love who first loved me.

# Faith and Consecration

## 451 EVERMORE 7s.

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)



1. THINE for ev - er! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a - bove;  
Thine for ev - er may we be, Here, and in e - ter - ni - ty. A - men.

- 2 Thine forever! Oh, how blest  
They who find in Thee their rest!  
Saviour, guardian, heavenly friend,  
Oh, defend us to the end!
- 3 Thine forever! Lord of life,  
Shield us through our earthly strife:  
Thou the life, the truth, the way,  
Guide us to the realms of day.

- 4 Thine forever! Shepherd, keep  
These Thy frail and trembling sheep,  
Safe alone beneath Thy care,  
Let us all Thy goodness share.
- 5 Thine forever! Thou our guide,  
All our wants by Thee supplied;  
All our sins by Thee forgiven,  
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

M. F. Maude, 1847

## 452 SEYMOUR 7s.

Arr. fr. C. M. von Weber, 1826



1. LORD, for ev - er at Thy side Let my place and por - tion be;  
Strip me of the robe of pride, Clothe me with hu - mil - i - ty. A - men.

- 2 Meekly may my soul receive,  
All Thy Spirit hath revealed;  
Thou hast spoken; I believe,  
Though the oracle be sealed.
- 3 Humble as a little child,  
Weaned from the mother's breast,

- By no subtleties beguiled,  
On Thy faithful word I rest.
- 4 Israel now and evermore,  
In the Lord Jehovah trust;  
Him, in all His ways, adore,  
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

J. Montgomery, 1822



# Faith and Consecration

453

CEASELESS PRAISE 7s. 8l.

Anon.

1. TAKE my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise; Take my hands, and let them move At the impulse of Thy love; Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beautiful for Thee. A-men.

(Or to Culford, No. 683)

2 Take my voice, and let me sing  
Always, only, for my King;  
Take my lips, and let them be  
Filled with messages from Thee;  
Take my silver and my gold,  
Not a mite would I withhold;  
Take my intellect, and use  
Every power as Thou should choose.

3 Take my will and make it Thine,  
It shall be no longer mine;  
Take my heart, it is Thine own,  
It shall be Thy royal throne;  
Take my love, my Lord, I pour  
At Thy feet its treasure-store;  
Take myself, and I will be  
Ever, only, all for Thee.

F. R. Havergal, 1874

PATMOS 7s. 8l.

(Second Tune)

W. H. Havergal, 1869

1. TAKE my life, and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to Thee; Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise. A-men.

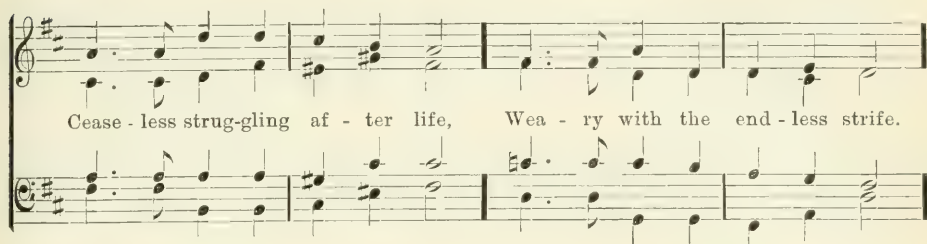
# Faith and Consecration

454 RAMOTH 7s. 8l.

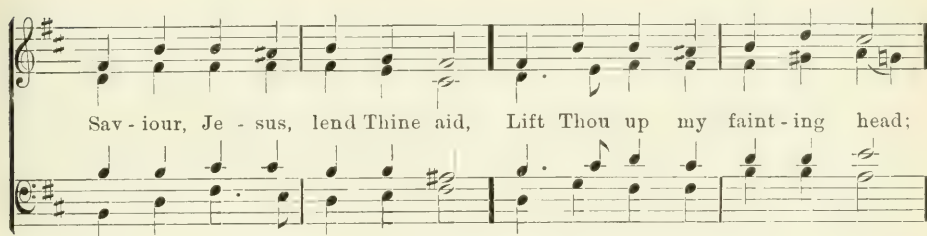
J. B. Calkin, 1867



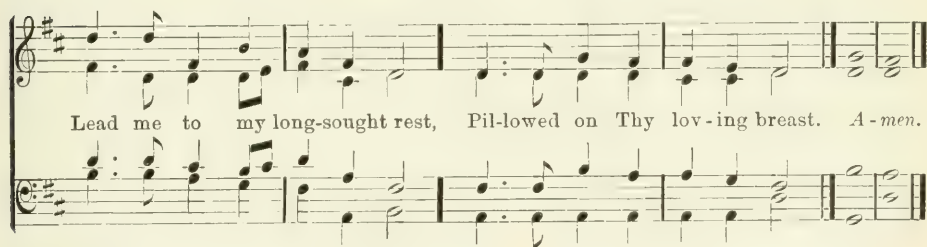
1. LOVE of Je - sus, all di - vine, Fill this long - ing heart of mine,



Cease - less strug - gling af - ter life, Wea - ry with the end - less strife.



Sav - iour, Je - sus, lend Thine aid, Lift Thou up my faint - ing head;



Lead me to my long-sought rest, Pil - lowed on Thy lov - ing breast. A - men.

2 Thou alone my trust shalt be,  
Thou alone canst comfort me;  
Only, Jesus, let Thy grace  
Be my shield and hiding-place;  
Let me know Thy saving power  
In temptation's fiercest hour:  
Then, my Saviour, at Thy side  
Let me evermore abide.

3 Thou hast wrought this fond desire,  
Kindled here this sacred fire,  
Weaned my heart from all below,  
Thee, and Thee alone to know.  
Thou who hast inspired the cry,  
Thou alone canst satisfy:  
Love of Jesus all divine,  
Fill this longing heart of mine.

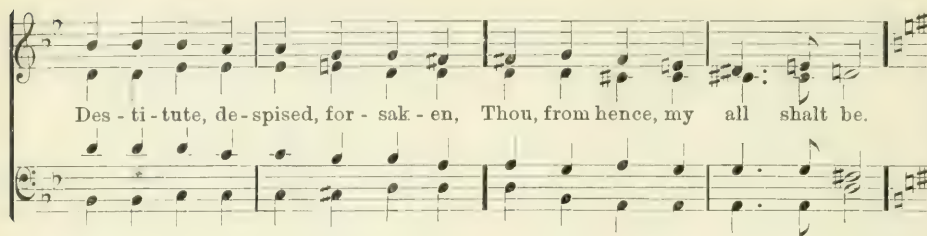
# Faith and Consecration

455 ST. FABIAN (Polycarp) 8s, 7s. 81.

J. Barnby, 1872

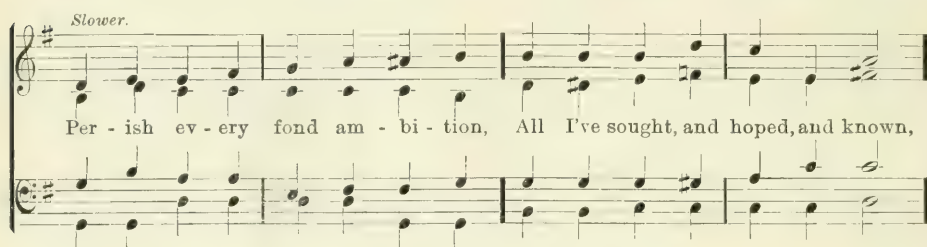


1. JE-SUS, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;



Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.

*Slower.*



Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known,



Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own. A - men.

2 Let the world despise and leave me;  
They have left my Saviour, too;  
Human hearts and looks deceive me:  
Thou art not, like them, untrue;  
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,  
God of wisdom, love, and might,  
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;  
Show Thy face and all is bright.

3 Go then, earthly fame and treasure!  
Come disaster, scorn and pain!  
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;  
With Thy favor, loss is gain.

I have called Thee Abba, Father;  
I have stayed my heart on Thee:  
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,  
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,  
'T will but drive me to Thy breast;  
Life with trials hard may press me,  
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.  
Oh, 't is not in grief to harm me,  
While Thy love is left to me;  
Oh, 't were not in joy to charm me,  
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

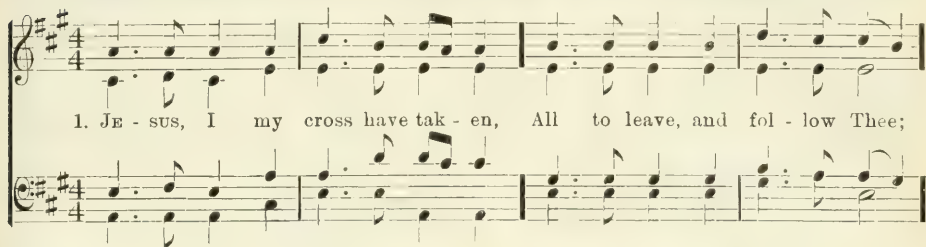
# Faith and Consecration

5 Take, my soul, thy full salvation;  
 Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;  
 Joy to find, in every station,  
 Something still to do or bear.  
 Think what Spirit dwells within thee,  
 What a Father's smile is thine,  
 What a Saviour died to win thee:  
 Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?


6 Haste, then, on from grace to glory,  
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;  
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee,  
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.  
 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,  
 Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,  
 Hope soon change to glad fruition,  
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

H. F. Lyte, 1825

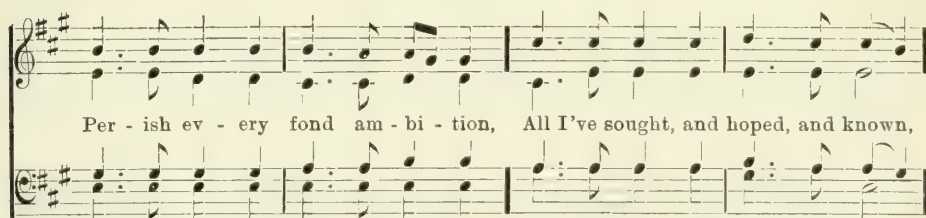
DISCIPLE (Ellesdie) 8s, 7s. 8l. (Second Tune) Arr. fr. W. A. Mozart, by H. P. Main



1. JE - SUS, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;



Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.



Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known,



Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own. A - men.

(Or to Bethany, No. 760)



# Faith and Consecration

456

ST. HELEN'S

P. M. 8, 5, 8, 3

R. P. Stewart (1825—1894)

1. I AM trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly Thee!

Trust - ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free. A - men.

2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,  
At Thy feet I bow;  
For Thy grace and tender mercy,  
Trusting now.

3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing  
In the crimson flood;  
Trusting Thee to make me holy  
By Thy blood.

4 I am trusting Thee to guide me;  
Thou alone shalt lead,

Every day and hour supplying  
All my need.

5 I am trusting Thee for power,  
Thine can never fail;  
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me  
Must prevail.

6 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus;  
Never let me fall;  
I am trusting Thee for ever,  
And for all.

F. R. Havergal, 1874

457

PASCAL, No. 1

8, 8, 8, 6

E. J. Hopkins (1818—)

1. God of my life, Thy boundless grace Chose, pardoned, and a - dopt - ed me;

My rest, my home, my dwell - ing - place; Fa - ther, I come to Thee. A - men.

2 Jesus, my hope, my rock, my shield,  
Whose precious blood was shed for me,  
Into Thy hands my soul I yield:  
Saviour, I come to Thee.

3 Spirit of glory and of God,  
Long hast Thou deigned my guide to be;

Now be Thy comfort sweet bestowed:  
My God, I come to Thee.

4 I come to join that countless host  
Who praise Thy name unceasingly;  
Blest Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
My God, I come to Thee.

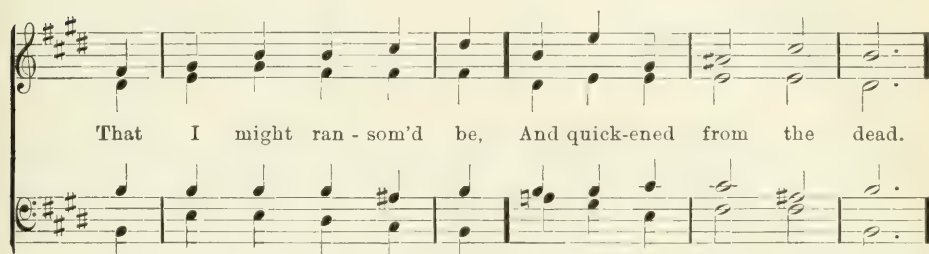
# Faith and Consecration

458 FALCONER 6s. 6l.

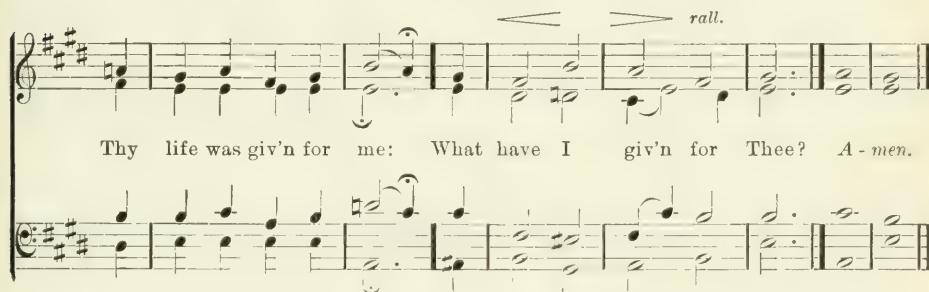
A. C. Falconer (1850—)



1. THY life was giv'n for me, Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,



That I might ran - som'd be, And quick-en'd from the dead.



Thy life was giv'n for me: What have I giv'n for Thee? A - men.

2 Long years were spent for me  
In weariness and woe,  
That through eternity  
Thy glory I might know.  
Long years were spent for me:  
Have I spent one for Thee?

3 Thy Father's home of light,  
Thy rainbow-circled throne,  
Were left for earthly night,  
For wanderings sad and lone.  
Yea, all was left for me:  
Have I left aught for Thee?

4 And Thou hast brought to me,  
Down from Thy home above,  
Salvation full and free,  
Thy pardon and Thy love.  
Great gifts Thou broughtest me:  
What have I brought to Thee?

5 Oh, let my life be given,  
My years for Thee be spent,  
World-fetters all be riven,  
And joy with suffering blent!  
Thou gavest Thyself for me;  
I give myself to Thee.

F. R. Havergal, 1858

# Faith and Consecration

459 HOLY OFFERINGS 7, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8, 8, 8

R. Redhead (1820—)

Part I. 1. Ho - ly of - frings, rich and rare, Of - fer - ings of praise and prayer,

Pur - er life and pur - pose high, Clasp - ed hands, up - lift - ed eye, Low - ly

acts of ad - o - ra - tion To the God of our sal - va - tion— On His

al - tar laid we leave them: Christ, pre - sent them! God, re - ceive them! A - men.

Part II.

Part III.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Promises in sorrow made,<br/>Left, alas! too long unpaid;<br/>Fervent wishes, earnest thought,<br/>Never into action wrought—<br/>Long withheld, we now restore them<br/>On Thy holy altar pour them:<br/>There in trembling faith to leave them,<br/>Christ, present them! God, receive them!</p>                          | <p>4 Pleasant food and garb of pride,<br/>Put for conscience' sake aside;<br/>Lawful luxury foregone<br/>To relieve some little one<br/>Loved of Christ, by Him befriended,<br/>And for His dear love attended—<br/>On Thine altar laid we leave them:<br/>Christ, present them! God, receive them!</p> |
| <p>3 Vows and longings, hopes and fears,<br/>Broken-hearted sighs and tears,<br/>Dreams of what we yet might be<br/>Could we cling more close to Thee,<br/>Which, despite of faults and failings,<br/>Help Thy grace in its prevailings—<br/>On Thine altar laid we leave them:<br/>Christ, present them! God, receive them!</p> | <p>5 Loveless life and joyless mood,<br/>Chill of cold ingratitude,<br/>When the world doth Christ betray<br/>Following too far away,<br/>Sins which in the daily trial<br/>Lead too often to denial,<br/>Help, oh, help us to outlive them:<br/>Christ, atone for! God, forgive them!</p>              |

# Faith and Consecration

## Part IV.

- 6 Brighter joys and tenderer tears,  
Fonder faith, more faithful fears,  
Lowlier penitence for sin,  
More of Christ our souls within;  
Love which, when its life was newer,  
Burnt within us deeper, truer—  
Lost too long, while we deplore them,  
Jesus, plead for! God, restore them!
- 7 Beamings of the gentle face,  
Overflowing gifts of grace,  
More of that deep consciousness  
Of a changeless will to bless,  
Which bestows the best assurance  
Of Eternal Love's endurance—  
Lost too often, we deplore them;  
Jesus, plead for! God, restore them!

## Part V.

- 8 Homage of each humble heart  
Ere we from Thy house depart;  
Worship fervent, deep and high,  
Adoration, ecstasy;  
All that childlike love can render  
Of devotion true and tender—  
On Thine altar laid we leave them:  
Christ, present them! God, receive them!
- 9 To the Father, and the Son,  
And the Spirit, Three in One,  
Though our mortal weakness raise  
Off'rings of imperfect praise,  
Yet with hearts bowed down most lowly,  
Crying, holy! holy! holy!  
On Thine altar laid we leave them:  
Christ, present them! God, receive them!

J. S. B. Monsell, 1867

HOMAGE 7, 7, 7, 7, 8, 8, 8 (Second Tune)

G. F. Cobb (1838—)

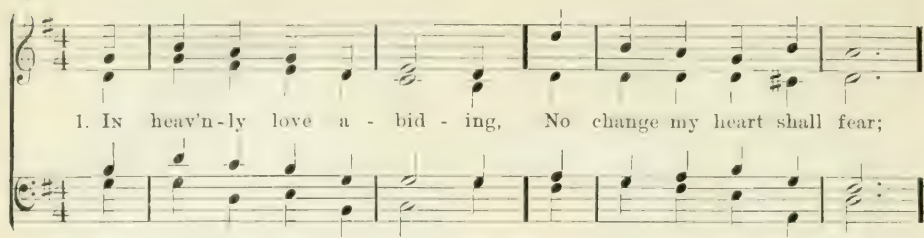
1 Ho - ly of-frings, rich and rare, Of - fer - ings of praise and prayer,  
Pur - er life and pur - pose high, Clasp - ed hands, up - lift - ed eye,  
Low - ly acts of ad - o - ra - tion To the God of our sal - va - tion -  
On His al - tar laid we leave them: Christ, present them! God, receive them! A-men.



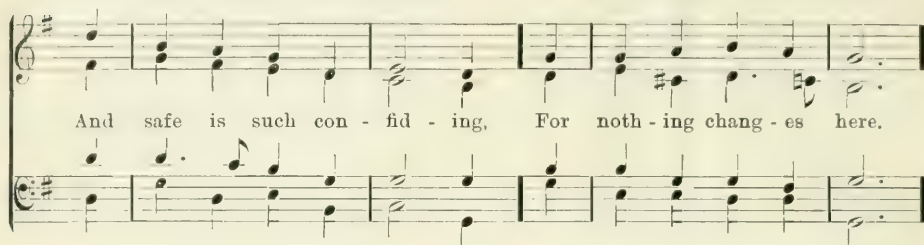
# Faith and Consecration

460 HOLY CHURCH 7s, 6s. 8l.

A. H. Brown (1830—)



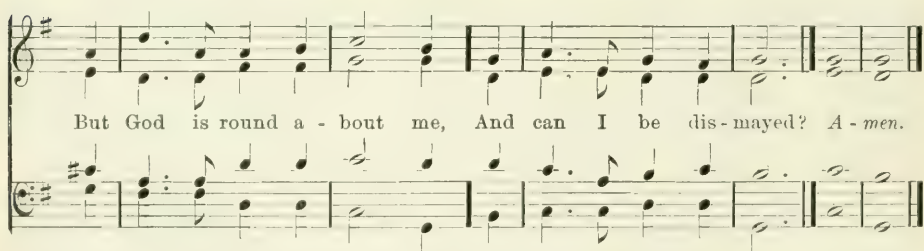
1. IN heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;



And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here.



The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid,



But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-mayed? A - men.

(Or to Savoy Chapel, opposite)

2 Wherever He may guide me,  
No want shall turn me back;  
My Shepherd is beside me,  
And nothing can I lack.  
His wisdom ever waketh,  
His sight is never dim,  
He knows the way He taketh,  
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,  
Which yet I have not seen;  
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
Where darkest clouds have been.  
My hope I cannot measure,  
My path to life is free,  
My Saviour has my treasure,  
And He will walk with me.

# Faith and Consecration

461

SAVOY CHAPEL 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. B. Calkin (1827—)

1. To THEE, O dear, dear Sav - iour! My spir - it turns for rest,

My peace is in Thy fa - vor, My pil - low on Thy breast;

Though all the world de - ceive me, I know that I am Thine,

And Thou wilt nev - er leave me, O bless - ed Sav - iour mine. A - men.

2 In Thee my trust abideth,  
On Thee my hope relies,  
O Thou whose love provideth  
For all beneath the skies;  
O Thou whose mercy found me  
From bondage set me free,  
And then for ever bound me  
With threefold cords to Thee.

3 My grief is in the dullness  
With which this sluggish heart  
Doth open to the fullness  
Of all Thou wouldst impart;  
My joy is in Thy beauty  
Of holiness Divine,  
My comfort in the duty  
That binds my life in Thine.

4 Alas, that I should ever  
Have failed in love to Thee,  
The only One who never  
Forgot or slighted me!  
Oh, for a heart to love Thee  
More truly as I ought,  
And nothing place above Thee  
In deed, or word, or thought.

5 Oh, for that choicest blessing  
Of living in Thy love,  
And thus on earth possessing  
The peace of heaven above;  
Oh, for the bliss that by it  
The soul securely knows  
The holy calm and quiet  
Of faith's serene repose!

# Faith and Consecration

462 GALILEAN Ss, 7s. 81.

J. Barnby, 1883

1. HARK! the voice of Je - sus cry - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?"

Fields are white, and har - vests wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"

Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers thee;

Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, send me, send me"? A - men.

(Or to Sanctuary, No. 780)

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,  
And the heathen lands explore,  
You can find the heathen nearer,  
You can help them at your door;  
If you cannot give your thousands,  
You can give the widow's mite,  
And the least you give for Jesus  
Will be precious in His sight.

3 If you cannot speak like angels,  
If you cannot preach like Paul,  
You can tell the love of Jesus,  
You can say He died for all.

If you cannot rouse the wicked  
With the judgment's dread alarms,  
You can lead the little children  
To the Saviour's waiting arms.

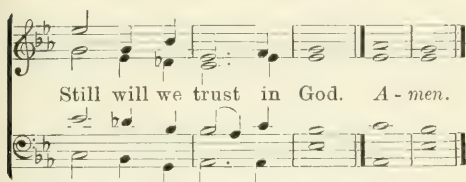
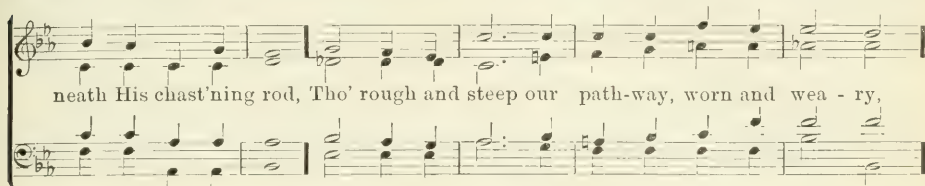
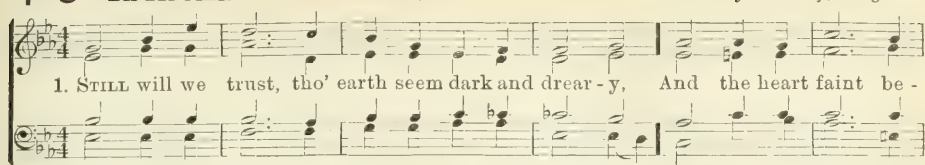
4 Let none hear you idly saying,  
"There is nothing I can do,"  
While the souls of men are dying,  
And the Master calls for you.  
Take the task He gives you gladly,  
Let His work your pleasure be;  
Answer quickly when He calleth—  
"Here am I, send me, send me."

# Faith and Consecration

463

BIRKDALE P. M. 11, 10, 11, 6

J. Barnby, 1883



2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,  
And our blind choosing brings us grief  
and pain;  
Through Him alone who hath our way  
appointed,  
We find our peace again.

3 Choose for us, God, nor let our weak  
preferring  
Cheat our poor souls of good Thou  
hast designed;  
Choose for us, God; Thy wisdom is un-  
erring,  
And we are fools and blind.

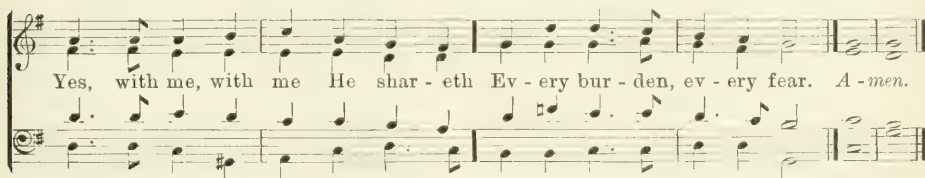
4 Let us press on, in patient self-denial,  
Accept the hardship, shrink not from  
the loss;  
Our portion lies beyond the hour of  
trial,  
Our crown beyond the cross.

W. H. Burleigh, 1868

464

MABYN 8s, 7s.

A. H. Brown (1830—)



2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,  
Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;  
Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth  
From the perils of the way.

3 Yes, for me He standeth pleading  
At the mercy-seat above;  
Ever for me interceding,  
Constant in untiring love.

4 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth;  
I in Him, and He in me!  
And my empty soul He filleth,  
Here and through eternity.

5 Thus I wait for His returning,  
Singing all the way to heaven;  
Such the joyful song of morning,  
Such the tranquil song of even.

H. Bonar, 1844



# Faith and Consecration

465

BURLINGTON C. M.

J. F. Burrowes, 1830

1. My God, ac - cept my heart this day, And make it al - ways Thine.

That I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee de - cline. A - men.

2 Before the cross of Him who died,  
Behold, I prostrate fall:  
Let every sin be crucified,  
And Christ be all in all.

That I may see Thy glorious face,  
And worship near Thy throne.

3 Anoint me with Thy heavenly grace,  
And seal me for Thine own,

4 Let every thought, and work, and word,  
To Thee be ever given:  
Then life shall be Thy service, Lord,  
And death the gate of heaven.

M. Bridges 1845

466

ARGYLE 7-8s.

E. H. Turpin (1835—)

1. Is full and glad sur - ren - der I give my - self to Thee, Thine

ut - ter - ly and on - ly. And ev - er - more to be. A - men.

2 O Son of God who lov'st me,  
I will be Thine alone,  
Myself and my possessions  
Shall henceforth be Thine own.  
3 Reign over me, Lord Jesus:  
Oh make my heart Thy throne:

It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,  
It shall be Thine alone.

4 Oh, come and reign, Lord Jesus,  
Rule over everything:  
And keep me always loyal,  
And true to Thee, my King.

# Faith and Consecration

467 ERSKINE PARK No. 78.

R. de W. Mallery. 1896

Copyright, 1896, by The Centaur Co.

1. Ah! the heart that has for - sak - en All things to se - cure the one.  
In the se - cret of its cham - bers Finds the joy of heaven be - gun. A - men.

- 2 Ah! the heart that is contented  
Nought to know save God alone.  
In the fullness of His blessing  
Finds a peace before unknown.
- 3 Ah! the heart that once is bathed  
In salvation's boundless sea,  
In its waters drops the burden  
Of a life-time's misery.
- 4 Oh! that thus we could surrender  
Worldly pomp, and pride, and show,

Seeking Him in whom is centred  
All of good that man can know.

- 5 Oh that thus His blessed presence  
In our hearts we here enjoyed!  
For without Him all is dreary,  
Earth is dark, and vain, and void.

- 6 Oh! Thou Fount of every blessing  
Draw us, by the cross, till we,  
Heart and soul and will and spirit,  
Are forever one with Thee!

Arranged for voice and piano by J. M. M. M. 1899

LASTINGHAM 7s, 6s,

(Second Time)

A. Gray. 1895

1. In full and glad sur - ren - der I give my - self to Thee,  
Thine ut - ter - ly and on - ly, And ev - er - more to be. A - men.

# Love and Gratitude

468

COLEBROOK 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

H. Smart, 1872

1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo-ries forth,

Which in my Sav-our shine, I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, And

vie with Ga-briel while he sings In notes al-most di-vine. A-men.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin, and wrath divine;  
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,  
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress  
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,  
And all the forms of love He wears,  
Exalted on His throne;

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would to everlasting days  
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come  
When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
And I shall see His face;  
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in His grace.

S. Medley, 1789

ARIEL 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

(Second Tune)

Mozart Arr. L. Mason, 1836

1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine,

{ I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings, }  
{ And vie with Gabriel while he sings } In notes almost di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine. A-men.

# Love and Gratitude

469 PURLEIGH 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

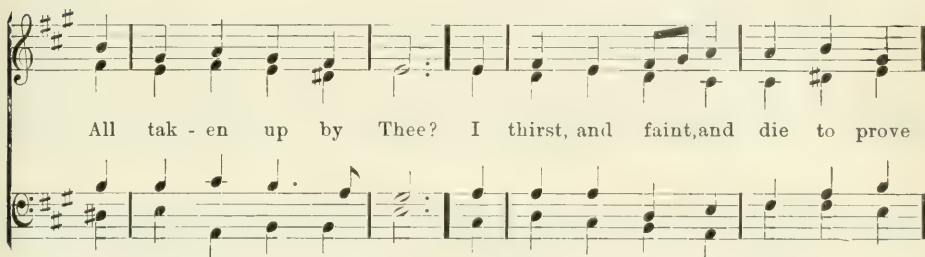
A. H. Brown (1830—)



1. O LOVE di-vine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my will-ing heart



All tak-en up by Thee? I thirst, and faint, and die to prove



The great-ness of re-deem-ing love, The love of Christ to me. A-men.



2 Stronger His love than death or hell;  
Its riches are unsearchable;  
The first-born sons of light  
Desire in vain its depths to see;  
They cannot reach the mystery,  
The length and breadth and height.

4 Oh, that I could for ever sit  
With Mary at the Master's feet!  
Be this my happy choice;  
My only care, delight, and bliss,  
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,  
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

3 God only knows the love of God:  
Oh, that it now were shed abroad  
In this poor stony heart!  
For love I sigh, for love I pine;  
This only portion, Lord, be mine,  
Be mine this better part.

5 Thy only love do I require,  
Nothing in earth beneath desire,  
Nothing in heaven above;  
Let earth and heaven and all things go;  
Give me Thy only love to know,  
Give me Thy only love.



# Love and Gratitude

470 MARGARET S, S, S, S, 6

A. L. Peace, 1885

1. O LOVE that wilt not let me go, . . . I rest my

wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe,

That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be. A - men.

2 O Light that followest all my way,  
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;  
My heart restores its borrowed ray,  
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day  
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,  
I cannot close my heart to Thee;  
I trace the rainbow through the rain,  
And feel the promise is not vain  
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,  
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;  
I lay in dust life's glory dead,  
And from the ground there blossoms red  
Life that shall endless be.

G. Matheson, 1882

471 SONG OF SONGS L. M. With Refrain

J. B. Powell, 1884

1 COME, let us sing the song of songs, The saints in heaven be -

# Love and Gratitude

gan the strain, The hom-age which to Christ be - longs: "Wor - thy the  
Lamb, Wor-ty the Lamb, Wor-ty the Lamb, for He was slain!" A-men.

2 Slain to redeem us by His blood,  
To cleanse from every sinful stain,  
And make us kings and priests to God:  
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

4 To Him, enthroned by filial right,  
All power in heaven and earth proclaim,  
Honor, and majesty, and might:  
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

3 To Him who suffered on the tree,  
Our souls, at His soul's price, to gain,  
Blessing, and praise, and glory be:  
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

5 Long as we live, and when we die,  
And while in heaven with Him we reign,  
This song our song of songs shall be:  
"Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!"

J. Montgomery, 1841

ALSTONE L. M.

(Second Tune)

C. E. Willing, 1868

1. COME, let us sing the song of songs, The saints in heav'n be - gan the strain,  
The hom-age which to Christ belongs: "Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain!" A - men.

# Love and Gratitude

472 GOUNOD (Muriel) S. 7, S. 7, 7, 7

C. Gounod (1818—1893)

1. ONE there is, a - bove all oth - ers, Well de - serves the name of Friend;

His is love be - yond a broth - er's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end:

They, who once His kindness prove, Find it ev - er - last - ing love. A - men.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,  
Could or would have shed his blood?  
But our Jesus died to have us  
Reconciled in Him to God:  
This was boundless love indeed!  
Jesus is a friend in need.

3 When He lived on earth abasèd,  
"Friend of sinners" was His name;  
Now above all glory raised,

He rejoices in the same.  
Still He calls them brethren, friends,  
And to all their wants attends.

5 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!  
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
We, alas! forget too often  
What a Friend we have above:  
But when home our souls are brought,  
We will love Thee as we ought.

J. Newton, 1770

473 (CRUCIFIXION) S. 7, S. 8, 8, 7

1 I ADORE Thee, I adore Thee,  
Glorious ere the world began;  
Yet more wonderful Thou shinest,  
Though divine, yet still divinest  
In Thy dying love for man.

2 I adore Thee, I adore Thee,  
Humbly at Thy footstool kneel;  
I have heard Thine accents thrilling,

Lord, I come, for Thou art willing  
Me to pardon, me to heal.

3 I adore Thee, I adore Thee,  
Born of woman, yet divine!  
With Thy Spirit, Lord, endue me,  
In Thine image pure renew me,  
Let me evermore be Thine.

J. S. Simpson

# Love and Gratitude

474 ST. LAWRENCE 8s, 7s. 6l.

C. Steggall, 1867

1. To THE name that brings sal - va - tion, Hon - or, wor - ship. laud, we pay;  
Which, for many a gen - er - a - tion, Hid in God's fore - knowledge lay;  
But with ho - ly ex - ul - ta - tion We may sing a - loud to - day. A - men.

2 Name of gladness, name of pleasure,  
By the tongue ineffable,  
Name of sweetness, passing measure,  
To the ear delectable;  
'Tis our safeguard and our treasure,  
'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.

3 'Tis the name for adoration;  
'Tis the name for victory;  
'Tis the name for meditation  
In the vale of misery;  
'Tis the name for veneration  
By the citizens on high.

4 'Tis the name by right exalted  
Over every other name;  
That when we are sore assaulted,  
Puts our enemies to shame:  
Strength to them that else had halted,  
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

5 Jesus, we Thy name adoring,  
Long to see Thee as Thou art;  
Of Thy clemency imploring  
So to write it in our heart,  
That hereafter, upward soaring,  
We with angels may have part.

Anon. German (15th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851

CRUCIFIXION 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

J. Stainer (1840—)

1. I A-DORE Thee, I a-dore Thee, Glorious ere the world be-gan; Yet more wonder-ful Thou shin-est, Tho' di-vine, yet still di-vin - est In Thy dy-ing love for man. A-men.



# Love and Gratitude

## 475 PLEYEL'S HYMN 7s.

I. J. Pleyel, 1790

1. CHIL-DREN of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;

Sing our Sav-iour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways. A-men.

- 2 We are travelling home to God,  
In the way the fathers trod:  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,  
Zion's city is in sight:  
There our endless home shall be,  
There our Lord we soon shall see.

- 4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand  
On the borders of your land;  
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 5 Lord, obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only Thou our Leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee.

J. Cennick, 1742 Ab.

## 476 NEW CALABAR 7s.

J. D. Farrer

1. EARTH has noth-ing sweet or fair, Love-ly forms or beau-ties rare,

But be-fore my eyes they bring Christ, of beau-ty source and spring. A-men.

(Or to St. Bees, No. 609)

- 2 When the morning paints the skies,  
When the golden sunbeams rise,  
Then my Saviour's form I find  
Brightly imaged on my mind.
- 3 When, as moonlight softly steals,  
Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,

- Then I think: Who made their light,  
Is a thousand times more bright.
- 4 Lord of all that's fair to see,  
Come, reveal Thyself to me;  
Let me, 'mid Thy radiant light,  
See Thine unveiled glories bright.

# Love and Gratitude

477 REDHEAD 45 7s.

R. Redhead, 1853

1. JE - SUS, name of won-drous love, Name all oth - er names a - bove!

Un-to which must ev - ery knee Bow in deep hu - mil - i - ty. A - men.

- 2 Jesus, name decreed of old,  
To the maiden mother told,  
Kneeling in her lowly cell,  
By the angel Gabriel.
- 3 Jesus, name of priceless worth  
To the fallen sons of earth,  
For the promise that it gave,  
"Jesus shall His people save."
- 4 Jesus, name of mercy mild,  
Given to the holy Child,

- When the cup of human woe  
First He tasted here below.
- 5 Jesus, only name that's given  
Under all the mighty heaven,  
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,  
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.
- 6 Jesus, name of wondrous love,  
Human name of God above:  
Pleading only this we flee,  
Helpless, O our God, to Thee.

W. W. How, 1854

478 HENDON 7s.

(Or to New Calabar, opposite)

II. A. C. Malan, 1827

1. CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy, Still in Thee may

I be found, Still for Thee my pow'r's employ, Still for Thee my pow'r's employ. A - men.

- 2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,  
Freely from Thy fullness give;  
Till I close my earthly race,  
May I prove it Christ to live.
- 3 When I touch the blessed shore,  
Back the closing waves shall roll;

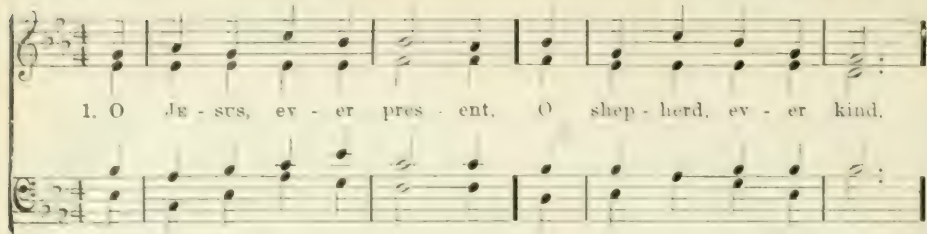
- Death's dark stream shall nevermore  
Part from Thee my ravished soul.
- 4 Thus, oh, thus an entrance give  
To the land of cloudless sky;  
Having known it Christ to live,  
Let me know it gain to die.

R. Wardlaw, 1817

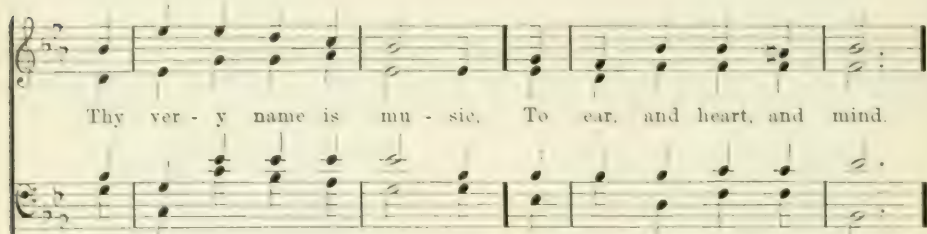
# Love and Gratitude

479 CHICHESTER 78, 68, 81

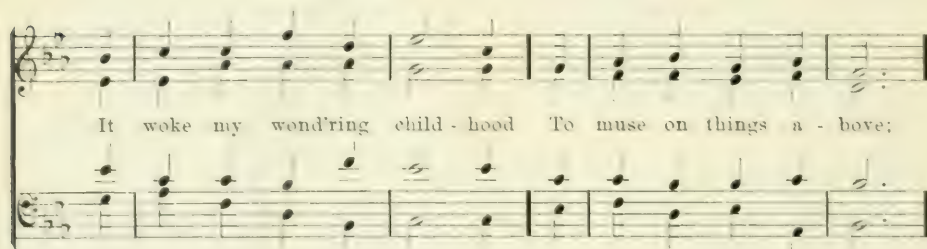
T. E. Aylward, 1868



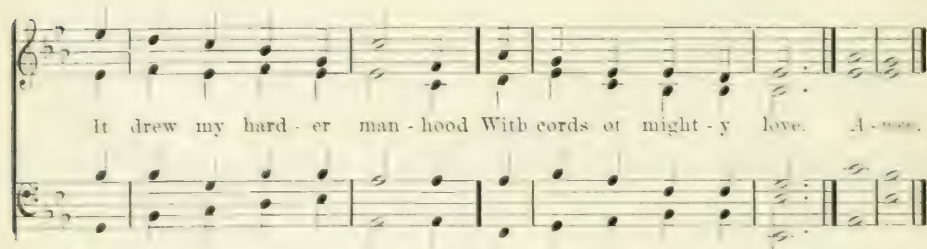
1. O Je - sus, ev - er pres - ent, O shep - herd, ev - er kind,



Thy ver - y name is mu - sic, To ear, and heart, and mind.



It woke my wond'ring child - hood To muse on things a - bove;



It drew my hard - er man - hood With cords of might - y love. A - men.

2 How oft to sure destruction  
My feet had gone astray,  
Wert Thou not, patient shepherd,  
The guardian of my way.  
How oft, in darkness fallen,  
And wounded sore by sin,  
Thy hand has gently raised me,  
And healing balms poured in.

3 O shepherd good, I follow  
Wherever Thou wilt lead;  
No matter where the pasture,  
With Thee at hand to feed.  
Thy voice, in life so mighty,  
In death shall make me bold;  
O bring my ransomed spirit  
To Thine eternal fold!

# Love and Gratitude

480 UNION SQUARE 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. B. Dykes, 1872

1. I could not do without Thee, O Saviour of the lost,  
Whose wondrous love redeemed me, At such tremendous cost;  
Thy righteousness, Thy pardon, Thy precious blood must be  
My only hope and comfort, My glory and my plea. A-men.

2 I could not do without Thee,  
I cannot stand alone,  
I have no strength or goodness,  
No wisdom of my own:  
But Thou, beloved Saviour,  
Art all in all to me,  
And weakness will be power  
If leaning hard on Thee.

3 I could not do without Thee,  
For, oh, the way is long,  
And I am often weary,  
And sigh replaces song:  
How could I do without Thee?  
I do not know the way;  
Thou knowest, and Thou leadest,  
And wilt not let me stray.

4 I could not do without Thee,  
O Jesus, Saviour dear;  
E'en when my eyes are holden,  
I know that Thou art near.  
How dreary and how lonely  
This changeful life would be,  
Without the sweet communion,  
The secret rest with Thee!

5 I could not do without Thee,  
For years are fleeting fast,  
And soon in solemn loneliness  
The river must be passed;  
But Thou wilt never leave me,  
And though the waves roll high,  
I know Thou wilt be near me,  
And whisper, "It is I."

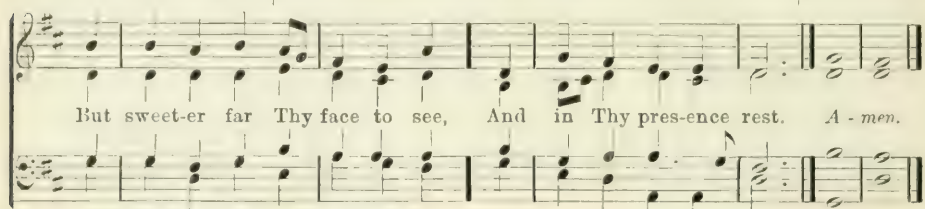
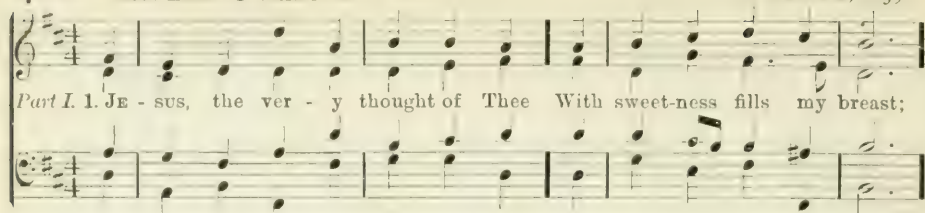


# Love and Gratitude

481

METZLER'S REDHEAD 66 C. M.

R. Redhead, 1859



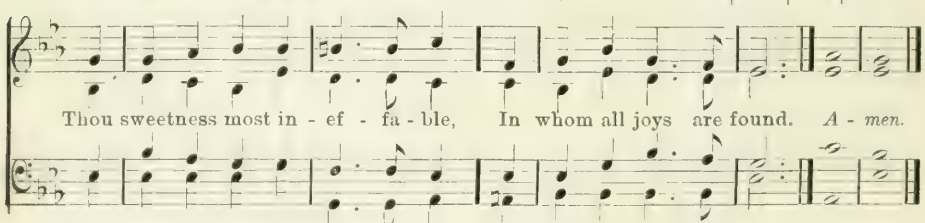
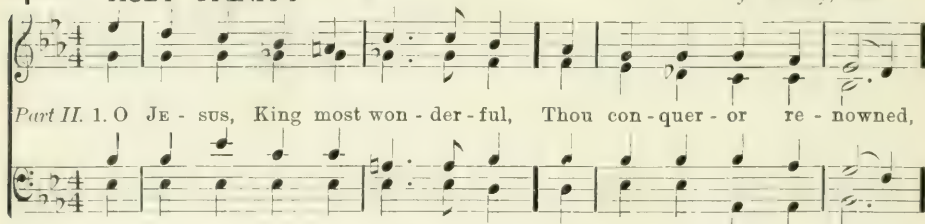
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame  
Nor can the memory find,  
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,  
O Saviour of mankind.
- 4 But what to those who find? Ah, this,  
Nor tongue nor pen can show;  
The love of Jesus, what it is  
None but His loved ones know.
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart,  
O joy of all the meek,  
To those who fall, how kind Thou art,  
How good to those who seek!
- 5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,  
As Thou our prize shalt be;  
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,  
And through eternity.

(Or to St. Agnes, opposite)

482

HOLY TRINITY C. M.

J. Barnby, 1861



- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,  
Then truth begins to shine,  
Then earthly vanities depart,  
Then kindles love divine.
- 4 May every heart confess Thy name  
And ever Thee adore;  
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame  
To seek Thee more and more.
- 3 O Jesus, light of all below,  
Thou fount of living fire!  
Surpassing all the joys we know  
And all we can desire;
- 5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless;  
Thee may we love alone,  
And ever in our lives express  
The image of Thine own.

# Love and Gratitude

483 ST. AGNES C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1866

Part III. 1. O JE - sus. Thou the beau - ty art Of an - gel - worlds a - bove;

Thy name is mu - sic to the heart, En - chanting it with love. A - men.

2 Celestial sweetness unalloyed,  
Who eat Thee hunger still:  
Who drink of Thee still feel a void  
Which only Thou canst fill.

3 O most sweet Jesus, hear the sighs  
Which unto Thee we send;  
To Thee our inmost spirit cries,  
Our being's hope and end!

4 Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy light  
Illume the soul's abyss;  
Scatter the darkness of our night,  
And fill the world with bliss.

5 O Jesus, spotless virgin-flower,  
Our love and joy, to Thee  
Be praise, beatitude, and power,  
Through all eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux (3 Parts c. 1130 or 1140 Tr. E. Caswall, 1848)

484 BOARDMAN C. M.

L. Devereux Arr. G. Kingsley, 1839

1. JE - sus, these eyes have nev - er seen That ra - diant form of Thine;

The veil of sense hangs dark be - tween Thy bless - ed face and mine! A - men.

(Or to St. Bernard, No. 493 Or to Raphael, No. 858)

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,  
Yet art Thou oft with me;  
And earth hath ne'er so dear a soul,  
As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes un -  
When slumbers o'er me roll, [sought  
Thine image ever fills my thought.  
And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still  
Must rest in faith alone,  
I love Thee, dearest Lord,—and will,  
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,  
And still this throbbing heart,  
The rending veil shall Thee reveal  
All glorious as Thou art.

# Love and Gratitude

485

ST. PETER'S, OXFORD C. M.

A. R. Reinagle, 1826

1. How SWEET the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev-er's ear! It  
soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear. A - men.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast!  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place,  
My never-failing treasury, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 Jesus, my shepherd, husband, friend,  
My prophet, priest, and King;

My Lord, my life, my way, my end,  
Accept the praise I bring.

- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
And may the music of Thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

J. Newton, 1779

486

ST. OSWIN C. M.

(Or to Heber, No. 879)

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights,  
The glo - ry of my bright-est days, And com - fort of my nights! A - men.

- 2 In darkest shades if He appear,  
My dawning is begun;  
He is my soul's bright morning star,  
And He my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine  
With beams of sacred bliss,

While Jesus shows His heart is mine,  
And whispers, I am His.

- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,  
At that transporting word;  
Run up with joy the shining way  
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

I. Watts, 1707

# Love and Gratitude

487

CHESTERFIELD C. M.

T. Haweis (1733—1820)

1. JE - sus, I love Thy sa - cred name, 'Tis mu - sic to mine ear; Fain  
would I sound it out.. so loud That earth and heav'n should hear. A - men.

2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,  
My transport and my trust;  
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,  
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,  
In Thee doth richly meet;  
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,  
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,  
And sheds its fragrance there,—  
The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of Thy name  
With my last laboring breath;  
Then, speechless, clasp Thee in mine arms,  
The antidote of death.

P. Doddridge, 1717

488

ST. AGNES C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1866

1. O JE - sus, when I think of Thee, Thy man - ger, cross, and throne.  
My spir - it trusts ex - ult - ing - ly In Thee, and Thee a - lone. A - men.

2 I see Thee in Thy weakness first;  
Then, glorious from Thy shame,  
I see Thee death's strong fetters burst,  
And reach heaven's mightiest name.

3 For me Thou didst become a man,  
For me didst weep and die;  
For me achieve Thy wondrous plan,  
For me ascend on high.

4 O let me share Thy holy birth,  
Thy faith, Thy death to sin,  
And, strong amidst the toils of earth,  
My heavenly life begin.

5 Then shall I know what means the strain  
Triumphant of Saint Paul:  
"To live is Christ, to die is gain;"  
"Christ is my all in all."

G. W. Bethune, 1847



489

## Love and Gratitude

WALTERSDORF (Halle) L. M.

F. J. C. Schneider, 1829

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought is sweet; In that dear name all heart-joys meet;

But oh, than hon - ey sweet - er far, The glimpses of His presence are. A - men.

(Or to Canonbury, No. 658)

2 No word is sung more sweet than this,  
No name is heard more full of bliss,  
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh  
Than Jesus, Son of God Most High.

3 Jesus, the hope of souls forlorn,  
How good to them for sin that mourn!  
To them that seek Thee, oh how kind!  
But what art Thou to them that find?

4 No tongue of mortal can express,  
No letters write the blessedness;  
Alone, who hath Thee in his heart  
Knows love of Jesus, what Thou art.

5 O Jesus, King of wondrous might!  
O Victor, glorious from the fight!  
Sweetness that may not be expressed,  
And altogether loveliest!

Hymnal Noted, 1852 Tr. J. M. Neale, 1860 Ab.

490

VALENTIA C. M.

M. Eberwein (1775—1831 Arr. G. Kingsley, 1853)

1. Oh, gift of gifts! oh, grace of faith! My God, how can it be

That Thou, who hast dis - cern - ing love, Shouldst give that gift to me? A - men.

(Or to Ilfracomb, No. 514)

2 How many hearts thou mightst have had 4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,  
More innocent than mine, Seem trifles less than light;  
How many souls more worthy far Earth looks so little and so low  
Of that sweet touch of thine! When faith shines full and bright!

3 Ah, grace, into unlikeliest hearts,  
It is thy boast to come,  
The glory of thy light to find  
In darkest spots a home.

5 Oh, happy, happy that I am!  
If thou canst be, O faith,  
The treasure that thou art in life,  
What wilt thou be in death?

# Love and Gratitude

491 FRIEDA C. M. 81.

G. C. Martin (1844 -)

1. Thou art my hid - ing-place, O Lord; On Thee I fix my trust, Encouraged

by Thy ho - ly word, A fee - ble child of dust. I have no ar - gu -

ment be-side, I urge no oth - er plea; And 'tis e-nough the Sav-iour died,

The Sav-iour died for me. A-men.

C. M. 81.

492

1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned  
Upon the Saviour's brow;  
His head with radiant glories crowned,  
His lips with grace o'erflow.  
No mortal can with Him compare,  
Among the sons of men;  
Fairer is He than all the fair  
That fill the heavenly train.

2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,  
He flew to my relief;  
For me He bore the shameful cross,  
And carried all my grief.  
To Him I owe my life and breath,  
And all the joys I have;  
He makes me triumph over death  
He saves me from the grave.

3 To heaven, the place of His abode,  
He brings my weary feet;  
Shows me the glories of my God,  
And makes my joy complete.  
Since from His bounty I receive  
Such proofs of love divine,  
Had I a thousand hearts to give,  
Lord, they should all be Thine.

2 'Mid trials heavy to be borne,  
When mortal strength is vain,  
A heart with grief and anguish torn,  
A body racked with pain;  
Ah, what could give the sufferer rest,  
Bid every murmur flee,  
But this, the witness in my breast  
That Jesus died for me?

3 And when Thine awful voice commands  
This body to decay,  
And life, in its last lingering sands,  
Is ebbing fast away;  
Then, though it be in accents weak,  
And faint and tremblingly,  
O give me strength in death to speak,  
"My Saviour died for me."

T. Raffles, 1843 399

(Or to Ottonville, No. 372)

S. Stennett, 1787

# Prayer and Aspiration

493 ELIJAH 7s, 5s. S1. With Refrain

J. Stainer (1840—)

1. WHEN the wea-ry, seek-ing rest, To Thy good-ness flee; When the heav-y -

la-den cast All their load on Thee; When the trou-bled, seek-ing peace,

On Thy name shall call; When the sin-ner, seek-ing life, At Thy feet shall fall:

Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwelling-place on high. A - men.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,  
Lifts his soul above;  
When the prodigal looks back  
To his Father's love;  
When the proud man, from his pride,  
Stoops to seek Thy face;  
When the burdened brings his guilt  
To Thy throne of grace:  
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry  
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,  
All his toils to end;  
When the hungry craveth food,  
And the poor a friend;  
When the sailor on the wave  
Bows the fervent knee;  
When the soldier on the field  
Lifts his heart to Thee:  
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry  
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

# Prayer and Aspiration

4 When the child, with loving heart,  
Youth, or maiden fair;  
When the aged, trusting still,  
Seek Thy face in prayer;  
When the widow weeps to Thee,

Sad and lone and low;  
When the orphan brings to Thee  
All his orphan woe:  
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry  
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

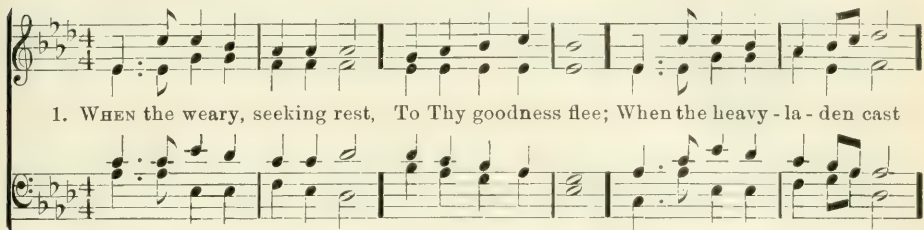
H. Bonar, 1866. *Ab.*

(Second Tune)

W. H. Callcott, 1867

Last 2 l. fr. Mendelssohn, 1846

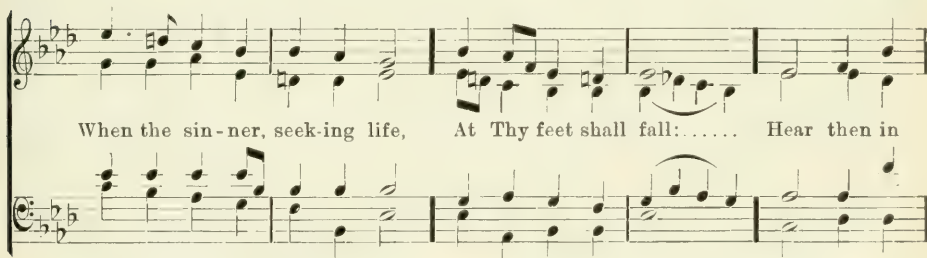
INTERCESSION, NEW 7s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain



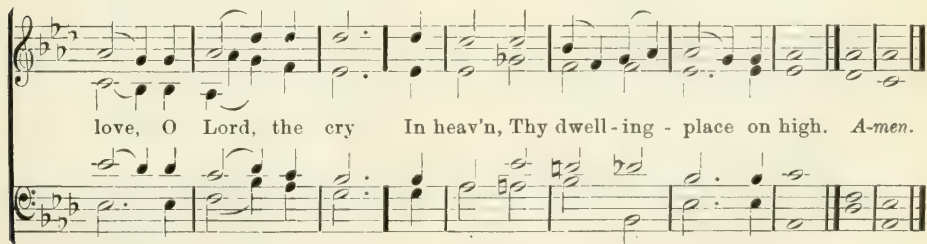
1. WHEN the weary, seeking rest, To Thy goodness flee; When the heavy - la - den cast



All their load on Thee; When the troubled, seeking peace, On Thy name shall call;



When the sin - ner, seek - ing life, At Thy feet shall fall:..... Hear then in



love, O Lord, the cry In heav'n, Thy dwell - ing - place on high. *A-men.*



# Prayer and Aspiration

494 ELIM (Moscow) 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. B. Calkin, 1867

1. I LAY my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;

He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load.

I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains

White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a stain re - mains. A - men.

(Or to Frankscot, opposite)

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;  
All fullness dwells in Him;  
He heals all my diseases,  
He doth my soul redeem:  
I lay my griefs on Jesus,  
My burdens and my cares;  
He from them all releases,  
He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,  
This weary soul of mine;  
His right hand me embraces,  
I on His breast recline:

I love the name of Jesus,  
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord;  
Like fragrance on the breezes,  
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,  
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;  
I long to be like Jesus,  
The Father's holy child:  
I long to be with Jesus  
Amid the heavenly throng,  
To sing with saints His praises,  
To learn the angels' song.

# Prayer and Aspiration

495 FRANKSCOT 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. Barnby, 1883

1. I NEED Thee, pre - cious Je - sus, For I am full of sin;

My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in;

I need the cleans-ing fount - ain Where I can al - ways flee,

The blood of Christ most pre - cious, The sin - ner's per - fect plea. A - men.

(Or to Eliza, opposite)

2 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus,  
For I am very poor;  
A stranger and a pilgrim,  
I have no earthly store.  
I need the love of Jesus  
To cheer me on my way,  
To guide my doubting footsteps,  
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus;  
I need a friend like Thee,  
A friend to soothe and pity,  
A friend to care for me.

I need the heart of Jesus  
To feel each anxious care,  
To tell my every trial,  
And all my sorrows share.

4 I need Thee, blessèd Jesus,  
And hope to see Thee soon,  
Encircled with the rainbow  
And seated on Thy throne:  
There, with Thy blood-bought children,  
My joy shall ever be  
To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus,  
To gaze, my Lord, on Thee.

# Prayer and Aspiration

496 ELTON 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

F. C. Maker (1844—)

1. DEAR Lord and Fa-ther of man-kind, For-give our feverish ways; Re-clothe us in our

right-ful mind; In pur-er lives Thy ser-vice find. In deep-er rev'-rence, praise. A-men.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,  
Beside the Syrian sea,  
The gracious calling of the Lord,  
Let us, like them, without a word,  
Rise up and follow Thee.

4 Drop thy still dews of quietness,  
Till all our strivings cease;  
Take from our souls the strain and stress,  
And let our ordered lives confess  
The beauty of thy peace.

3 O Sabbath rest by Galilee!  
O calm of hills above!  
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee  
The silence of eternity,  
Interpreted by love.

5 Breathe through the heats of our desire  
Thy coolness and thy balm;  
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire:  
Speak thro' the earthquake, wind, and fire,  
O still small voice of calm!

J. G. Whittier, 1872

(Second Tune)

ETERNAL LIGHT 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

M. B. Foster (1851—)

1. DEAR Lord and Father of man-kind, For-give our feverish ways; Reclothe us in our

right-ful mind; In pur-er lives Thy ser-vice find, In deep-er rev'-rence, praise. A-men.

# Prayer and Aspiration

497 MOSELEY 6s.

H. Smart (1813—1879)

1. I HUN - GER and I thirst; Je - sus, my man - na be:

Ye liv - ing wa - ters, burst Out of the rock for me. A - men.

2 Thou bruised and broken bread,  
My life-long wants supply;  
As living souls are fed,  
Oh feed me, or I die!

3 Thou true life-giving vine,  
Let me Thy sweetness prove;  
Renew my life with Thine,  
Refresh my soul with love.

4 Rough paths my feet have trod,  
Since first their course began;  
Feed me, Thou bread of God;  
Help me, Thou Son of Man.

5 For still the desert lies  
My thirsting soul before;  
O living waters, rise  
Within me evermore!

J. S. B. Monsell, 1873

(Second Tune)

DOLOMITE CHANT 6s.

Austrian Melody

1. I HUN - GER and I thirst; Je - sus, my man - na be: Ye liv - ing

wa - ters, burst Out of the rock for me..... A - men.



# Prayer and Aspiration

498

MEREDITH

7s. 6l.

J. B. Powell, 1884

1. Son of God, to Thee I cry: By the ho - ly mys - te - ry Of Thy dwell - ing

here on earth, By Thy pure and ho - ly birth, Lord, Thy pres - ence let me see,

Man - i - fest Thy-self to me. A - men.

3 Prince of life, to Thee I cry:  
By Thy glorious majesty,  
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,  
Meek to suffer, strong to save,  
Lord, Thy presence let me see,  
Manifest Thyself to me.

2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry:  
By Thy bitter agony,  
By Thy pangs to us unknown,  
By Thy spirit's parting groan,  
Lord, Thy presence let me see,  
Manifest Thyself to me.

4 Lord of glory, God most high,  
Man exalted to the sky,  
With Thy love my bosom fill,  
Prompt me to perform Thy will;  
Then Thy glory I shall see,  
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee,

R. Mant, 1831

AMSTERDAM 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6 (Second Tune)

J. Nares [?], 1742

1. RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace; Rise from tran - si -

to - ry things T'ward heav'n, thy native place: Sun and moon and stars de - cay; Time shall

soon this earth re - move; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats prepared a - bove. A - men.

# Prayer and Aspiration

499

BEETHOVEN 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 6

Arr. fr. L. van Beethoven (1770—1827)

1. RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;

Rise from trans - i - to - ry things, Toward heav'n, thy na - tive place:

Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;

Rise, my soul and haste a - way, To seats pre - pared a - bove. A - men.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course;  
Fire ascending seeks the sun;  
Both speed them to their source:  
So my soul, derived from God,  
Pants to view His glorious face,  
Forward tends to His abode,  
To rest in His embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,  
Press onward to the prize;  
Soon our Saviour will return,  
Triumphant in the skies:  
Yet a season, and you know  
Happy entrance will be given,  
All our sorrows left below,  
And earth exchanged for heaven.

R. Seagrave, 1742

# Prayer and Aspiration

500 ETIAM ET MIHI P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 3

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. LORD, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free,—Show'rs the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some por-tion fall on me, e - ven me! A-men.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,  
Sinful though my heart may be;  
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather  
Let Thy mercy light on me, even me!

Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
Speak the word of power to me, even me!

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour,  
Let me love and cling to Thee;  
I am longing for Thy favor; [me]  
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh call me, even

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,  
Blood of Christ, so rich and free,  
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,  
Magnify them all in me, even me!

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,  
Thou canst make the blind to see;

6 Pass me not! this lost one bringing,  
'Tis but one more, Lord, for Thee;  
All my heart to Thee is springing;  
Blessing others, oh bless me, even me!

Mrs. E. Codner, 1860

(Second Tune)

EVEN ME P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 3 With Refrain

W. B. Bradbury, 1862

1. LORD, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free, } Show'rs the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some por-tion fall on me, } e - ven me, e - ven me, Let some por-tion fall on me. A-men.

# Prayer and Aspiration

501 PRINCE (St. Catherine) L. M. 61. Arr. fr F. Mendelssohn (1809—1847) Attrib. to F. H. Hemy, 1865 Alt by J. G. Walton, 1871 (?)

1. JE - sus, Thy bound-less love to me— No thought can reach, no tongue de - clare;

Oh, knit my thank-ful heart to Thee And reign with-out a ri - val there.

Thine wholly, Thine a-lone, I am, Be Thou a-lone my constant flame. A-men.

2 Oh, grant that nothing in my soul  
May dwell, but Thy pure love alone:  
Oh, may Thy love possess me whole,  
My joy, my treasure, and my crown:  
Strange fires far from my soul remove;  
My every act, word, thought, be love.

4 Still let Thy love point out my way;  
What wondrous things Thy love hath  
Still lead me, lest I go astray; [wrought!  
Direct my word, inspire my thought;  
And if I fall, soon may I hear  
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

3 O love, how cheering is thy ray!  
All pain before thy presence flies:  
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,  
Where'er thy healing beams arise.  
O Jesus, nothing may I see,  
Nothing desire or seek, but Thee.

5 In suffering, be Thy love my peace;  
In weakness, be Thy love my power;  
And when the storms of life shall cease,  
Jesus, in that dark final hour  
Of death, be Thou my guide, and friend,  
That I may love Thee without end.

P. Gerhardt, 1653 Tr. J. Wesley, 1739: verse 3, l. 6, alt.



# Prayer and Aspiration

502 VALETE L. M. 61.

Arthur Sullivan (1842 -)

1. THEE will I love, my strength, my tow'r; Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;

Thee will I love with all my pow'r, In all Thy works, and Thee a - lone;

Thee will I love till sa - cred fire Fills my whole soul with chaste de - sire. A - men.

2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,  
That Thy bright beams on me have shined;  
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown  
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;  
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice  
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.

3 Uphold me in the doubtful race,  
Nor suffer me again to stray;  
Strengthen my feet, with steady pace  
Still to press forward in Thy way;  
That all my powers, with all their might,  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

4 Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;  
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;  
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown  
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod;  
What though my flesh and heart decay?  
Thee shall I love in endless day.

# Prayer and Aspiration

503 ADORO L. M. 61.

J. Barnby, 1872

1. JE - sus, my Lord, my God, my all, Hear me, blest Sav - iour,

when I call; Hear me, and from Thy dwell - ing - place

*Slower.*  
Pour down the rich - es of Thy grace, Je - sus, my Lord, I

Thee a - dore; Oh, make me love Thee more and more. A - men.

2 Jesus, too late I Thee have sought:  
How can I love Thee as I ought?  
And how extol Thy matchless fame,  
The glorious beauty of Thy name?  
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:  
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

So far exceeding hope or thought.  
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:  
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

3 Jesus, what didst Thou find in me,  
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?  
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,

4 Jesus, of Thee shall be my song,  
To Thee my heart and soul belong:  
All that I have or am is Thine,  
And Thou, blest Saviour, Thou art mine.  
Jesus, my Lord, I Thee adore:  
Oh, make me love Thee more and more.

# Prayer and Aspiration

504 AYNHOE S. M.

J. Nares (1715—1783)

1. BE - hold the throne of grace! The prom - ise calls me near; There

Je - sus shows a smil - ing face. And waits to an - swer pray'r. A - men.

- 2 My soul, ask what thou wilt,  
Thou canst not be too bold;  
Since His own blood for thee He spilt,  
What else can He withhold?
- 3 Thine image, Lord, bestow,  
Thy presence and Thy love;

- I ask to serve Thee here below,  
And reign with Thee above.
- 4 Teach me to live by faith;  
Conform my will to Thine;  
Let me victorious be in death,  
And then in glory shine.

J. Newton, 1779

505 THEODORA 7s.

(Or to Come, No. 383)

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1749

1. COME, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer:

He Him - self has bid thee pray, There - fore will not say thee nay. A - men.

- 2 With my burden I begin:  
Lord, remove this load of sin;  
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 3 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast,  
There Thy blood-bought right maintain  
And without a rival reign.

- 4 While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;  
As my guide, my guard, my friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 5 Show me what I have to do,  
Every hour my strength renew;  
Let me live a life of faith,  
Let me die Thy people's death.

# Prayer and Aspiration

506 GLOUCESTER 7s. 8l.

C. L. Williams, 1890

1. JE - SUS, mer - ci - ful and mild, Lead me as a help - less child: On no oth - er

arm but Thine Would my wea - ry soul re - cline. Thou art read - y to for - give, Thou canst

bid the sin - ner live; Guide the wan - d' rer, day by day, In the strait and nar - row way. A - men.

2 Thou canst fit me by Thy grace  
For the heavenly dwelling-place;  
All Thy promises are sure;  
Ever shall Thy love endure;  
Then what more can I desire,  
How to greater bliss aspire?  
All I need, in Thee I see;  
Thou art all in all to me.

3 Jesus, Saviour all divine,  
Thou hast made me truly Thine;  
Thou hast bought me by Thy blood;  
Reconciled my heart to God.  
Hearken to my humble prayer,  
Let me Thine own image bear,  
Let me love Thee more and more,  
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore

T. Hastings, 1858

(Second Tune)

FRANKFORT 7s. 8l.

Arr. fr. Mendelssohn (1809 - 1847), by J. Gill

1. JE - SUS, merciful and mild, Lead me as a helpless child: On no other arm but Thine Would my weary soul recline

Thou art read - y to for - give, Guide the wand' rer, day by day, Thou canst bid the sinner live; In the strait and narrow way. A - men.



# Prayer and Aspiration

507

PRINCE OF PEACE C. M.

W. D. MacLagan (1826—)

1. PRAYER is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Ut - tered or un - ex - pressed;

The mo - tion of a hid - den fire That trem - bles in the breast. A - men.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,

The falling of a tear,

The upward glancing of the eye,

When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech

That infant lips can try;

Prayer the sublimest strains that reach

The Majesty on High.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,

Returning from his ways;

While angels in their songs rejoice,

And cry "Behold, he prays!"

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,

The Christian's native air;

His watchword at the gates of death:

He enters Heaven with prayer.

6 O Thou, by whom we come to God,

The life, the truth, the way!

The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;

Lord, teach us how to pray.

J. Montgomery, 1818

508

GRAFTON C. M.

Anon.

1. WHEN cold our hearts, and far from Thee Our wan - d'ring spir - its stray,

And thoughts and lips move heav - i - ly, Lord, teach us how to pray. A - men.

2 Too vile to venture near Thy throne,

Too poor to turn away,

Our only voice Thy Spirit's groan;

Lord, teach us how to pray.

3 We know not how to seek Thy face

Unless Thou lead the way;

We have no words, unless Thy grace,

Lord, teach us how to pray.

4 Here ev'ry thought and fond desire

We on Thy altar lay,

And when our souls have caught Thy fire

Lord, teach us how to pray.

# Prayer and Aspiration

509 FRESSINGFIELD C. M.

G. J. Elvey, 1892

1. LORD Je - sus, Thou the lost to seek Didst from Thy throne de - scend,

To cheer the mourn-er, help the weak, And be the sin-ner's friend. A - men.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2 The joy of heaven was naught to Thee—<br>So mighty was Thy love,<br>Till man, from sin and death set free,<br>Could reign with Thee above. | 5 Teach us to make Thy joy our own,<br>Nor in self-love to rest:<br>To live not for ourselves alone,<br>To bless, and so be blest;            |
| 3 For this a life of toil and tears,<br>Of poverty and woe,<br>Thou, who art Lord of all the spheres,<br>On earth didst undergo.             | 6 To lead the lost soul back to light,<br>To bind the broken heart—<br>Such deeds with angels' praise are bright,<br>And heavenly joy impart. |
| 4 Grant us Thy grace, O Saviour dear,<br>To count all things but loss,   |   |

H. M. Braithwaite, 1892

510 ALL SAINTS, No. 1 C. M.

J. Pratt (1772—1855)

1. Do NOT I love Thee, O my Lord? Be - hold my heart and see;

And turn each dear - est i - dol out, That dares to ri - val Thee. A - men.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 2 Is not Thy name melodious still<br>To mine attentive ear?<br>Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound<br>My Saviour's voice to hear? | And challenge the cold hand of death<br>To damp the immortal flame?  |
| 3 Would not my heart pour forth its blood<br>In honor of Thy name,  | 4 Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord,<br>But oh, I long to soar<br>Far from the sphere of mortal joys,<br>And learn to love Thee more. |

# Prayer and Aspiration

511 NAOMI C. M.

Arr. by L. Mason, 1836

1. FA - THER, what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov-'reign will de - nies,

Ac - cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise: A - men.

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And let me live to Thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine  
My path of life attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And bless its happy end.

A. Steele, 1760

512 ELVET C. M.

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. LORD, I be - lieve; Thy pow'r I own, Thy word I would o - bey;

I wan - der com - fort - less and lone When from Thy truth I stray. A - men.

(Or to Naomi, above)

2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears  
Sometimes bedim my sight;  
I look to Thee with prayers and tears,  
And cry for strength and light.

3 Lord, I believe; but Thou dost know  
My faith is cold and weak;

Pity my frailty, and bestow  
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes, I believe; and only Thou  
Canst give my soul relief:  
Lord, to Thy truth my spirit bow;  
"Help Thou mine unbelief!"

# Prayer and Aspiration

513 ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE C. M.

G. M. Garrett, 1872

1. WALK in the light, so shalt thou know That fel-low-ship of love

His Spir-it on-ly can be-stow, Who reigns in light a-bove. A-men.

2 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find  
Thy heart made truly His  
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,  
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light, and thou shalt own  
Thy darkness passed away,  
Because that light hath on thee shone,  
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb  
No fearful shade shall wear;  
Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light, and thine shall be  
A path, though thorny, bright;  
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,  
And God Himself is light.

B. Barton, 1820

514 ILFRACOMB (Lambeth) C. M.

(Or to Lyndhurst, No. 236)

S. Webbe [?] (1740—1816)

1. CALM me, my God, and keep me calm, Soft rest-ing on Thy breast;

Soothe me with ho-ly hymn and psalm. And bid my spir-it rest. A-men.

2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude  
The sounds my ear that greet,—  
Calm in the closet's solitude,  
Calm in the bustling street,

3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,  
Calm in the hour of pain,  
Calm in my poverty or wealth,  
Calm in my loss or gain,

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,  
Like Him who bore my shame,  
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting  
Who hate Thy holy name. [throng

5 Calm as the ray of sun or star  
Which storms assail in vain,  
Moving unruffled through earth's war,  
Th' Eternal calm to gain.



# Prayer and Aspiration

## 515 BOOTERSTOWN C. M.

H. Russell

1. Oh, for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame,

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb! A - men.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew  
When first I saw the Lord?  
Where is the soul-refreshing view  
Of Jesus and His word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!  
How sweet their memory still!  
But they have left an aching void  
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
Sweet messenger of rest;  
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,  
And drove Thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,  
Whate'er that idol be,  
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,  
And worship only Thee.

(Or to Alexandria, No. 716 Or to Brown, No. 341)

H. Cowper, 1772 Ab.

## 516 BEATITUDO C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,

A heart that al - ways feels Thy blood, So free - ly shed for me. A - men.

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
My dear Redeemer's throne,  
Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean,  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From Him that dwells within;

4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
And full of love divine,  
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
Come quickly from above:  
Write Thy new name upon my heart,  
Thy new, best name of Love.

# Prayer and Aspiration

517 LYTE S. M.

J. B. Wilkes, 1861

1. FAR from my heav - 'nly home, Far from my Fa - ther's breast, Faint - ing I  
cry, . . . blest Spir - it, come, And speed me to my rest. A - men.

2 My spirit homeward turns,  
And fain would thither flee;  
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,  
When I remember thee.

3 To thee, to thee I press,  
A dark and toilsome road;

When shall I pass the wilderness,  
And reach the saints' abode?

4 God of my life, be near:  
On Thee my hopes I cast:  
Oh, guide me through the desert here,  
And bring me home at last!

H. F. Lyte, 1834

518 SIENNA S. M.

J. H. Deane (1824—1881)

1. JE - sus, my strength, my hope, On Thee I cast my care, With hum - ble  
con - n - dence look up, And know Thou hear'st my pray'r. A - men.

2 Give me on Thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do,—  
On Thee, almighty to create,  
Almighty to renew.

3 Give me a godly fear,  
A quick, discerning eye,  
That looks to Thee when sin is near,  
And sees the tempter fly;

4 A spirit still prepared,  
And armed with jealous care,

For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto prayer.

5 I rest upon Thy word,  
The promise is for me;  
My succor and salvation, Lord,  
Shall surely come from Thee.

6 But let me still abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
Till Thou my patient spirit guide  
Into Thy perfect love.

# Prayer and Aspiration

519 VIGIL S. M.

Arr. fr. G. Paisiello (1741—1816)

1. My God, per - mit my tongue This joy, to call Thee mine;

And let my ear-ly cries pre-vail To taste Thy love di-vine. A - men.

- 2 My thirsty, fainting soul  
Thy mercy doth implore;  
Not travellers in desert lands  
Can pant for water more.
- 3 In wakeful hours at night,  
I call my God to mind;  
I think how wise Thy counsels are,  
And all Thy dealings kind.

- 4 Since Thou hast been my help,  
To Thee my spirit flies;  
And on Thy watchful providence  
My cheerful hope relies.
- 5 The shadow of Thy wings  
My soul in safety keeps;  
I follow where my Father leads,  
And He supports my steps.

I. Watts, 1719 Ab.

520 CLIFTON S. M.

C. Warwick Jordan (1840—)

1. BLEST be Thy love, dear Lord, That taught us this sweet way, —

To love Thee on - ly for Thy-self. And for that love o - bey. A - men.

(Or to Monsell, opposite)

- 2 O Thou, our souls' chief hope,  
We to Thy mercy fly;  
Where'er we are, Thou canst protect,  
Whate'er we need, supply.
- 3 Whether we sleep or wake,  
To Thee we both resign;

- By night we see, as well as day,  
If Thy light on us shine.
- 4 Whether we live or die,  
Both we submit to Thee;  
In death we live, as well as life,  
If Thine in death we be.

# Prayer and Aspiration

521 MONSELL (St. Andrew) S. M.

J. Barnby, 1866

1. SWEET is Thy mer-cy, Lord! Be-fore Thy mer-cy-seat

My soul, a-dor-ing, pleads Thy word, And owns Thy mer-cy sweet. A-men.

2 My need, and Thy desires,  
Are all in Christ complete;  
Thou hast the justice truth requires,  
And I Thy mercy sweet.

3 Where'er Thy name is blest,  
Where'er Thy people meet,  
There I delight in Thee to rest,  
And find Thy mercy sweet.

4 Light Thou my weary way,  
Lead Thou my weary feet,  
That while I stay on earth I may  
Still find Thy mercy sweet.

5 Thus shall the heavenly host  
Hear all my songs repeat,  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
My joy, Thy mercy sweet.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1862

522 ABERYSTWYTH S. M.

F. A. G. Ouseley, 1861

1. STILL with Thee, O my God, I would de-sire to be, By day, by night; at

home abroad, I would be still with Thee. A-men.

(Or to Dulce Domum, No. 882)

home abroad, I would be still with Thee. A-men.

2 With Thee when dawn comes in  
And calls me back to care,  
Each day returning to begin  
With Thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With Thee amid the crowd  
That throngs the busy mart,

To hear Thy voice, where time's is loud,  
Speak softly to my heart.

4 With Thee when day is done,  
And evening calms the mind;  
The setting as the rising sun  
With Thee my heart would find.

5 With Thee when darkness brings  
The signal of repose,  
Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,  
Mine eyelids I would close.

6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith  
Abiding, I would be;  
By day, by night, in life, in death,  
I would be still with Thee.



# Prayer and Aspiration

## 523 ETERNITY S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett (1805-1876)

1. Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea-ry soul? 'Twere

vain the o - cean-depths to sound, Or pierce to eith - er pole. A - men.

- 2 The world can never give  
The bliss for which we sigh;  
'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die.  
3 Beyond this vale of tears  
There is a life above,

- Unmeasured by the flight of years,  
And all that life is love.  
4 Here would we end our quest:  
Alone are found in Thee  
The life of perfect love, the rest  
Of immortality.

J. Montgomery, 1818

## 524 ST. THOMAS S. M.

A. Williams, 1762

1. A CHARGE to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy, A

nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky; A - men.

(Or to Franconia, opposite)

- 2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill;  
Oh, may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will!  
3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in Thy sight to live,

- And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give!  
4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on Thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

# Prayer and Aspiration

525 CHISELHURST S. M.

J. Barnby, 1887

1. BLEST are the pure in heart, For they shall see our God; The se-cret

of the Lord is theirs, Their soul is Christ's a-bode. A-men.

2 The Lord, who left the heavens,  
Our life and peace to bring,  
To dwell in lowliness with men,  
Their pattern and their King,—

And for His dwelling and His throne  
Chooseth the pure in heart.

3 He to the lowly soul  
Doth still Himself impart,

4 Lord, we Thy presence seek;  
May ours this blessing be:  
Give us a pure and lowly heart,  
A temple meet for Thee.

(Or to Domenica, No. 121)

J. Keble, 1819; verses 2, 4 added, 1835

526 FRANCONIA S. M.

J. G. Ebeling (c. 1620—1676)

1. LORD Je-sus, think on me, And purge a-way my sin;

From earth-born pas-sions set me free, And make me pure with-in. A-men.

2 Lord Jesus, think on me  
With many a care oppressed,  
Let me Thy loving servant be,  
And taste Thy promised rest.

Through darkness and perplexity  
Point Thou the heavenly way.

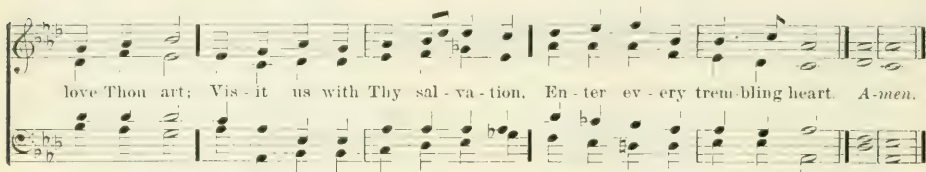
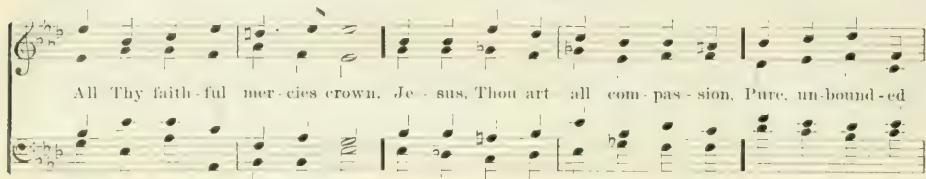
3 Lord Jesus, think on me  
Nor let me go astray;

4 Lord Jesus, think on me,  
That, when the flood is passed,  
I may the eternal brightness see,  
And share Thy joy at last.

# Prayer and Aspiration

527 LOVE DIVINE, No. 1 8s, 7s. 81.

E. J. Hopkins (1818—)



2 Breathe, oh breathe Thy loving Spirit  
Into every troubled breast;

Let us all in Thee inherit,  
Let us find Thy promised rest;  
Take away the love of sinning,  
Alpha and Omega be;  
End of faith, as its beginning,  
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver!  
Let us all Thy life receive;  
Suddenly return, and never,  
Never more Thy temples leave.

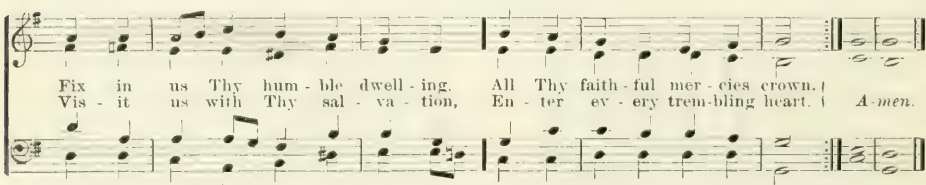
There we would be always blessing;  
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;  
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,  
Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish, then, Thy new creation,  
Pure and spotless let us be;  
Let us see Thy great salvation,  
Perfectly secured by Thee,  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till in heaven we take our place;  
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,  
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

C. Wesley, 1746

LOVE DIVINE, No. 3 8s, 7s. (Second Tune)

J. Stainer (1840—)



# Prayer and Aspiration

LOVE DIVINE, No. 2 8s, 7s. 8l. (Third Tune)

G. F. Le Jeune, 1872

1. LOVE di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down,  
 Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.  
 Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;  
 Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trembling heart. A - men.

BEECHER 8s, 7s. 8l.

(Fourth Tune)

J. Zundel, 1870

1. LOVE di - vine, all loves ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down. Fix in us Thy  
 hum - ble dwell - ing. All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown. Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion,  
 Pure, unbound - ed love Thou art; Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, Enter every trembling heart. A - men.



# Prayer and Aspiration

528 VIA BONA L. M.

J. B. Dykes (1823—1876)

1. FROM ev - ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell - ing tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy - seat. A - men.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,  
A place than all beside more sweet;  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

Though Sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with  
friend;

4 There, there, on eagle's wing we soar,  
And time and sense seem all no more,  
And heaven comes down, our souls to  
greet,  
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

H. Stowell, 1828

RETREAT L. M.

(Second Tune)

T. Hastings, 1842

1. FROM ev - ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev - ery swelling tide of woes, There

is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy - seat. A - men.

# Prayer and Aspiration

529 THEOCTISTUS P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 8, 7, 7


J. B. Calkin, 1872



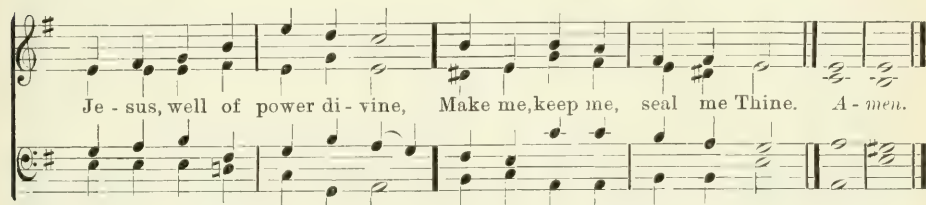
1. JE - sus, name all names a - bove, Je - sus, best and dear - est,



Je - sus, fount of per - fect love, Ho - liest, ten - derest, near - est;



Je - sus, source of grace com - plet - est, Je - sus pur - est, Je - sus sweet - est,



Je - sus, well of power di - vine, Make me, keep me, seal me Thine. A - men.

2 Jesus, open me the gate  
That of old he entered,  
Who, in that most lost estate,  
Wholly on Thee ventured;  
Thou, whose wounds are ever pleading,  
And Thy passion interceding,  
From my misery let me rise  
To a home in paradise.

3 Woe, that I have turned aside  
After fleshly pleasure!  
Woe, that I have never tried  
For the heavenly treasure!  
Treasure, safe in home supernal,  
Incorruptible, eternal,—  
Treasure no less price hath won  
Than the passion of the Son.

4 Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,  
Scourged for my transgression,  
Witnessing, through agony,  
That Thy good confession;  
Jesus, clad in purple raiment,  
For my evil making payment;  
Let not all Thy woe and pain,  
Let not Calvary, be in vain.

5 When I cross death's bitter sea,  
And its waves roll higher,  
Help the more forsaking me  
As the storm draws nigher;  
Jesus, leave me not to languish,  
Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish;  
Tell me, "Verily, I say,  
Thou shalt be with Me to-day."

# Trust and Confidence

530 GUIDE ME 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

G. W. Warren, 1884

Copyright, 1885, by Harper & Brothers.

1. GUIDE me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar - ren land; I am weak, but Thou art mighty;

Hold me with Thy pow'rful hand: Bread of heav-en, Feed me now and ev - er - more. A - men.

(Or to St. Raphael, No. 41 Or to Dulce Carmen, No. 533)

2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
Whence the healing streams do flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
Lead me all my journey through:  
Strong deliverer,  
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Death of deaths and hell's destruction,  
Land me safe on Canaan's side:  
Songs of praises  
I will ever give to Thee.

.W. Williams, 1745

(Second Tune)

OLIPHANT 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

Arr. fr. P. M. F. de S. Baillot, 1830, by L. Mason, 1832

1. { Guide me, O Thou Great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar - ren land; } Hold me with Thy  
I am weak, but Thou art might-y.

pow'rful hand; Bread of heav-en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me now and ev - er - more. A - men

# Trust and Confidence

531

TRUST 8s, 7s.

Arr. fr. Mendelssohn, 1840

1. CALL Je - ho - vah thy sal - va - tion, Rest be-neath th'Al - migh - ty's shade;  
In His se - cret hab - i - ta - tion Dwell, and nev - er be dismayed. A - men.

2 There no tumult can alarm thee,  
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;  
Guile nor violence can harm thee,  
In eternal safeguard there.

3 Since, with pure and firm affection  
Thou on God hast set thy love,

With the wings of His protection  
He will shield thee from above.

4 Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,  
He will hearken, He will save;  
Here for grief reward thee double,  
Crown with life beyond the grave.

J. Montgomery, 1822

532

DOMINUS REGIT ME 8s, 7s.

J. B. Dykes, 1868

1. THE King of love my Shep - herd is, Whose good - ness fail - eth nev - er;  
I noth - ing lack if I am His And He is mine for - ev - er. A - men.

2 Where streams of living water flow  
My ransomed soul He leadeth,  
And, where the verdant pastures grow,  
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,  
But yet in love He sought me,  
And on His shoulder gently laid,  
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill  
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;

Thy rod and staff my comfort still,  
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 Thou spread'st a table in my sight;  
Thy unction grace bestoweth;  
And oh, what transport of delight  
From Thy pure chalice floweth!

6 And so through all the length of days,  
Thy goodness faileth never:  
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise  
Within Thy house for ever.

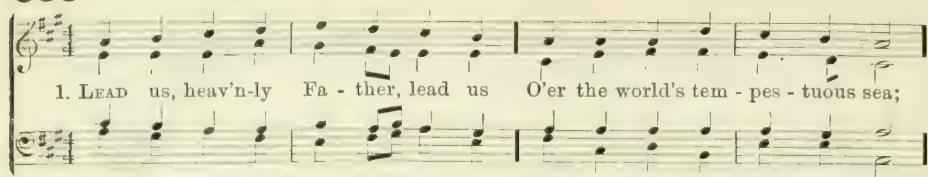
H. W. Baker, 1868



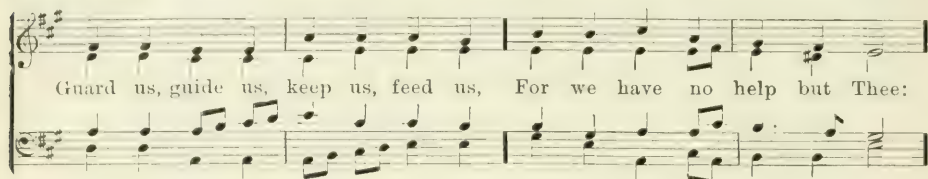
# Trust and Confidence

533 DULCE CARMEN 8s, 7s. 6l.

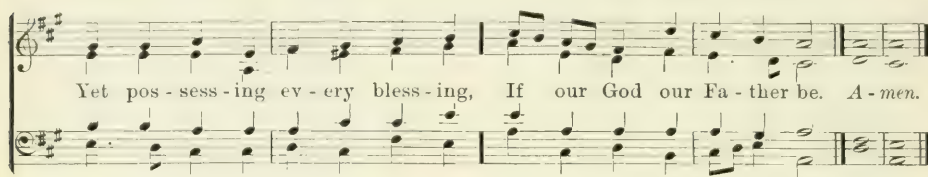
Arr. fr. J. M. Haydn [?]



1. LEAD us, heav'n-ly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem - pes - tuous sea;



Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee;



Yet pos - sess - ing ev - ery bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be. A - men.

2 Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;  
All our weakness Thou dost know;  
Thou didst tread this earth before us,  
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;  
Lone and dreary, faint and weary,  
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 Spirit of our God, descending,  
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;  
Love with every passion blending,  
Pleasure that can never cloy:  
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,  
Nothing can our peace destroy.

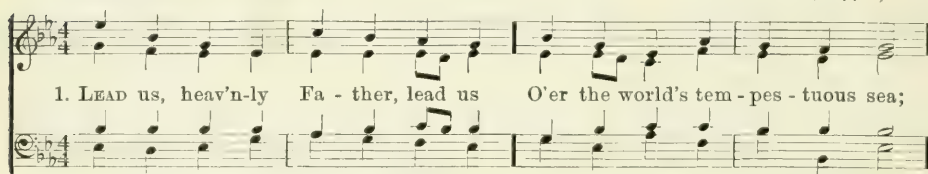
(Or to Sicilian Mariners' Hymn, No. 41)

J. Edmeston, 1821

MARTINAP 8s, 7s. 6l.

(Second Tune)

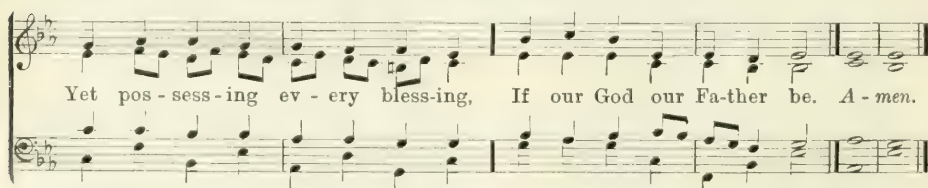
G. C. Martin (1844—)



1. LEAD us, heav'n-ly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem - pes - tuous sea;



Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee;



Yet pos - sess - ing ev - ery bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be. A - men.

# Trust and Confidence

534 DENVER 8s, 6s. 8l.

H. Houseley, 1896

Copyright, 1896, by The Century Co.

1. I bow my fore-head to the dust, I veil mine eyes for shame,

And urge, in trem-bling self dis-trust, A pray'r with-out a claim.

No off-ring of mine own I have, Nor works my faith to prove;

I can but give the gifts He gave, And plead His love for love. A-men.

2 I dimly guess, from blessings known,  
Of greater out of sight;  
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own  
His judgments too are right.  
And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed He will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

3 I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And so beside the silent sea  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

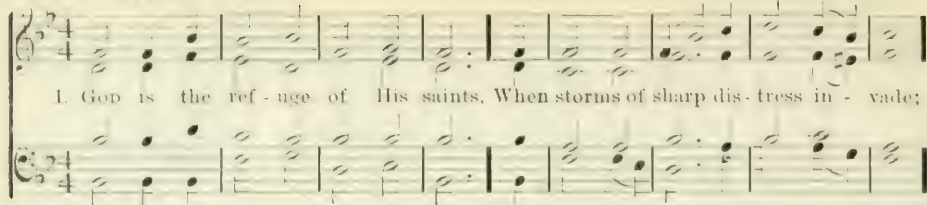
4 I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.  
And Thou, O Lord, by whom are seen  
Thy creatures as they be,  
Forgive me if too close I lean  
My human heart on Thee.

# Trust and Confidence

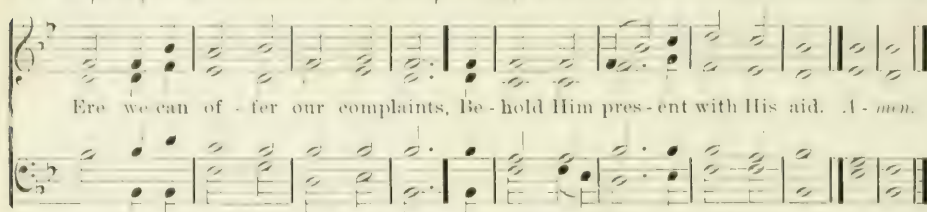
535

WARD L. M.

Old Scotch Melody Arr. L. Mason, 1830



1. God is the ref-uge of His saints, When storms of sharp dis-tress in-vade;



Ere we can of-fer our complaints, Be-hold Him pres-ent with His aid. A-men.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled<br>Down to the deep, and buried there,<br>Convulsions shake the solid world—<br>Our faith shall never yield to fear. | Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,<br>And watering our divine abode.  |
| 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;<br>In sacred peace our souls abide;<br>While every nation, every shore,<br>Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.          | 5 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,<br>Our grief allays, our fear controls;<br>Sweet peace Thy promises afford,<br>And give new strength to fainting souls. |
| 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow<br>Supplies the city of our God,  | 6 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,<br>Secure against a threatening hour;<br>Nor can her firm foundation move,<br>Built on His truth, and armed with power.      |

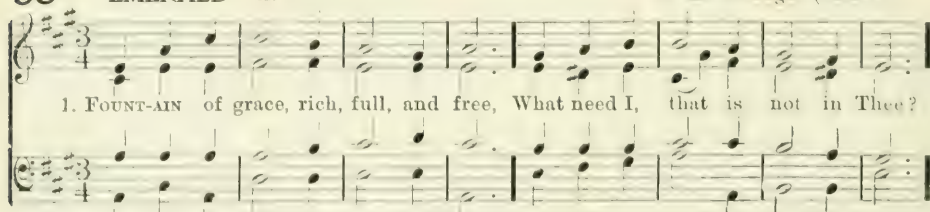
(Or to Waltersdorf, No. 49)

I. Watts, 1710

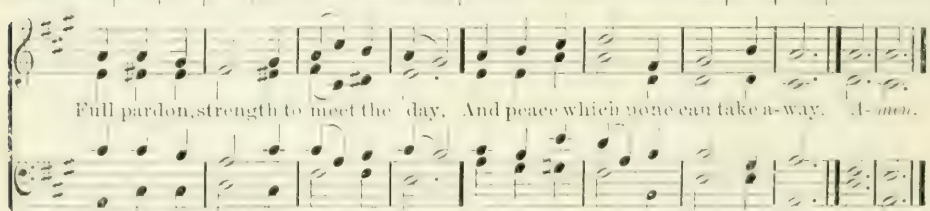
536

EMERALD L. M.

W. D. MacLagan (1820—)



1. FOUNT-AIN of grace, rich, full, and free, What need I, that is not in Thee?



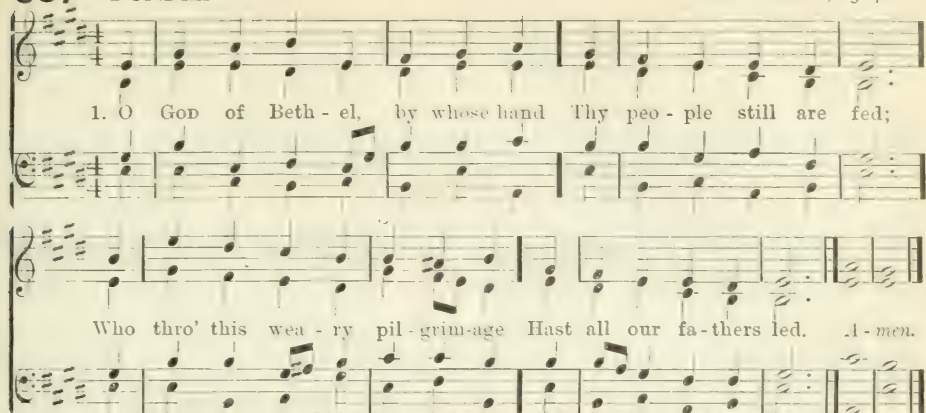
Full pardon, strength to meet the day, And peace which none can take a-way. A-men.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear?<br>'Tis sweet to know that Thou art near;<br>Am I with dread of justice tried?<br>'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died. | In death, peace gently veils the eyes;<br>Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.   |
| 3 In life, Thy promises of aid<br>Forbid my heart to be afraid;  | 4 O all-sufficient Saviour, be<br>This all-sufficiency to me;<br>Nor pain, nor sin, nor death can harm<br>The weakest, shielded by Thine arm. |

# Trust and Confidence

537 DUNDEE C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1564



1. O God of Beth - el, by whose hand Thy peo - ple still are fed;  
Who thro' this wea - ry pil - grim - age Hast all our fa - thers led. A - men.

- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present  
Before Thy throne of grace:  
God of our fathers, be the God  
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life  
Our wandering footsteps guide;  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 Oh, spread Thy sheltering wings around,  
Till all our wanderings cease,  
And at our Father's loved abode  
Our souls arrive in peace!
- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand  
Our humble prayers implore;  
And Thou shalt be our chosen God,  
And portion evermore.

P. Doddridge, 1737

538 VAIL S. M.

M. D. Babcock, 1896

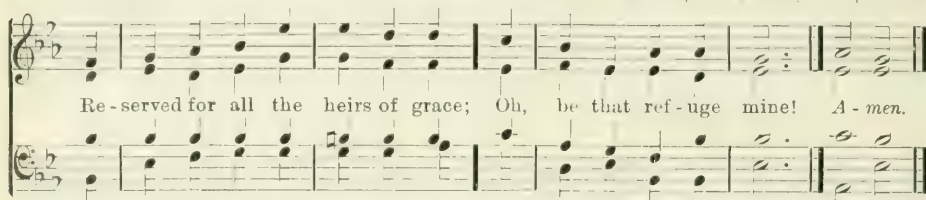


1. My times are in Thy hand; My God, I wish them there; My  
life, my friends, my soul I leave En - tire - ly to Thy care. A - men.

- 2 My times are in Thy hand,  
Whatever they may be;  
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,  
As best may seem to Thee.
- 3 My times are in Thy hand;  
Why should I doubt or fear?  
My Father's hand will never cause  
His child a needless tear.
- 4 My times are in Thy hand,  
Jesus, the crucified!  
Those hands my cruel sins had pierced  
Are now my guard and guide;
- 5 My times are in Thy hand,  
I'll always trust in Thee;  
And, after death, at Thy right hand  
I shall for ever be.

W. F. Lloyd, 1898





(Or to St. Hugh, No. 148)

2 The least and feeblest there may bide,  
Uninjured and unawed;  
While thousands fall on every side,  
He rests secure in God.

3 The angels watch him on his way,  
And aid with friendly arm;  
And Satan, roaring for his prey,  
May hate, but cannot harm.

4 He feeds in pastures large and fair  
Of love and truth divine;  
O child of God, O glory's heir,  
How rich a lot is thine!

5 A hand almighty to defend,  
An ear for every call,  
An honored life, a peaceful end,  
And heaven to crown it all!

(Or to Marguerite, No. 235)

H. F. Lyte, 1834

## 540

## ST. PETER'S, OXFORD C. M.

A. R. Reinagle, 1826



2 When obstacles and trials seem  
Like prison-walls to be,  
I do the little I can do,  
And leave the rest to Thee.

3 I have no cares, O blessed Will,  
For all my cares are Thine;  
I live in triumph, Lord, for Thou  
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

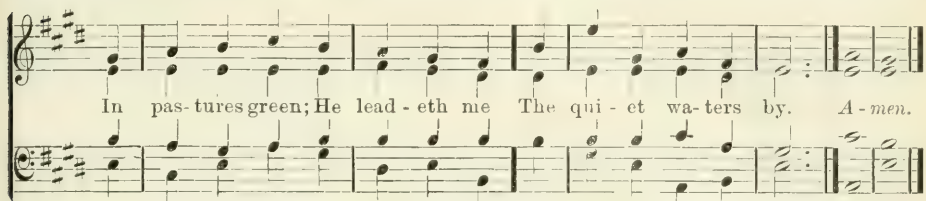
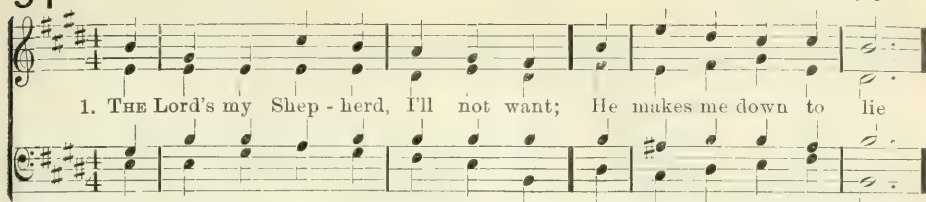
4 He always wins who sides with God,  
To him no chance is lost;  
God's will is sweetest to him when  
It triumphs at his cost.

5 Ill that He blesses is our good,  
And unblest good is ill:  
And all is right that seems most wrong,  
If it be His sweet will.

# Trust and Confidence

541 BEDFORD C. M.

W. Wheall, 1729

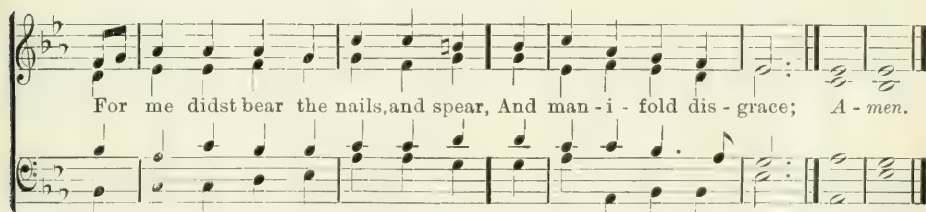
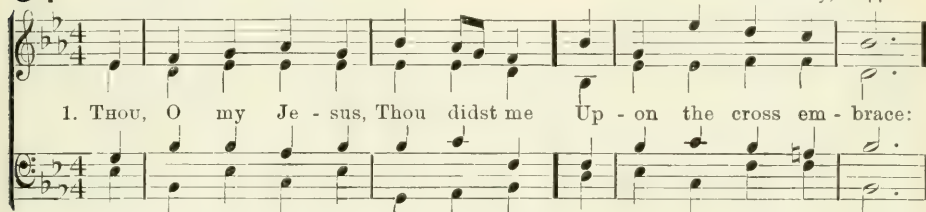


- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 My soul He doth restore again;<br/>         A d me to walk doth make<br/>         Within the paths of righteousness,<br/>         E'en for His own name's sake.</p> <p>3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,<br/>         Yet will I fear none ill;<br/>         For Thou art with me; and Thy rod<br/>         And staff me comfort still.</p> | <p>4 My table Thou hast furnishèd<br/>         In presence of my foes:<br/>         My head Thou dost with oil anoint,<br/>         And my cup overflows.</p> <p>5 Goodness and mercy all my life<br/>         Shall surely follow me;<br/>         And in God's house for evermore<br/>         My dwelling-place shall be.</p> |
|---|--|

F. Rous, 1643

542 HORSLEY C. M.

W. Horsley, 1844



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 And griefs and torments numberless,<br/>         And sweat of agony;<br/>         E'en death itself; and all for one<br/>         Who was Thine enemy.</p> <p>3 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,<br/>         Should I not love Thee well?<br/>         Not for the hope of winning heaven,<br/>         Or of escaping hell.</p> | <p>4 Not with the hope of gaining aught,<br/>         Not seeking a reward;<br/>         But as Thyself hast lovèd me,<br/>         O ever-loving Lord.</p> <p>5 E'en so I love Thee, and will love,<br/>         And in Thy praise will sing;<br/>         Solely because Thou art my God,<br/>         And my eternal King.</p> |
|---|---|

# Trust and Confidence

543

GORTON S. M.

Arr. fr. Beethoven (1770—1827)

1. The Lord my shep-herd is; I shall be well sup-plied:

Since He is mine and I am His, What can I want be-side? A-men.

(Or to Monsell, No. 521)

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2 He leads me to the place<br>Where heavenly pasture grows;<br>Where living waters gently pass,<br>And full salvation flows. | Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade<br>My Shepherd's with me there.   |
| 3 If e'er I go astray,<br>He doth my soul reclaim;<br>And guides me in His own right way,<br>For His most holy name.         | 5 In spite of all my foes,<br>Thou dost my table spread;<br>My cup with blessings overflows,<br>And joy exalts my head.             |
| 4 While He affords His aid,<br>I cannot yield to fear;   | 6 The bounties of Thy love<br>Shall crown my following days;<br>Nor from Thy house will I remove,<br>Nor cease to speak Thy praise. |

I. Watts, 1719

544

GREENWOOD S. M.

J. E. Sweetser, 1849

1. My spir-it, on Thy care, Blest Sav-iour, I re-cline;

Thou wilt not leave me to de-spair, For Thou art love di-vine. A-men.

(Or to Emmaus, No. 112)

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2 In Thee I place my trust,<br>On Thee I calmly rest;<br>I know Thee good, I know Thee just,<br>And count Thy choice the best. | Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,<br>Nor fear the coming storm.  |
| 3 Whate'er events betide,<br>Thy will they all perform:  | 4 Let good or ill befall,<br>It must be good for me;<br>Secure of having Thee in all,<br>Of having all in Thee. |

# Trust and Confidence

545 MASTER MINE S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, c. 1848

1. DEAR Lord and Mas - ter mine, Thy hap - py ser - vant see; My  
Con - queror, with what joy di - vine Thy cap - tive clings to Thee. A - men.

2 I would not walk alone,  
But still with Thee, my God;  
At every step my blindness own,  
And ask of Thee the road.  
3 The weakness I enjoy  
That casts me on Thy breast;  
The conflicts that Thy strength employ  
Make me divinely blest.

4 Dear Lord and Master mine,  
Still keep Thy servant true;  
My Guardian and my Guide divine,  
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through.  
5 My Conqueror and my King,  
Still keep me in Thy train;  
And with Thee Thy glad captive bring,  
When Thou return'st to reign.

T. H. Gill, 1839

546 POTSDAM S. M.

J. S. Bach (1685—1750)

1. To God the on - ly wise, Our Sav - iour and our King, Let  
all the saints be - low the skies Their hum - ble prais - es bring. A - men.

2 'Tis His almighty love,  
His counsel and His care,  
Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
And every hurtful snare.  
3 He will present our souls,  
Unblemished and complete,  
Before the glory of His face,  
With joys divinely great.

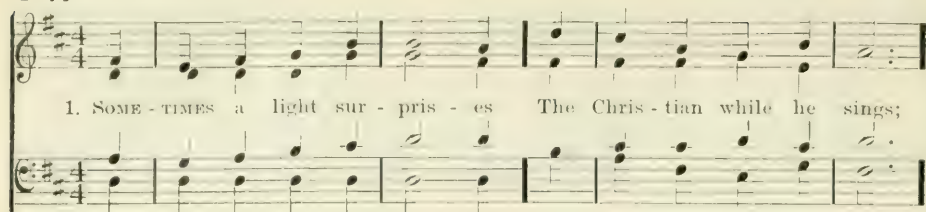
4 Then all the chosen seed  
Shall meet around the throne,  
Shall bless the conduct of His grace,  
And make His wonders known.  
5 To our Redeemer God  
Wisdom and power belong,  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And everlasting song.



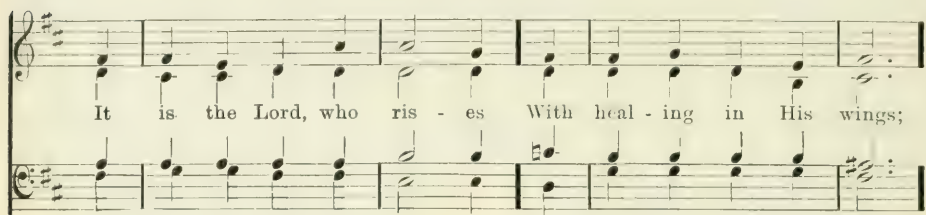
# Trust and Confidence

547 BENTLEY 7s, 6s. 8l.

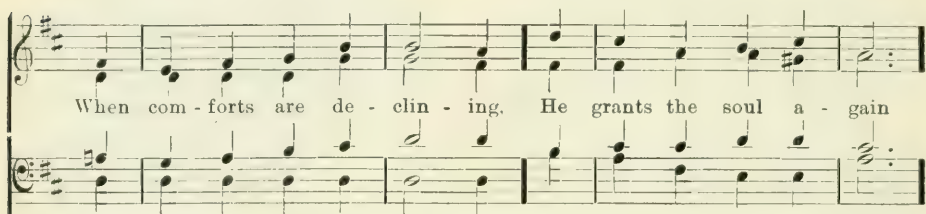
J. Hullah, 1867



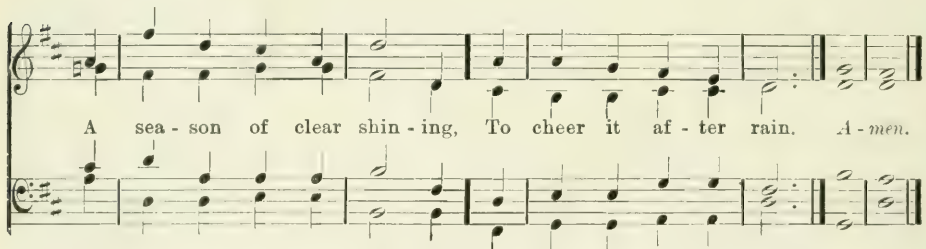
1. SOME - TIMES a light sur - pris - es The Chris - tian while he sings;



It is the Lord, who ris - es With heal - ing in His wings;



When com - forts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain



A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it af - ter rain. A - men.

2 In holy contemplation,  
We sweetly then pursue  
The theme of God's salvation,  
And find it ever new;  
Set free from present sorrow,  
We cheerfully can say,  
E'en let th'unknown to-morrow  
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,  
But He will bear us through;  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe His people too;

Beneath the spreading heavens,  
No creature but is fed;  
And He who feeds the ravens,  
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine, nor fig-tree neither,  
Their wonted fruit shall bear,  
Though all the field should wither,  
Nor flocks nor herds be there;  
Yet God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice,  
For, while in Him confiding,  
I cannot but rejoice.

# Trust and Confidence

548 DAY OF REST 7s, 6s. 8l. J. W. Elliott (1833—)

1. O JE - SUS, I have prom - ised To serve Thee to the end;  
Be Thou for ev - er near me, My Mas - ter and my friend!  
I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art by my side,  
*Unison.* Nor wan - der from the path - way *Harmony.* If Thou wilt be my guide. A - men.

(Or to Cæli, No. 369 Or to Bentley, opposite)

2 Oh, let me feel Thee near me!  
The world is ever near;  
I see the sights that dazzle,  
The tempting sounds I hear;  
My foes are ever near me,  
Around me and within;  
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,  
And shield my soul from sin.

3 Oh, let me hear Thee speaking  
In accents clear and still,  
Above the storms of passion,  
The murmurs of self-will.  
Oh, speak to re-assure me,  
To hasten or control!  
Oh, speak, and make me listen,  
Thou Guardian of my soul!

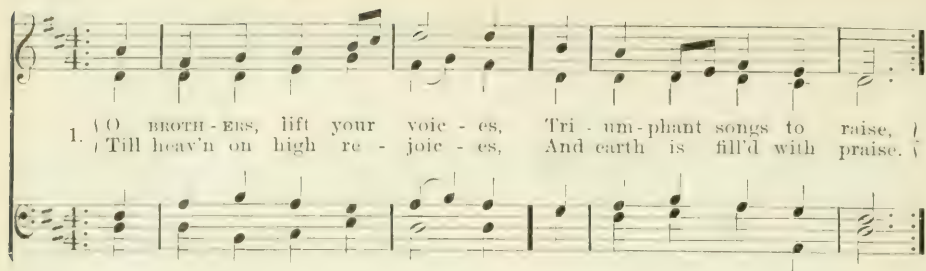
4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised  
To all who follow Thee,  
That where Thou art in glory  
There shall Thy servant be;  
And, Jesus, I have promised  
To serve Thee to the end;  
Oh, give me grace to follow,  
My Master and my friend!

5 Oh, let me see Thy foot-marks,  
And in them plant my own!  
My hope to follow duly  
Is in Thy strength alone.  
Oh, guide me, call me, draw me,  
Uphold me to the end!  
At last in heaven receive me,  
My Saviour and my friend!

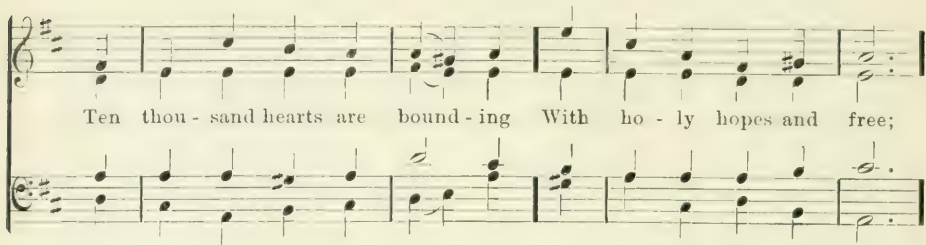
# Activity and Zeal

549 PÆAN 7s, 6s. 81

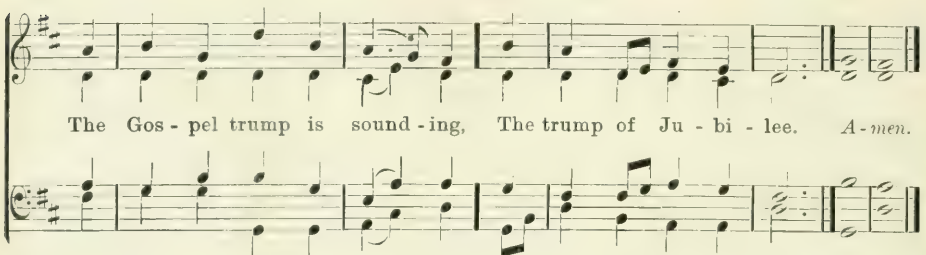
F. Weber, 1857



1. O BROTHERS, lift your voices, Tri-umphant songs to raise,  
Till heav'n on high rejoices, And earth is fill'd with praise.



Ten thousand hearts are bounding With holy hopes and free;



The Gospel trumpet is sounding, The trumpet of Jubilee. Amen.

(Or to Lancashire, No. 324)

2 O Christian brothers, glorious  
Shall be the conflict's close:  
The cross hath been victorious,  
And shall be o'er its foes.  
Faith is our battle-token:  
Our leader all controls;  
Our trophies, fetters broken;  
Our captives, ransomed souls.

3 Not unto us: Lord Jesus,  
To Thee all praise be due!  
Whose blood-bought mercy frees us,  
Has freed our brethren too.  
Not unto us: in glory  
The angels catch the strain,  
And cast their crowns before Thee  
Exultingly again.

4 Captain of our salvation,  
Thy presence we adore:  
Praise, glory, adoration  
Be Thine for evermore!  
Still on in conflict pressing  
On Thee Thy people call,  
Thee, King of kings confessing,  
Thee, crowning Lord of all.

# Activity and Zeal

550 GLADNESS, No. 1 (St. Anselm) 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. Barnby, 1869

1. OH, hap - py band of pil - grims, If on - ward ye will tread  
With Je -  
sus as your fel - low, To Je - sus as your head!

Oh, hap - py if ye la - bor As Je - sus did for men!

Oh, hap - py if ye hun - ger As Je - sus hunger'd then! A - men.

2 The cross that Jesus carried,  
He carried as your due:  
The crown that Jesus weareth,  
He weareth it for you.  
The faith by which ye see Him,  
The hope in which ye yearn,  
The love that through all troubles  
To Him alone will turn;

3 The trials that beset you,  
The sorrows ye endure,  
The manifold temptations  
That death alone can cure;

What are they but His jewels,  
Of right celestial worth?  
What are they but the ladder  
Set up to heaven on earth?

4 O happy band of pilgrims,  
Look upward to the skies,  
Where such a light affliction  
Shall win so great a prize!  
To Father, Son, and Spirit,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be loftiest praises given,  
Now and for evermore.



# Activity and Zeal

551 HUMMEL C. M.

C. Zeuner, 1832

1. Oh, for a thou-sand tongues to sing My dear Re-deem-er's praise,

The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace! A-men.

(Or to Beatitudo, No. 516 Or to Martyrdom, No. 399)

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 My gracious Master and my God,<br/>Assist me to proclaim,<br/>To spread, through all the earth abroad,<br/>The honors of Thy name.</p> <p>3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,<br/>That bids our sorrows cease;<br/>'Tis music in the sinner's ears;<br/>'Tis life, and health, and peace,</p> | <p>4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,<br/>He sets the prisoner free;<br/>His blood can make the foulest clean;<br/>His blood availed for me.</p> <p>5 He speaks, and, listening to His voice,<br/>New life the dead receive;<br/>The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;<br/>The humble poor believe.</p> |
|---|--|

C. Wesley, 1739

552 CHRISTMAS C. M.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1728

1. A - WAKE, my soul, stretch ev-ry nerve, And press with vig-or on; A

heav'nly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown, And an im-mor-tal crown. Amen.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 A cloud of witnesses around<br/>Hold thee in full survey;<br/>Forget the steps already trod,<br/>And onward urge thy way.</p> <p>3 'Tis God's all-animating voice<br/>That calls thee from on high;<br/>'Tis His own hand presents the prize<br/>To thine uplifted eye;</p> | <p>4 That prize with peerless glories bright,<br/>Which shall new lustre boast,<br/>When victors' wreaths and monarchs'<br/>Shall blend in common dust. [gems</p> <p>5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee,<br/>Have I my race begun;<br/>And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet<br/>I'll lay my honors down.</p> |
|--|---|

P. Doddridge, 1755.

# Activity and Zeal

553 MARLOW C. M.

J. Chetham, 1718

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb?

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His Name? A - men.

2 Must I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease,  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign:  
Increase my courage, Lord;

I'll bear the cross, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,  
Shall conquer, though they die;  
They view the triumph from afar,  
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all Thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be Thine.

I. Watts, 1724

554 LONDON NEW C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1635

1. I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Or to de - fend His cause,

Main-tain the hon - or of His word, The glo - ry of His cross. A - men.

2 Jesus, my God! I know His name;  
His name is all my trust:  
Nor will He put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,  
And He can well secure,

What I've committed to His hands,  
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name  
Before His Father's face,  
And in the New Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

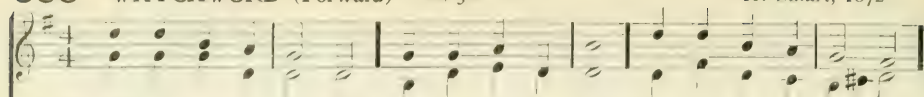
I. Watts, 1709

# Activity and Zeal

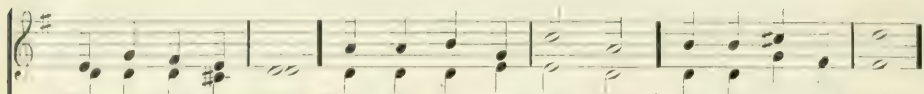
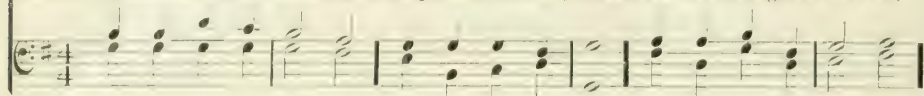
555

WATCHWORD (Forward) 6s, 5s, 12l.

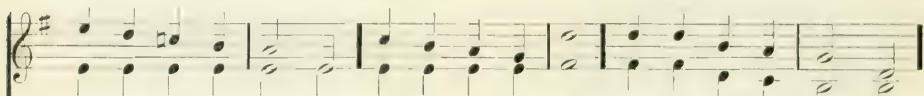
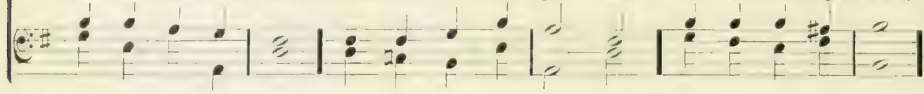
H. Smart, 1872



Part I. 1. FORWARD! be our watchword. Steps and voices joined; Seek the things be-fore us,



Not a look be-hind. Burns the fi-ery pil-lar At our ar-my's head;



Who shall dream of shrink-ing, By our Cap-tain led? For-ward thro' the des-ert,



Thro' the toil and fight! Jor-dan flows be-fore us; Zi-on beams with light. A-men.



- 2 Forward, when in childhood  
Buds the infant mind;  
All through youth and manhood,  
Not a thought behind:  
Speed through realms of nature,  
Climb the steps of grace;  
Faint not, till in glory  
Gleams our Father's face.  
Forward, all the life-time,  
Climb from height to height,  
Till the head be hoary,  
Till the eve be light.
- 3 Forward, flock of Jesus,  
Salt of all the earth,  
Till each yearning purpose  
Spring to glorious birth.  
Sick, they ask for healing,  
Blind, they grope for day;

- Pour upon the nations  
Wisdom's loving ray.  
Forward, out of error,  
Leave behind the night;  
Forward, through the darkness  
Forward, into light!
- 4 Glories upon glories  
Hath our God prepared,  
By the souls that love Him  
One day to be shared:  
Eye hath not beheld them,  
Ear hath never heard;  
Nor of these have uttered  
Thought or speech a word.  
Forward, marching eastward  
Where the heaven is bright,  
Till the veil be lifted,  
Till our faith be sight.

# Activity and Zeal

556

BONIFACE 6s, 5s. 12l.

H. R. Gadsby (1842—)

Part. II. 1. FAR o'er yon ho - ri - zon Rise the cit - y towers, Where our Goda - bid - eth;  
That fair home is ours. Flash the streets with jas - per, Shine the gates with gold,  
Flows the gladdening riv - er, Shed - ding joys un - told. Thith - er, on - ward thith - er,  
In the Spir - it's might, Pilgrims to your coun - try, For - ward in - to light. A - men.

2 Into God's high temple  
Onward as we press,  
Beauty spreads around us,  
Born of holiness:  
Arch, and vault, and carving,  
Lights of varied tone,  
Softened words and holy,  
Prayer and praise alone:  
Every thought upraising  
To our city bright,  
Where the tribes assemble  
Round the throne of light.

3 Naught that city needeth  
Of these aisles of stone:  
Where the Godhead dwelleth,  
Temple there is none;  
All the saints, that ever  
In these courts have stood,

Are but babes, and feeding  
On the children's food.  
On through sign and token,  
Stars amid the night,  
Forward through the darkness,  
Forward into light.

4 To th' eternal Father  
Loudest anthems raise;  
To the Son and Spirit  
Echo songs of praise;  
To the Lord of glory,  
Blessèd Three in One,  
Be by men and angels  
Endless honors done.  
Weak are earthly praises;  
Dull the songs of night;  
Forward into triumph,  
Forward into light!



# Activity and Zeal

557

BACON 6s. 5s. 81. With Refrain

L. C. Jacoby, 1895

1. Sav-iour, blessed Sav-iour, List-en while we sing; Hearts and voic-es rais-ing  
Prais-es to our King. All we have we of-fer, All we hope to be,....  
All we yield to Thee. *Refrain.*  
Bod-y, soul, and spir-it, All we yield to Thee. Sav-iour, blessed Sav-iour,  
List-en while we sing; Hearts and voic-es rais-ing Prais-es to our King. *A-men.*

(Or to Edina, No. 581)

- 2 Nearer, ever nearer,  
Christ, we draw to Thee,  
Deep in adoration  
Bending low the knee:  
Thou for our redemption  
Cam'st on earth to die;  
Thou, that we might follow,  
Hast gone up on high.
- 3 Brighter still and brighter  
Glow the western sun,  
Shedding all its gladness  
O'er our work that's done:  
Time will soon be over,  
Toil and sorrow past,  
May we, blessed Saviour,  
Find a rest at last.

- 4 Onward, ever onward,  
Journeying o'er the road  
Worn by saints before us,  
Journeying on to God;  
Leaving all behind us,  
May we hasten on,  
Backward never looking  
Till the prize is won.
- 5 Higher, then, and higher,  
Bear the ransomed soul,  
Earthly toils forgetting,  
Saviour, to its goal;  
Where in joys unthought of  
Saints with angels sing,  
Never weary, raising  
Praises to their King.

# Activity and Zeal

## 558 CROSS AND CROWN C. M.

H. Houseley, 1896

*Voices in unison.*

*In harmony.*

1. MUST Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one,

And there's a cross for me. A - men

2 How happy are the saints above,  
Who once went sorrowing here;  
But now they taste unmingled love,  
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear  
Till death shall set me free;

And then go home my crown to wear,  
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down  
At Jesus' pierced feet,  
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,  
And His dear name repeat.

5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!  
O resurrection day!  
Ye angels, from the stars come down,  
And bear my soul away.

T. Shepherd, 1692 *Alt.*

## MAITLAND C. M.

(Second Tune)

G. N. Allen, 1849

1. MUST Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me. A - men.

## 559 BROCKLESBURY 8s, 7s.

Charlotte A. Barnard (1830—1869)

1 JE - sus on - ly, when the morning beams up - on the path I tread; Je - sus on - ly, when the dark - ness

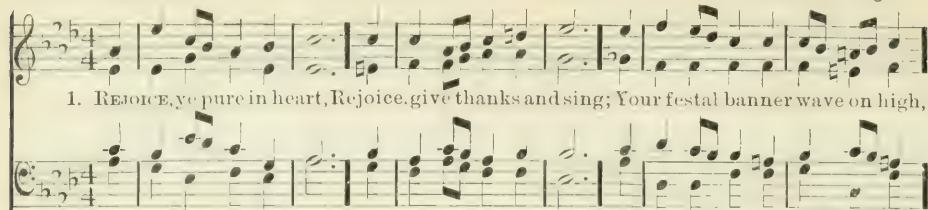
Gath - ers round my wea - ry head. A - men.

Jesus only, when the trumpet  
Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.

3 Jesus only, when, adoring,  
Saints their crowns before Him bring;  
Jesus only, I will, joyous,  
Through eternal ages sing.

2 Jesus only, when the billows  
Cold and sullen o'er me roll;

E. Nason, 1856



Refrain.



2 Bright youth and snow-crowned age,  
Strong men and maidens meek,  
Raise high your free, exulting song,  
God's wondrous praises speak.

3 With all the angel choirs,  
With all the saints on earth,  
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,  
True rapture, noblest mirth,

4 Your clear hosannas raise,  
And alleluias loud;  
Whilst answering echoes upward float,  
Like wreaths of incense cloud.

5 With voice as full and strong  
As ocean's surging praise,

Send forth the hymns our fathers loved,  
The psalms of ancient days.

6 Yes on, through life's long path,  
Still chanting as ye go;  
From youth to age, by night and day,  
In gladness and in woe.

7 Still lift your standard high,  
Still march in firm array,  
As warriors through the darkness toil  
Till dawns the golden day.

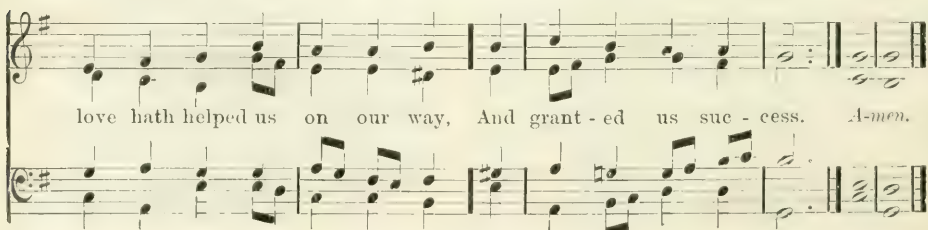
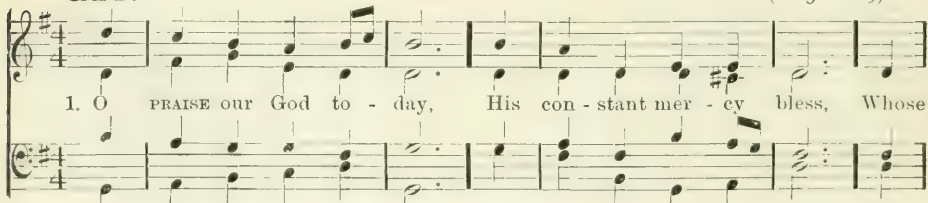
8 At last the march shall end,  
The wearied ones shall rest,  
The pilgrims find their Father's house,  
Jerusalem the blest.

(Or to Sydenham, No. 784)

E. H. Plumptre, 1865 *Ab.*

CARR S. M.

W. H. Monk (1823—1889)



# Activity and Zeal

56I

HEATHLANDS 7s. 6l.

H. Smart (1813--1879)

1. JE - sus, Mas - ter, whom I serve, Though so fee - bly and so ill,

Strengthen hand and heart and nerve All Thy bid - ding to ful - fil;

O - pen Thou mine eyes to see All the work Thou hast for me. A - men.

(Or to Patmos, No. 865)

2 Lord, Thou needest not, I know,  
Service such as I can bring;  
Yet I long to prove and show  
Full allegiance to my King.  
Thou an honor art to me;  
Let me be a praise to Thee.

3 Jesus, Master, wilt Thou use  
One who owes Thee more than all?  
As Thou wilt! I would not choose;  
Only let me hear Thy call.  
Jesus, let me always be,  
In Thy service, glad and free.

F. R. Havergal, 1874

(This hymn is Part II of "Jesus, Master, whose I am," No. 276, and "Take my life and let it be," No. 453)

562 (CARR) S. M.

1 O PRAISE our God to-day,  
His constant mercy bless,  
Whose love hath helped us on our way,  
And granted us success.

2 His arm the strength imparts  
Our daily toil to bear;  
His grace alone inspires our hearts,  
Each other's load to share.

29

3 Oh, happiest work below,  
Earnest of joy above,  
To sweeten many a cup of woe,  
By deeds of holy love!

4 Lord, may it be our choice  
This blessed rule to keep,  
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,  
And weep with them that weep."

H. W. Baker, 1861 Ad.



# Activity and Zeal

563

ALDERSGATE S. M.

G. P. Merrick, 1887

1. Sow IN the morn thy seed, At eve hold not thy hand;

To doubt and fear give thou no heed; Broad-cast it o'er the land. A - men.

2 And duly shall appear  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;  
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,

Shall foster and mature the grain  
For garner in the sky.

4 Thence, when the glorious end,  
The day of God, is come,  
The angel-reapers shall descend,  
And Heaven cry, "Harvest Home."

J. Montgomery, 1819

564

ST. MARK C. M.

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)

1. Oh, still in ac - cents sweet and strong Sounds forth the an - cient word,

"More reap-ers for white har-vest fields, More laborers for the Lord." A - men.

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more  
In selfish ease we lie,  
But, girded for our Father's work,  
Go forth beneath His sky.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood, Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,  
And prayers of saints were sown,

We, to their labors entering in,  
Would reap where they have strown.

4 O Thou whose call our hearts has stirred,  
To do Thy will we come;  
Thrust in our sickles at Thy word,  
And bear our harvest home.

# Trial and Conflict

565

INTERCESSION, OLD L. M.

Latin Melody Arr. J. B. Dykes, 1862

1. O Love di - vine, that stoop'd to share Our sharp-est pang, our bit-terest tear,

On Thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain while Thou art near. A-men.

- 2 Though long the weary way we tread,  
And sorrow crown each lingering year,  
No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.
- 3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
And trembling faith is changed to fear,  
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,  
Shall softly tell us Thou art near.
- 4 On Thee we fling our burdening woe,  
O Love divine, forever dear!  
Content to suffer, while we know,  
Living and dying, Thou art near.

O. W. Holmes, 1859

QUEBEC (Hesperus) L. M.

(Second Tune)

H. Baker, 1866

1. O Love di - vine, that stoop'd to share Our sharp-est pang, our bit-terest tear,

On Thee we cast each earth-born care, We smile at pain while Thou art near. A-men.

# Trial and Conflict

566 VIA CRUCIS 6s. 81.

F. L. Sealy, 1888

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be! Lead me by Thine own  
hand; Choose out the path for me. I dare not choose my lot; I would not,  
if I might: Choose Thou for me, my God, So shall I walk a - right. A-men.

(Or to Baxter, No. 882)

2 The kingdom that I seek  
Is Thine; so let the way  
That leads to it be Thine,  
Else I must surely stray.  
Take Thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to Thee may seem;  
Choose Thou my good and ill.

3 Choose Thou for me my friends,  
My sickness or my health;  
Choose Thou my cares for me,  
My poverty or wealth.  
Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things or great, or small;  
Be Thou my guide, my strength,  
My wisdom, and my all.

H. Bonar, 1857

567 (MEAR) C. M.

1 Oh, help us, Lord; each hour of need  
Thy heavenly succor give;  
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,  
Each hour on earth we live.  
2 Oh, help us, through the prayer of faith  
More firmly to believe;  
For still, the more the servant hath,  
The more shall he receive.  
3 If, strangers to Thy fold, we call,  
Imploring at Thy feet

The crumbs that from Thy table fall,  
'Tis all we dare entreat.

4 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,  
So Thou wilt grant but this:  
The crumbs that from Thy table fall  
Are light, and life, and bliss.  
5 Oh, help us, Jesus, from on high;  
We know no help but Thee:  
Oh, help us so to live and die  
As Thine in heaven to be.

# Trial and Conflict

568

CONSOLATOR (Aíma) IIS, IOS.

S. Webbe, 1792

1. COME, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the mer-cy-seat,

fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no

sorrow that heav'n cannot heal. A-men.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the Bread of life, see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;  
Come to the feast of love, come, ever knowing  
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

T. Moore, 1816 Alt. V. 3. T. Hastings, 1832

MEAR C. M.

American Tune, 1726

1. OH, help us, Lord; each hour of need Thy heav'n-ly suc-cor give;

Help us in thought, and word, and deed, Each hour on earth we live. A - men.

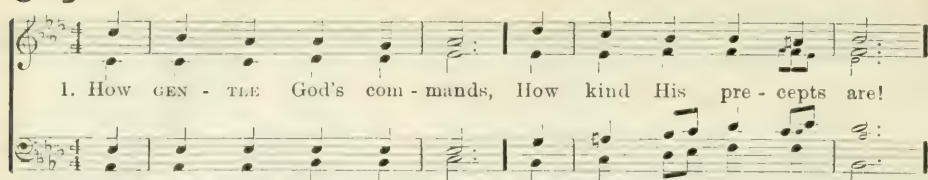


# Trial and Conflict

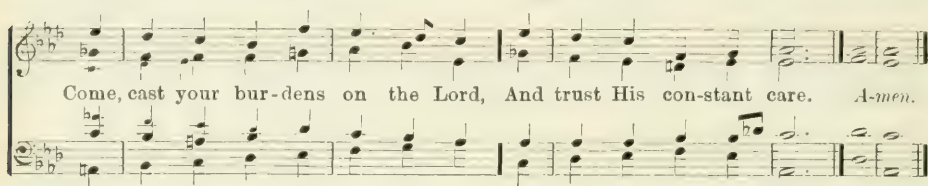
569

WESTMINSTER CHOIR S. M.

T. Rallston Smith, 1881



1. How GEN - TLE God's com - mands, How kind His pre - cepts are!



Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care. A - men.

2 While Providence supports,  
Let saints securely dwell;  
That hand, which bears all nature up,  
Shall guide His children well.

Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,  
And sweet refreshment find.

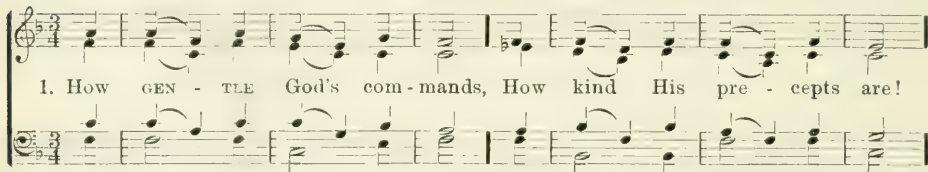
3 Why should this anxious load  
Press down your weary mind?

4 His goodness stands approved,  
Down to the present day;  
I'll drop my burden at His feet,  
And bear a song away.

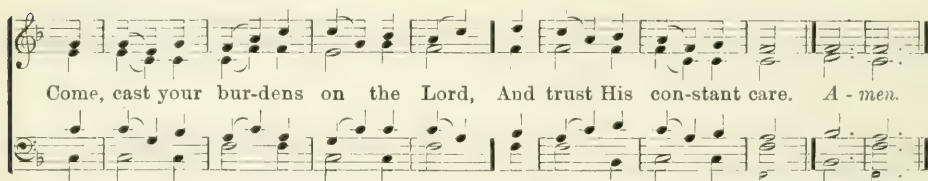
P. Doddridge, 1755

DENNIS S. M.

(Second Tune) Arr. fr. H. G. Nägeli, by L. Mason, 1845



1. How GEN - TLE God's com - mands, How kind His pre - cepts are!

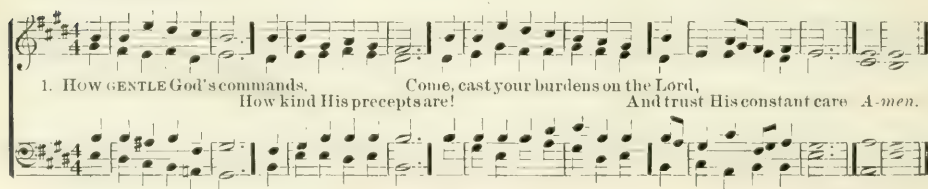


Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care. A - men.

ALEXANDRIA S. M.

(Third Tune)

H. J. Gauntlett (1805—1876)



1. How GENTLE God's commands, Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,  
How kind His precepts are! And trust His constant care A - men.

1. FIGHT the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly. A - men.

- 2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,  
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;  
Life with its way before us lies,  
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
- 3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;  
His boundless mercy will provide;

- Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove  
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.'
- 4 Faint not nor fear, His arms are near;  
He changeth not, and thou art dear;  
Only believe, and thou shalt see  
That Christ is all in all to thee.

J. S. B. Monseil, 1863

1. WHEN our heads are bowed with woe, When our bit - ter tears o'er-flow,

When we mourn the lost, the dear, Je - sus, Son of Ma - ry, hear! A - men.

- 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,  
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,  
Thou hast shed the human tear;  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
- 3 When the solemn death-bell tolls  
For our own departing souls,  
When our final doom is near,  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
- 4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,  
Thou the blood of life hast shed,

- Thou hast filled a mortal bier;  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
- 5 When the heart is sad within  
With the thought of all its sin,  
When the spirit shrinks with fear,  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!
- 6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,  
Though the sins were not Thine own;  
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;  
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear!

# Trial and Conflict

572 LABAN S. M.

L. Mason, 1830

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise;  
The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies. A-men.

(Or to Schumann, below)

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray!

The battle ne'er give o'er;

Renew it boldly every day,

And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,

Nor lay thine armor down:

Thy arduous work will not be done

Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death

Shall bring thee to thy God:

He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,

Up to His blest abode.

G. Heath, 1781

573 SCHUMANN (Heath) S. M.

Arr. fr. R. Schumann (1810—1856)

1. Oh, what, if we are Christ's, Is earth-ly shame or loss?  
Bright shall the crown of glo-ry be When we have borne the cross. A-men.

(Or to Aberystwyth, No. 522)

2 Keen was the trial once,

Bitter the cup of woe,

When martyred saints, baptized in blood,

Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,

Boundless their joy above,

Where, on the bosom of their God,

They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord, may that grace be ours,

Like them in faith to bear

All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,

May be our portion here:

5 Enough if Thou at last

The word of blessing give,

And let us rest beneath Thy feet,

Where saints and angels live.

# Trial and Conflict

## 574 THATCHER S. M.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1732

1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be not dis-mayed; God  
hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head. A-men.

2 Through waves and clouds and storms  
He gently clears thy way;  
Wait thou His time, so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?  
Still sink thy spirits down?  
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
And every care be gone.

4 What though thou rulest not?  
Yet Heaven, and earth, and hell  
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne  
And ruleth all things well.

5 Let us, in life, in death,  
Thy steadfast truth declare,  
And publish, with our latest breath,  
Thy love and guardian care.

P. Gerhardt, 1653 Tr. J. Wesley, 1739 A#

## 575 SILVER STREET S. M.

I. Smith, c. 1770

1. Sol-diers of Christ, a-rise, And put your ar-mor on;  
Strong in the strength which God sup-plies, Thro' His e-ter-nal Son. A-men.

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
And in His mighty power;  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,  
With all His strength endued;  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God:

4 That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,  
And stand complete at last.

5 From strength to strength go on,  
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day.

C. Wesley, 1740 A#



# Trial and Conflict

576

BEECHCROFT

6s. 81.

T. German Reed, 1880 [?]

*Voices in Unison.*

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy

hand of love I would my all re - sign. Through sor - row, or through joy, Con -

duct me as Thine own. And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done! A - men.

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!

Though seen through many a tear,

Let not my star of hope

Grow dim or disappear;

Since Thou on earth hast wept,

And sorrowed oft alone,

If I must weep with Thee,

My Lord, Thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt!

All shall be well for me;

Each changing future scene

I gladly trust with Thee;

Straight to my home above

I travel calmly on,

And sing in life or death,

My Lord, Thy will be done!

B. Schmolck, 1716 Tr. J. Borthwick, 1854

JEWETT 6s. 81.

(Second Tune)

Fr. C. M. von Weber, 1821

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy hand of love

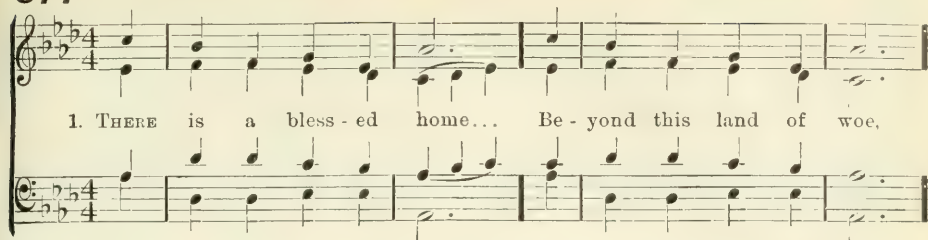
I would my all re - sign. Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me

as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done! A - men.

# Trial and Conflict

577 BLESSED HOME 6s. 8l.

J. Stainer, 1875



1. THERE is a bless - ed home... Be - yond this land of woe,



Where tri - als nev - er come, Nor tears of sor - row flow;



Where faith is lost in sight, And pa - tient hope is crown'd,



And ev - er - last - ing light Its glo - ry throws a - round. A - men.

- 2 There is a land of peace,  
Good angels know it well;  
Glad songs that never cease  
Within its portals swell;  
Around its glorious throne  
Ten thousand saints adore  
Christ, with the Father One,  
And Spirit, evermore.
- 3 O joy all joys beyond,  
To see the Lamb who died,  
And count each sacred wound  
In hands, and feet, and side;

- To give to Him the praise  
Of every triumph won,  
And sing through endless days  
The great things He hath done!
- 4 Look up, ye saints of God,  
Nor fear to tread below  
The path your Saviour trod  
Of daily toil and woe:  
Wait but a little while  
In uncomplaining love,  
His own most gracious smile  
Shall welcome you above.

# Trial and Conflict

578 ST. EDMUND 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

Arthur Sullivan (1842—)

1. We are but stran - gers here, Heaven is our home;

Earth is a des - ert drear, Heaven is our home.

Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round us on ev - ery hand,

Heaven is our fa - ther - land, Heaven is our home. A - men.

2 What though the tempests rage?

Heaven is our home;  
Short is our pilgrimage,  
Heaven is our home.  
And Time's wild wintry blast  
Soon shall be overpast:  
We shall reach home at last:  
Heaven is our home.

3 There at our Saviour's side,

Heaven is our home,  
May we be glorified:  
Heaven is our home.

There are the good and blest,  
Those we love most and best,  
Grant us with them to rest:  
Heaven is our home.

4 Grant us to murmur not,

Heaven is our home.  
Whate'er our earthly lot,  
Heaven is our home.  
Grant us at last to stand  
There at Thine own right hand,  
Jesus, in fatherland:  
Heaven is our home.

# Trial and Conflict

579 HANFORD 8, 8, 8, 4

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1. JE - sus, my Sav - iour, look on me, For I am wea - ry and op - prest;

I come to cast my - self on Thee: Thou art my rest. A - men.

- 2 Look down on me, for I am weak;  
I feel the toilsome journey's length;  
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:  
Thou art my strength.
- 3 I am bewildered on my way,  
Dark and tempestuous is the night;  
Oh, shed Thou forth some cheering ray!  
Thou art my light.
- 4 I hear the storms around me rise;  
But when I dread th'impending shock,  
My spirit to the refuge flies:  
Thou art my rock.

- 5 When the accuser flings his darts,  
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;  
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:  
Thou art my peace.
- 6 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,  
In that tremendous, latest strife,  
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:  
Thou art my life.
- 7 Thou wilt my every want supply,  
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;  
Through life, in death, eternally,  
Thou art my all.

C. Elliott, 1869

WIMBLEDON 8, 8, 8, 4

(Second Tune)

S. S. Wesley (1810—1876)

1. JE - sus, my Sav - iour, look on me, For I am wea - ry and op - prest;

I come to cast my - self on Thee: Thou art my rest. A - men.



# Trial and Conflict

580

LEIGH 7s, 6s. 81.

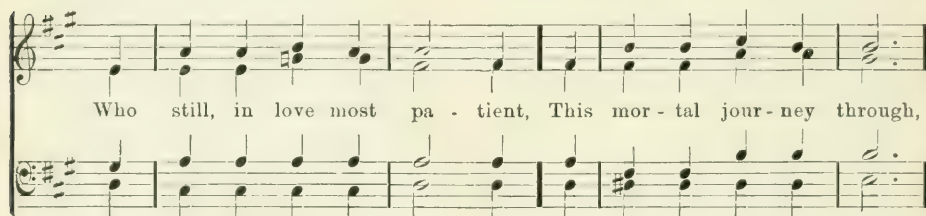
C. H. Lloyd (1849—)



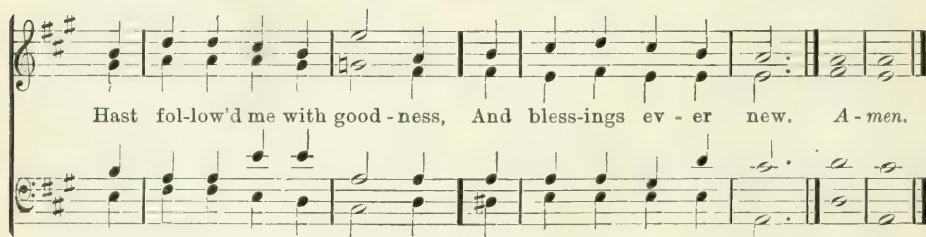
1. My song shall be of mer - cy: To Thee, O Lord, I sing.



Who all my life hast hid me Be - neath Thy shel - tring wing;



Who still, in love most pa - tient, This mor - tal jour - ney through,



Hast fol - low'd me with good - ness, And bless - ings ev - er new. A - men.

2 My song shall be of judgment:  
All-wise and holy God,  
Thou makest all Thy children  
To pass beneath Thy rod;  
Thou scourgest whom Thou lovest,  
Yet, oh! my soul shall tell  
That when Thy stroke is sorest  
Thou doest all things well.

3 My song shall be of mercy:  
Come, ye who love the Lord,  
Who know that He is gracious,  
Who trust His faithful word,

Tell out His works with gladness,  
With me exalt His name,  
Whose love endures for ever,  
To endless years the same.

4 My song shall be of judgment:  
Ye who His chastenings feel,  
Oh, faint not nor be weary,  
He wounds that He may heal!  
Yes, bless the hand that smiteth,  
And in your grief confess  
That all His ways are wisdom,  
And truth, and righteousness.

# Trial and Conflict

581 EDINA 6s, 5s. 81.

H. S. Oakeley, 1868

1. PUR-ER yet and pur-er I would be in mind, Dear-er yet and  
 dear-er Ev-ery du-ty find; Hop-ing still, and trust-ing God with-  
 out a fear, Pa-tient-ly be-liev-ing He will make all clear. A-men.

(Or to Penitence, No. 583)

2 Calmer yet and calmer  
 In the hours of pain,  
 Surer yet and surer  
 Peace at last to gain;  
 Suffering still and doing,  
 To His will resigned,  
 And to God subduing  
 Heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher  
 Out of clouds and night,  
 Nearer yet and nearer  
 Rising to the light,—  
 Light serene and holy,  
 Where my soul may rest,  
 Purified and lowly,  
 Sanctified and blest.

4 Swifter yet and swifter  
 Ever onward run,  
 Firmer yet and firmer  
 Step as I go on.  
 Oft these earnest longings  
 Swell within my breast;  
 Yet their inner meaning  
 Ne'er can be expressed.

J. W. von Goethe (1749—1832) 463

582 (Or to Williams, No. 785)

1 OH, let him whose sorrow  
 No relief can find,  
 Trust in God and borrow  
 Ease for heart and mind:  
 Where the mourner weeping  
 Sheds the secret tear,  
 God His watch is keeping,  
 Though none else is near.

2 God will never leave us,  
 All our wants He knows,  
 Feels the pains that grieve us,  
 Sees our cares and woes:  
 When in grief we languish,  
 He will dry the tear,  
 Who His children's anguish  
 Soothes with succor near.

3 All our woe and sadness  
 In this world below,  
 Balance not the gladness  
 We in heaven shall know,  
 When our gracious Saviour,  
 In the realms above  
 Crowns us with His favor,  
 Fills us with His love.

H. Oswald, 1793 77. F. E. Cox, 1841

# Trial and Conflict

583 ENTREATY 6s, 5s. 81.

E. G. Monk (1819—)

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de - ni - al

I de-part from Thee; When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re - call,

Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall. A - men.

2 With forbidden pleasures  
Would this vain world charm;  
Or its sordid treasures  
Spread to work me harm;  
Bring to my remembrance  
Sad Gethsemane,  
Or, in darker semblance,  
Cross-crowned Calvary.

3 Should Thy mercy send me  
Sorrow, toil, and woe;  
Or should pain attend me  
On my path below;

Grant that I may never  
Fail Thy hand to see;  
Grant that I may ever  
Cast my care on Thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,  
Fraught with strife and pain,  
When my dust returneth  
To the dust again;  
On Thy truth relying,  
Through that mortal strife,  
Jesus, take me, dying,  
To eternal life.

J. Montgomery, 1834 *Alt.* Mrs. Hutton and G. Thring

MARY MAGDALENE 6s, 5s. 81. (Second Tune)

J. B. Dykes, 1862

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de - ni - al

# Trial and Conflict

I de - part from Thee; When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a  
look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall. A-men.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Trial and Conflict'. It is written for a four-part vocal choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the soprano part, with the piano providing harmonic support. The lyrics are: 'I de - part from Thee; When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall. A-men.'

PENITENCE 6s, 5s. 8l.

(Third Tune)

S. Lane, 1878

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de -  
ni - al I de - part from Thee; When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a  
look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall. A-men.

This musical score is for the hymn 'Penitence'. It is written for a four-part vocal choir and piano accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (Bb, Eb), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo is marked 'rall.' (rallentando). The lyrics are: '1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de - ni - al I de - part from Thee; When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall. A-men.'



# Trial and Conflict

584 BLENDEN C. M. 81.

C. E. Kettle, 1876

1. FOR - GIVE, O Lord, the doubts that break Thy prom - is - es to me;

For - give me that I fail to take My par - don, full and free.

I sought to put my sins a - way, I strove to do Thy will,

And yet, whene'er I tried to pray, My heart was doubt-ing still. A - men.

2 I thought that Thou with jealous eyes  
Wast watching me alway,  
My deeds to mark, my steps to spy,  
Whene'er I went astray;  
I hoped that when, by days and years  
Of service and of prayer,  
I had besought Thy grace with tears,  
Thy mercy I might share.

3 Forgive, O Father, this my sin,  
This jealous, doubting heart;  
For when men seek Thy love to win,  
And choose the better part,  
I know that, swifter than the light  
Leaps earthward from the sun,  
Thy pardoning love, Thy rescuing might,  
Speed down to every one.

# Trial and Conflict

585 BURLEIGH 108.

J. Barnby, 1883

*mf*

1. LEAD us, O Fa - ther, in the paths of peace; With - out Thy

guid - ing hand we go a - stray, And doubts ap - pal, and sor - rows

still in - crease; Lead us thro' Christ, the true and liv - ing way. A - men.

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;  
 Unhelped by Thee, in error's maze we grope,  
 While passion stains, and folly dims our youth,  
 And age comes on, uncheered by faith and hope.

3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;  
 Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,  
 Involved in shadows of a darksome night,  
 Only with Thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to Thy heavenly rest,  
 However rough and steep the path may be,  
 Through joy or sorrow, as Thou deemest best,  
 Until our lives are perfected in Thee.

W. H. Burleigh, 1871

1. FA - THER of love, our guide and friend, Oh, lead us gen - tly on,

Un - til life's tri - al - time shall end, And heav'n - ly peace be won.

2. We know not what the path may be, As yet by us un - trod;

But we can trust our all to Thee, Our Fa - ther and our God. A - men.

- 3 If called, like Abraham's child, to climb 5 Christ by no flowery pathway came;  
 The hill of sacrifice, And we, His followers here,  
 Some angel may be there in time; Must do Thy will and praise Thy name,  
 Deliverance shall arise: In hope, and love, and fear:
- 4 Or, if some darker lot be good, 6 And, till in heaven we sinless bow,  
 Oh, teach us to endure And faultless anthems raise,  
 The sorrow, pain, or solitude, O Father, Son, and Spirit, now  
 That make the spirit pure. Accept our feeble praise.

(Or to Ilfracomb, No. 514)

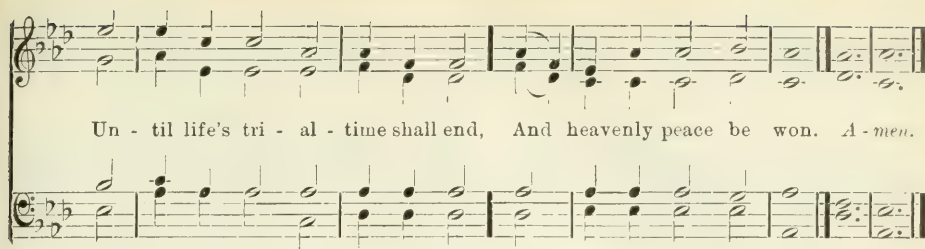
W. J. Irons, 1853

AZMON C. M.

(Second Tune) Arr. fr. C. G. Gläser, 1828, by L. Mason, 1839

1. FA - THER of love, our guide and friend, Oh, lead us gen - tly on,

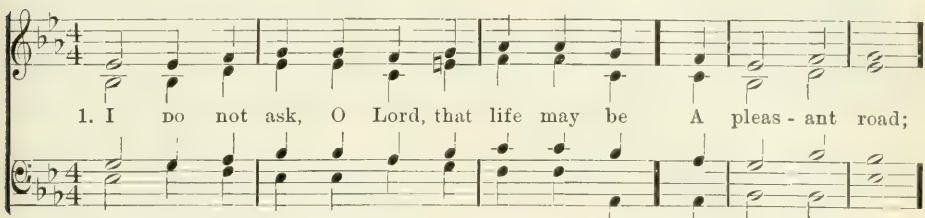
# Trial and Conflict



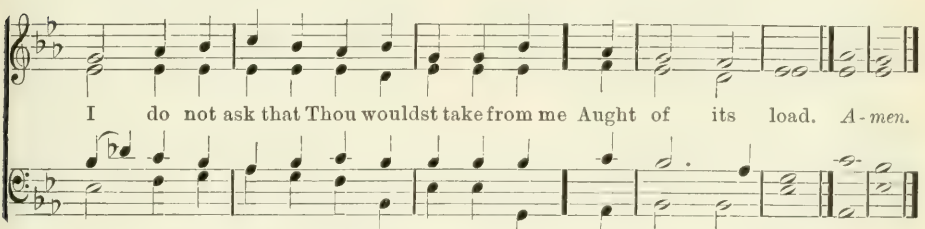
Un - til life's tri - al - time shall end, And heavenly peace be won. A - men.

## 587 SUBMISSION, No. 2 10s, 4s.

A. L. Peace, 1889



1. I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be A pleas - ant road;



I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me Aught of its load. A - men.

2 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead:  
     Lead me aright,  
 Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,  
     Through peace to light.

3 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed  
     Full radiance here;  
 Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread  
     Without a fear.

4 I do not ask my cross to understand,  
     My way to see;  
 Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,  
     And follow Thee.

5 Joy is like restless day; but peace divine  
     Like quiet night.  
 Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,  
     Through peace to light.



# Trial and Conflict

588

IRISH (Dublin) C. M.

I. Smith, 1749

1. DEAR ref-uge of my wea-ry soul, On Thee, when sor-rows rise, On

Thee, when waves of trou-ble roll, My faint-ing hope re-lies. A-men.

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,  
For Thou alone canst heal;  
Thy word can bring a sweet relief  
For every pain I feel.

3 But oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,  
I fear to call Thee mine;  
The springs of comfort seem to fail,  
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?  
Thou art my only trust,  
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,  
Though prostrate in the dust.

5 Thy mercy-seat is open still;  
Here let my soul retreat,  
With humble hope attend Thy will,  
And wait beneath Thy feet.

A. Steele, 1760 *Alt.*

589

EASTLAND C. M.

W. Smedley, 1880 Fr. H. Smart

1. Lord, it be-longs not to my care Wheth-er I die or live;

To love and serve Thee is my share, And this Thy grace must give. A-men.

2 If life be long, I will be glad  
That I may long obey;  
If short, yet why should I be sad  
To end my toilsome day.

3 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet  
Thy blessèd face to see:  
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,  
What will Thy glory be?

4 Then shall I end my sad complaints,  
And weary, sinful days,  
And join with the triumphant saints  
That sing Jehovah's praise.

5 My knowledge of that life is small,  
The eye of faith is dim;  
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,  
And I shall be with Him.

R. Baxter, 1681 *Alt.*

# Trial and Conflict

590

BALERMA C. M.

R. Simpson, 1833

1. O THOU, from whom all good-ness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;  
In all my sor-rows, con-flicts, woes, Good Lord, re-mem-ber me. A - men.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 When on my aching, burdened heart<br/>My sins lie heavily,<br/>Thy pardon speak, new peace impart;<br/>Good Lord, remember me.</p> <p>3 When trials sore obstruct my way,<br/>And ills I cannot flee,<br/>Oh, let my strength be as my day;<br/>Good Lord, remember me.</p> | <p>4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief,<br/>This feeble body see;<br/>Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;<br/>Good Lord, remember me.</p> <p>5 When, in the solemn hour of death,<br/>I wait Thy just decree,<br/>Be this the prayer of my last breath,<br/>Good Lord, remember me.</p> |
|--|--|

T. Haweis and T. Cotterill, 1792 Ab.

591 SPOHR C. M.

Arr. fr. L. Spohr (1784—1859)

1. AS PANTS the hart for cool-ing streams, When heat-ed in the chase,  
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee, And Thy re-fresh-ing grace. A - men.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 For Thee, my God, the living God,<br/>My thirsty soul doth pine;<br/>O, when shall I behold Thy face,<br/>Thou Majesty divine!</p> <p>3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?<br/>Trust God, who will employ<br/>His aid for thee, and change these sighs<br/>To thankful hymns of joy.</p> | <p>4 God of my strength, how long shall I,<br/>Like one forgotten, mourn,<br/>Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed<br/>To my oppressor's scorn?</p> <p>5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?<br/>Hope still; and Thou shalt sing<br/>The praise of Him who is Thy God,<br/>Thy health's eternal spring.</p> |
|--|---|

# Trial and Conflict

592 HOLLINGSIDE 7s. 81.

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. JE - SUS, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly. While the near - er  
wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the  
storm of life be past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last! A - men.

(Or to Frankfort, No. 506)

2 Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
And my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing!

3 Wilt Thou not regard my call?  
Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?  
Lo, I sink, I faint, I fall!  
Lo, on Thee I cast my care;  
Reach me out Thy gracious hand.  
While I of Thy strength receive,  
Hoping against hope I stand,  
Dying, and behold I live!

4 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in Thee I find:  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick and lead the blind.  
Just and holy is Thy name;  
I am all unrighteousness;  
False and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cover all my sin;  
Let the healing streams abound;  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart;  
Rise to all eternity!

C. Wesley, 1740

MARTYN 7s. 81.

(Second Tune)

S. B. Marsh, 1834

1. { JE - SUS, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } { Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, }  
{ While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high! } { Till the storm of life be past; }  
D.C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; Oh, re - ceive my soul at last! A - men.

# Trial and Conflict

ST. FABIAN (Polycarp) 7s. 8l. (Third Tune)

J. Barnby, 1866

1. JE-SUS, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, While the nearer waters  
roll, While the tem-pest still is high! Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the  
storm of life be past; Safe in-to the ha-ven guide; Oh, receive my soul at last! A-men.

REFUGE 7s. 8l.

(Fourth Tune)

J. P. Holbrook, 1864

*Choir.*  
1. JE-SUS, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly, While the near-er wa-ters  
roll, While the tem-pest still is high! Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the  
storm of life be past; Safe in-to the ha-ven guide; Oh, re-ceive my soul at last! A-men.

*Congregation.*



# Trial and Conflict

593

TROYTE, No. 1 (Chant) S, S, S, 4

A. H. D. Troyte (1811—1857)

1. My God and Father, while I stray Far from my home, on life's rough way,

Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy..... will be done!" A - men.

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not,  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
"Thy will be done!"

5 Let but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy good Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest,—  
"Thy will be done!"

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,  
Submissive still would I reply,  
"Thy will be done!"

6 Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
"Thy will be done!"

4 If Thou should'st call me to resign  
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;  
I only yield Thee what is Thine:  
"Thy will be done!"

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
"Thy will be done!"

C. Elliott, 1835

(Or to St. Gabriel, No. 712 Or to Woodworth, No. 411)

WINTERBOURNE S, S, S, 4 (Second Tune)

W. F. Evill, 1890

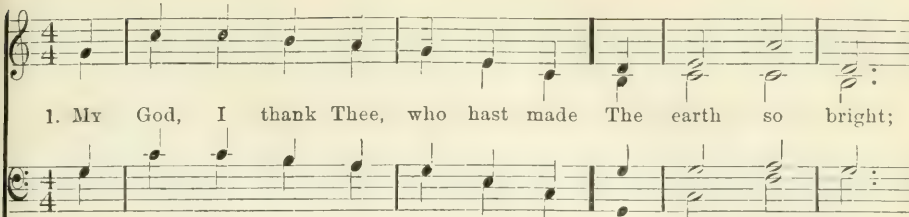
1. My God and Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, in life's rough way.

Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done." A - men.

# Trial and Conflict

594 WENTWORTH P. M. 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 4

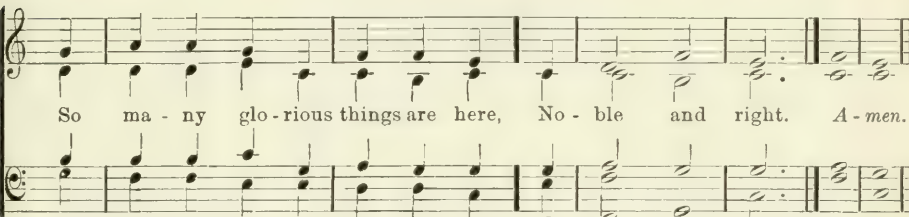
F. C. Maker, 1876



1. My God, I thank Thee, who hast made The earth so bright;



So full of splen - dor and of joy, Beau - ty and light;



So ma - ny glo - rious things are here, No - ble and right. A - men.

2 I thank Thee too that Thou hast made  
Joy to abound;  
So many gentle thoughts and deeds  
Circling us round,  
That in the darkest spot of earth  
Some love is found.

4 For Thou who knowest, Lord, how soon  
Our weak heart clings,  
Hast given us joys, tender and true,  
Yet all with wings;  
So that we see, gleaming on high,  
Diviner things.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy  
Is touched with pain;  
That shadows fall on brightest hours;  
That thorns remain;  
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,  
And not our chain.

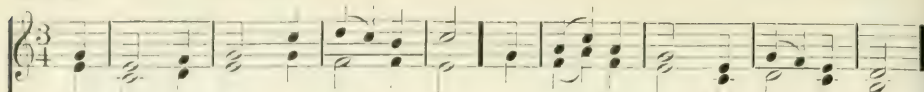
5 I thank Thee, Lord, that Thou hast kept  
The best in store;  
We have enough, yet not too much  
To long for more:  
A yearning for a deeper peace,  
Not known before.

6 I thank Thee, Lord, that here our souls,  
Though amply blest,  
Can never find, although they seek,  
A perfect rest;  
Nor ever shall, until they lean  
On Jesus' breast.

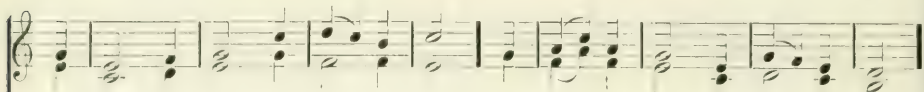
# Trial and Conflict

595 ST. PETERSBURG L. M. 61.

D. S. Bortniansky



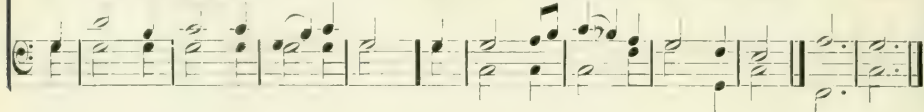
1. WHEN gath'ring clouds a - round I view, And days are dark, and friends are few,



On Him I lean, who not in vain Ex - perience'd ev - 'ry hu - man pain;



He sees my wants, al - lays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears. A - men.



(Or to Adoro, 503)

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray  
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,  
To fly the good I would pursue,  
Or do the sin I would not do,  
Still He, who felt temptation's power,  
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

4 If vexing thoughts within me rise,  
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,  
Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear  
The sickening anguish of despair,  
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,  
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,  
Deceived by those I prized too well,  
He shall His pitying aid bestow,  
Who felt on earth severer woe,—  
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,  
By those who shared His daily bread.

5 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers what was once a friend,  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while,—  
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,  
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

6 And oh, when I have safely past  
Through every conflict but the last;  
Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
My painful bed, for Thou hast died:  
Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
And wipe the latest tear away.

# Trial and Conflict

596

EIRENE 11s, 10s.

F. R. Havergal, 1871

1. COME un - to Me, when shad - ows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad

heart is wea - ry and dis - tressed, Seek - ing for com - fort from your heavenly

Fa - ther, Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest. A - men.

(Or to Visio Domini, No. 629)

2 Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken,  
When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,  
When the loved slept, in brighter homes to waken,  
Where their pale brows with spirit-wreaths are crowned,

3 Large are the mansions in Thy Father's dwelling,  
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim ;  
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,  
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

4 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,  
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed :  
Come unto Me all ye who droop in sadness,  
Come unto Me, and I will give you rest!

C. H. Esling, 1839



# Trials and Conflict

597 ROGERS (Magdalene) L. M.

B. Rogers (1614—1698)

1. God of my life, to Thee I call; Af-flict-ed, at Thy feet I fall:  
When the great water-floods pre-vail, Leave not my trembling heart to fail. A-men.

(Or to Louvan, No. 851)

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,  
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?  
Where but with Thee, whose open door  
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,  
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?  
Does not the word still fixed remain,  
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,  
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;  
But a prayer-hearing, answering God  
Supports me under every load.

5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,  
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;  
And he is safe, and must succeed,  
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

W. Cowper, 1779

598 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE 7s.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1848

1. Oft in dan-ger, oft in woe, On-ward, Chris-tians, on-ward go;  
Fight the fight, main-tain the strife, Strengthen'd with the bread of life. A-men.

2 Let your drooping hearts be glad;  
March in heavenly armor clad;  
Fight, nor think the battle long,  
Soon shall victory tune your song.

3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
Soon shall every tear be dry;

Let not fears your course impede,  
Great your strength, if great your need.

4 Onward then to battle move,  
More than conquerors ye shall prove;  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
Christian soldiers, onward go.

# Warfare

599 ONWARD 5, 5, 5, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5

W. C. Filby (1836—)

1. BREAST the wave, Chris - tian, When it is strong - est;

Watch for day, Chris - tian, When the night's long - est;

On - ward and on - ward still, Be thine en - deav - or;

The rest that re - main-eth, Will be for ev - er. A - men.

2 Fight the fight, Christian,  
Jesus is o'er thee;  
Run the race, Christian,  
Heaven is before thee;  
He who hath promised  
Faltereth never;  
He who hath loved so well,  
Loveth for ever.

3 Lift thine eye, Christian,  
Just as it closeth;  
Raise thy heart, Christian,  
Ere it reposeth;  
Thee from the love of Christ  
Nothing shall sever;  
And, when thy work is done,  
Praise Him for ever.

J. Stammers, 1830

# Warfare

600 WEBB 7s, 6s. 8l.

G. J. Webb, 1830

1. STAND up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,

Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed. A - men.

(Or to Greenland, No. 13)

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
The trumpet call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict,  
In this His glorious day.  
Ye that are men, now serve Him  
Against unnumbered foes;  
Let courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
Stand in His strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you,  
Ye dare not trust your own:

Put on the gospel armor,  
Each piece put on with prayer;  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next, the victor's song.  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of Glory  
Shall reign eternally!

# Warfare

601 ROBERTS (Farmer) 7s, 6s. 81.

J. Farmer

1 Go FOR - ward, Christian sol - dier, Be - neath His ban - ner true;

The Lord Him-self, thy lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due.

His love fore-tells thy tri - als; He knows thine hour - ly need;

He can with bread of heav - en Thy faint-ing spir - it feed. A - men.

(Or to Berthold, No. 14 Or to Chenies, No. 117)

2 Go forward, Christian soldier,  
 Fear not the secret foe;  
 Far more o'er thee are watching  
 Than human eyes can know  
 Trust only Christ, thy Captain;  
 Cease not to watch and pray;  
 Heed not the treacherous voices  
 That lure thy soul astray.

3 Go forward, Christian soldier,  
 Nor dream of peaceful rest,  
 Till Satan's host is vanquished  
 And heaven is all possessed;

Till Christ Himself shall call thee  
 To lay thine armor by,  
 And wear in endless glory  
 The crown of victory.

4 Go forward, Christian soldier,  
 Fear not the gathering night;  
 The Lord has been thy shelter;  
 The Lord will be thy light.  
 When morn His face revealeth,  
 Thy dangers all are past:  
 Oh, pray that faith and virtue  
 May keep thee to the last!



# Warfare

602 ALL SAINTS, No. 2 C. M. 81.

H. S. Cutler, 1872

1. THE Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um-phant o - ver pain,

Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train. A - men.

2 That martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave;  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on Him to save;  
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He pray'd for them that did the wrong:  
Who follows in His train?

3 A noble band, the chosen few,  
On whom the Spirit came,  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they  
knew  
And mocked the torch of flame;

They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
The lion's gory mane,  
They bowed their necks the stroke to  
feel:  
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the throne of God rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed.  
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven  
Through peril, toil, and pain;  
O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train.

# Warfare

ARCHIBALD C. M. 81.

(Second Tune)

A. Macdonald, 1877

1. THE Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His blood-red ban-ner

streams a-far: Who follows in His train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Triumphant

o-ver pain, Who patient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train. A-men.

ST. ANNE C. M.

(Third Tune)

W. Croft, 1708

1. { THE Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;  
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain,

His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in His train? }  
Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train. } A-men.

# Warfare

603 ST. HUBERT P. M. 5, 5, 8, 8, 5, 5

L. Darwall (1813—)

1. JE - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won, And, although the

way be cheer - less, We will fol - low, calm and fear - less:

Guide us by Thy hand, To our Fa - ther - land. A - men.

2 If the way be drear,  
If the foe be near,  
Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,  
Let not faith and hope forsake us;  
For, through many a foe  
To our home we go.

3 When we seek relief  
From a long-felt grief,  
When temptations come alluring,

Make us patient and enduring;  
Show us that bright shore  
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on,  
Till our rest be won:  
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,  
Still support, console, protect us,  
Till we safely stand  
In our Fatherland.

N. L. von Zinzendorf, 1721 77. J. Borthwick, 1853

604 LEWISHAM P. M. 5, 5, 8, 8, 5, 5

S. Gee (1834—)

1. JE - sus, who can be Once compared with Thee! Source of rest and con-so -

# Warfare

la - tion, Life and light, and full sal - va - tion; Son of God, with Thee

None com - pared can be! A - men.

2 Thou hast died for me,  
From all misery  
And distress me to deliver,  
And from death to save for ever:  
I am by Thy blood  
Reconciled to God.

3 Grant me steadiness,  
Lord, to run my race,  
Following Thee with love most tender,  
So that Satan may not hinder  
Me by craft or force;  
Further Thou my course.

4 When I hence depart,  
Strengthen Thou my heart;  
Where Thou art, O Lord, convey me;  
In Thy righteousness array me,  
That at Thy right hand  
Joyful I may stand.

J. A. Freylinghausen, 1713 Moravian Coll., 1754 *Alt.*, 1801

## 605 VIGILATE 7, 7, 7, 3

W. H. Monk, 1868

1. CHRIS-TIAN, seek not yet re - pose, Cast thy dreams of ease a - way;

Thou art in the midst of foes: Watch... and pray. A - men.

2 Gird Thy heavenly armor on,  
Wear it ever night and day;  
Near thee lurks the evil one;  
Watch and pray.

3 Hear the victors who o'ercame;  
Still they watch each warrior's way;  
All with one deep voice exclaim,  
Watch and pray.

4 Hear, above all these, thy Lord,  
Him thou lovest to obey;  
Hide within thy heart His word,  
Watch and pray.

5 Watch, as if on that alone  
Hung the issue of the day;  
Pray that help may be sent down;  
Watch and pray.



# Warfare

606

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE 6s, 5s. 8l.

J. B. Dykes (1823-1876)

*p*  
96.  
1. CHRIS - TIAN, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground,

How the hosts of dark - ness Com - pass thee a - round?  
*cres.* *dim.*

*f*  
112.  
Chris - tian, up and smite them, Count - ing gain but loss;

Smite them, Christ is with thee, Sol - dier of the cross. A - men.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,  
How they work within,  
Striving, tempting, luring,  
Goaded into sin?  
Christian, never tremble;  
Never be downcast;  
Gird thee for the battle,  
Thou shalt win at last.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,  
How they speak thee fair?  
"Always fast and vigil?  
Always watch and prayer?"

Christian, answer boldly:  
"While I breathe I pray:"  
Peace shall follow battle,  
Night shall end in day.

4 "Well I know thy trouble,  
O My servant true;  
Thou art very weary,  
I was weary too;  
But that toil shall make thee  
Some day all Mine own,  
And the end of sorrow  
Shall be near My throne."

# Warfare

HOLY WAR 6s, 5s. 81.

(Second Tune)

J. Booth (1852—)

Voices in unison.

*p* 1. CHRIS-TIAN, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground, How the hosts of

The first system of music for 'Warfare' is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The tempo is marked 'p' (piano). The lyrics are '1. CHRIS-TIAN, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground, How the hosts of'.

dark - ness Com - pass thee a - round? Chris - tian, up and smite them,

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes a fermata over the first measure of the second system. The lyrics are 'dark - ness Com - pass thee a - round? Chris - tian, up and smite them,'.

Count-ing gain but loss; Smite them, Christ is with thee, Sol-dier of the cross. A - men.

The third system of music concludes the piece. It includes a double bar line at the end. The lyrics are 'Count-ing gain but loss; Smite them, Christ is with thee, Sol-dier of the cross. A - men.'.

CRETE 6s, 5s. 81.

(Third Tune)

J. Barnby, 1872

*mf*

*p rit.*

1. Christian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground, How the hosts of dark - ness Compass thee a - round?

The first system of music for 'CRETE' is in 4/4 time, key of B major. It features a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The tempo is marked 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are '1. Christian, dost thou see them On the ho - ly ground, How the hosts of dark - ness Compass thee a - round?'.

Christian, up and smite them, Counting gain but loss; Smite them, Christ is with thee, Soldier of the cross. A - men.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes a double bar line at the end. The lyrics are 'Christian, up and smite them, Counting gain but loss; Smite them, Christ is with thee, Soldier of the cross. A - men.'.

# Warfare

607 PORTAL 7s, 6s. 81.

J. Barnby, 1868

1. LET our choir new an - thems raise, Wake the song of glad - ness;

God him - self to joy and praise Turns the mar - tyrs' sad - ness;

Bright the day that won their crown, O - pen'd heav'n's bright por - tal,

As they laid the mor - tal down To put on th'im - mor - tal. A - men.

(Or to St. Kevin, No. 297)

2 Never flinched they from the flame,  
From the torture, never;  
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,  
Satan's best endeavor;  
For by faith they saw the land  
Decked in all its glory,  
Where triumphant now they stand  
With the victor's story.

3 Faith they had that knew not shame,  
Love that could not languish;  
And eternal hope o'ercame  
Momentary anguish.

He who trod the self-same road  
Death and hell defeated;  
Wherefore these their passions showed  
Calvary repeated.

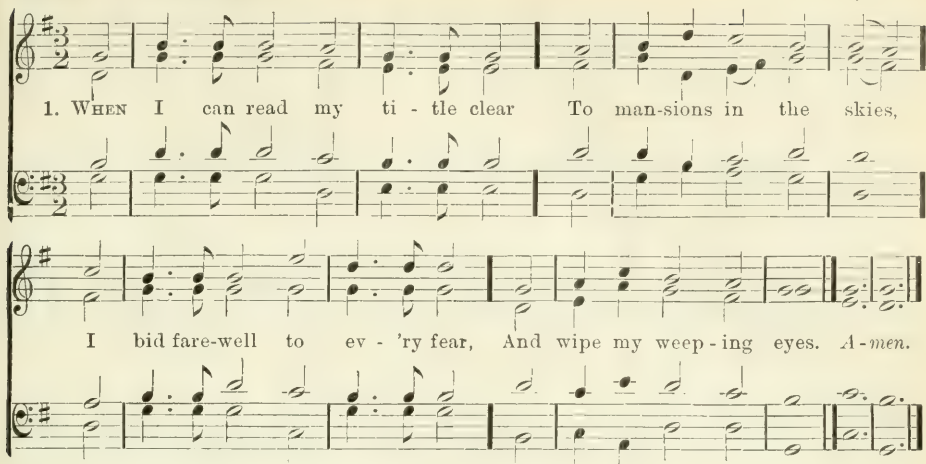
4 Up and follow, Christian men!  
Press through toil and sorrow;  
Spurn the night of fear, and then,  
Oh, the glorious morrow!  
Who will venture on the strife?  
Blest who first begin it!  
Who will grasp the land of life?  
Warriors, up and win it!

# Hope and Exaltation

608

ARLINGTON C. M.

T. A. Arne, 1762



1. WHEN I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies,  
I bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes. A-men.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all:

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall;

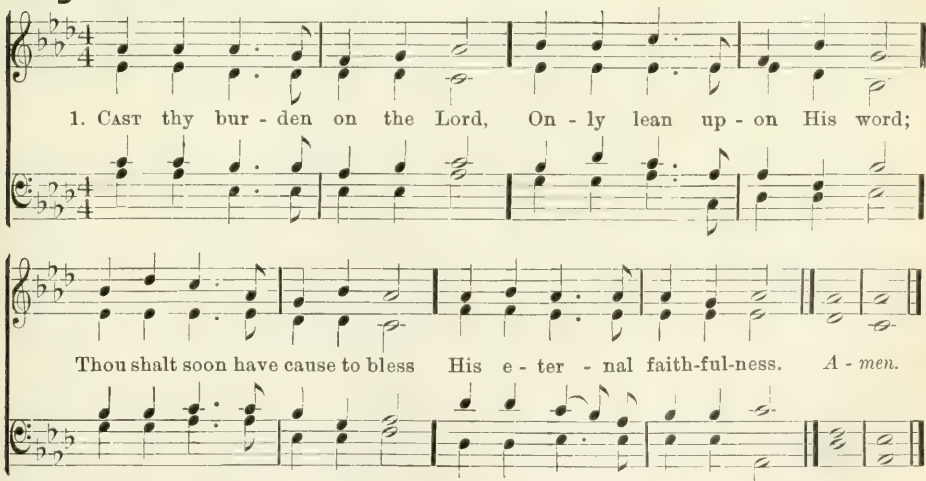
4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

I. Watts, 1707

609

ST. BEES. 7s.

J. B. Dykes, 1874



1. CAST thy bur - den on the Lord, On - ly lean up - on His word;  
Thou shalt soon have cause to bless His e - ter - nal faith-ful-ness. A - men.

2 Ever in the raging storm  
Thou shalt see His cheering form,  
Hear His pledge of coming aid:  
"It is I, be not afraid."

3 Cast thy burden at His feet;  
Linger at His mercy-seat:  
He will lead thee by the hand  
Gently to the better land.

Anon.



# Hope and Exaltation

610 JUDEA 11s.

J. B. Dykes (1823-1876)

1. THOUGH faint, yet pur - su - ing, we go on our way; The Lord is our

lead - er, His Word is our stay; Though suf - f'ring, and sor - row, and tri - al be

near, The Lord is our re - fuge, and whom can we fear? A - men.

2 He raiseth the fallen, He cheereth the faint; He lea-eth my soul where the still waters flow, [complaint; [when oppressed. The weak and oppressed, He will hear their Restores me when wandering, redeems The way may be weary, and thorny the road, 2 Through the valley and shadow of death But how can we falter? Our help is in God. though I stray,

3 And to His green pastures our footsteps Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear; He leads; [feeds! Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my His flock in the desert, how kindly He stay; [near. The lambs in His bosom He tenderly bears, No harm can befall, with my Comforter And brings back the wanderers safe from the snares. 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;

4 Though clouds may surround us, our God With blessings unmeasured my cup run- is our light; [our might; neth o'er; [head; Though storms rage around us, our God is With perfume and oil Thou anointest my So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy providence The Lord is our leader, and heaven is our more? home!

J. N. Darby, 1858

611 11s.

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd; no want shall I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod I know; Through the land of their sojourn, Thy I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest; kingdom of love.

J. Montgomery, 1822

# Hope and Exaltation

612 PORTUGUESE HYMN 115.

J. Reading, 1692

1. How FIRM a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His

ex - cel-lent Word ! What more can He say than to you He hath said, Who un - to the

Saviour for ref-uge have fled? Who un - to the Saviour for ref-uge have fled? A-men.

- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,  
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;  
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,  
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,  
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;  
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;  
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 "Even down to old age all My people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in My bosom be borne.
- 6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,  
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;  
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,  
I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

# Hope and Exaltation

613

BREMEN L. M. 61.

G. Neumark, 1657 Har. J. S. Bach (1685—1750)

1. LEAVE God to or - der all thy ways, And hope in  
Thou'lt find Him, in the e - vil days, Thine all suf -

Him what - e'er be - tide; } Who trusts in God's un -  
fi - cient strength and guide.

chang - ing love Builds on the rock that naught can move! A - men.

- 2 Only thy restless heart keep still,  
And wait in cheerful hope, content  
To take whate'er His gracious will,  
His all-discerning love hath sent;  
Nor doubt our inmost wants are known  
To Him who chose us for His own.
- 3 He knows when joyful hours are best,  
He sends them as He sees it meet,  
When thou hast borne the fiery test,  
And now art freed from all deceit,  
He comes to thee all unaware,  
And makes thee own His loving care.
- 4 Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways;  
But do thine own part faithfully.  
Trust His rich promises of grace,  
So shall they be fulfilled in thee.  
God never yet forsook at need  
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

# The Communion of Saints

614 SARUM 10, 10, 10 With Alleluia

J. Barnby, 1869

1. For all the saints who from their la - bors rest, Who Thee by  
faith be - fore the world con - fessed, Thy name, O Je - sus,  
be for - ev - er blest. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

- 2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;  
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;  
Thou, in the darkness drear, their light of light. Alleluia!
- 3 Oh, may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,  
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,  
And win, with them, the victors' crown of gold. Alleluia!
- 4 Oh, blest communion, fellowship divine!  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine. Alleluia!
- 5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,  
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,  
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong. Alleluia!
- 6 The golden evening brightens in the west;  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;  
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest. Alleluia!
- 7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;  
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;  
The King of glory passes on His way. Alleluia!
- 8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Alleluia!



# The Communion of Saints

615 ALL SAINTS, No. 3 S. 7. S. 7. 7. 7

Darmstädter Gesangbuch, 1698

1. Who are these like stars ap-pear-ing. These, be-fore God's throne who stand?

Each a gold-en crown is wear-ing; Who are all this glo-rious band?

Al-le-lu-ia! hark, they sing, Prais-ing loud their heav'n-ly King. A-men.

- 2 Who are these of dazzling brightness,  
These in God's own truth arrayed,  
Clad in robes of purest whiteness,  
Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,  
Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand?  
Whence comes all this glorious band?
- 3 These are they who have contended  
For their Saviour's honor long,  
Wrestling on till life was ended,  
Following not the sinful throng:  
These, who well the fight sustained,  
Triumph by the Lamb have gained.
- 4 These are they whose hearts were riven,  
Sore with woe and anguish tried,  
Who in prayer full oft have striven  
With the God they glorified:  
Now, their painful conflict o'er,  
God has bid them weep no more.
- 5 These, like priests, have watched and wait-  
Offering up to Christ their will, [ed,  
Soul and body consecrated,  
Day and night they serve Him still.  
Now in God's most holy place,  
Blest they stand before His face.

H. T. Schenk, 1719 Tr. F. E. Cox, 1841

616 (SAVOY CHAPEL) 7s, 6s. 8l.

- 1 FROM all Thy saints in warfare,  
For all Thy saints at rest,  
To Thee, O blessed Jesus,  
All praises be addressed.  
Thou, Lord, didst win the battle  
That they might conquerors be;  
Their crowns of living glory  
Are lit with rays from Thee.
- 2 Apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
And all the sacred throng,  
Who wear the spotless raiment,  
Who raise the ceaseless song;
- For these, passed on before us,  
Saviour, we Thee adore,  
And, walking in their footsteps,  
Would serve Thee more and more.
- 3 Then praise we God the Father,  
And praise we God the Son,  
And God the Holy Spirit,  
Eternal Three in One;  
Till all the ransomed number  
Fall down before the throne,  
And honor, power, and glory  
Ascribe to God alone.

Earl Nelson, 1867

# The Communion of Saints

617 CARLISLE S. M.

C. Lockhart (1745—1815)

1. For all Thy saints, O Lord, Who strove in Thee to live, Who  
fol - low'd Thee, o - beyed, a - dored, Our grate - ful hymn re - ceive. A - men.

2 For all Thy saints, O Lord,  
Accept our thankful cry,  
Who counted Thee their great reward,  
And strove in Thee to die.

3 They all in life and death,  
With Thee, their Lord, in view,

Learned from Thy Holy Spirit's breath  
To suffer and to do.

4 For this Thy name we bless,  
And humbly pray that we  
May follow them in holiness,  
And live and die in Thee.

R. Mant, 1837 *Ab.*

SAVOY CHAPEL 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. B. Calkin (1827—)

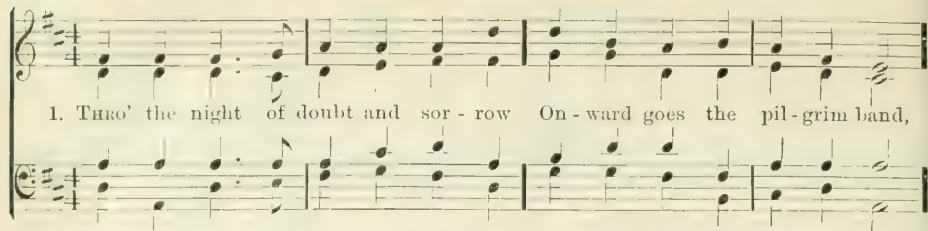
1. From all Thy saints in war-fare, For all Thy saints at rest, To Thee, O bless-ed  
Je - sus, All prais-es be address'd. Thou Lord, didst win the bat - tle That they might  
conq - rors be; Their crowns of liv - ing glo - ry Are lit with rays from Thee. A - men.

# The Communion of Saints

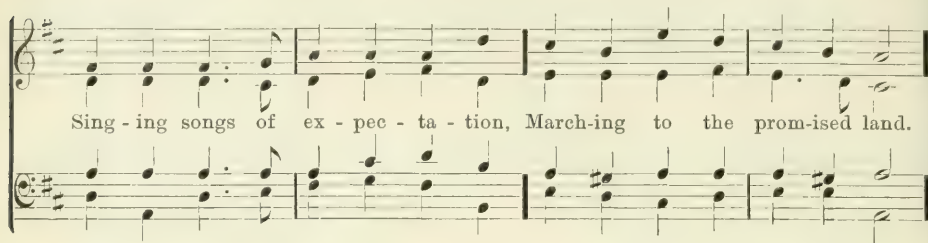
618

ST. ASAPH 8s, 7s. 8l.

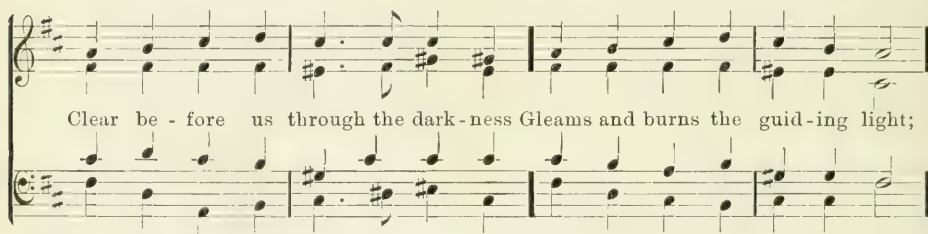
W. S. Bambridge, 1872



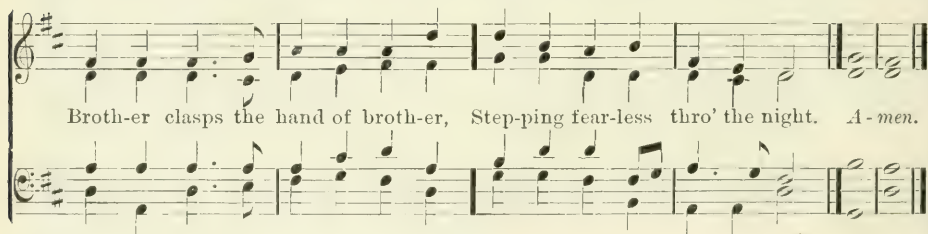
1. Thro' the night of doubt and sor - row On - ward goes the pil - grim band,



Sing - ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, March - ing to the prom - ised land.



Clear be - fore us through the dark - ness Gleams and burns the guid - ing light;



Broth - er clasps the hand of broth - er, Step - ping fear - less thro' the night. A - men.

2 One, the light of God's own presence,  
O'er His ransomed people shed,  
Chasing far the gloom and terror,  
Brightening all the path we tread:  
One, the object of our journey,  
One, the faith which never tires,  
One, the earnest looking forward,  
One, the hope our God inspires.

3 One, the strain which lips of thousands  
Lift as from the heart of one;  
One the conflict, one the peril,  
One, the march in God begun:

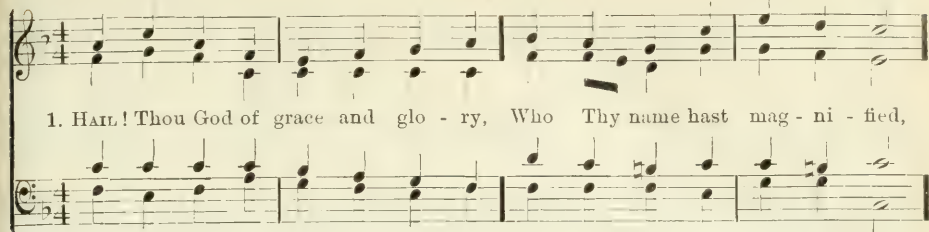
One, the gladness of rejoicing  
On the far eternal shore,  
Where the One Almighty Father  
Reigns in love for evermore.

4 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,  
Onward, with the cross our aid;  
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,  
Till we rest beneath its shade.  
Soon shall come the great awaking;  
Soon the rending of the tomb;  
Then, the scattering of all shadows,  
And the end of toil and gloom.

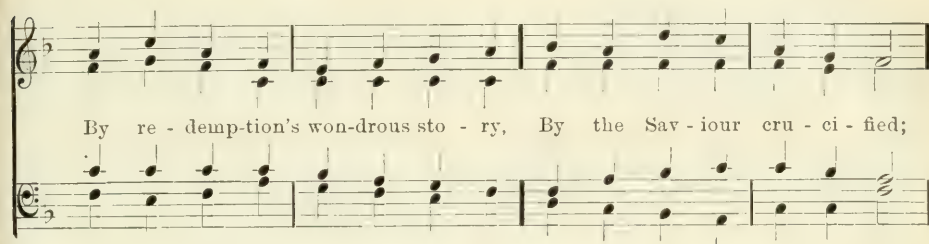
# The Communion of Saints

619 DEERHURST 8s, 7s. 8l.

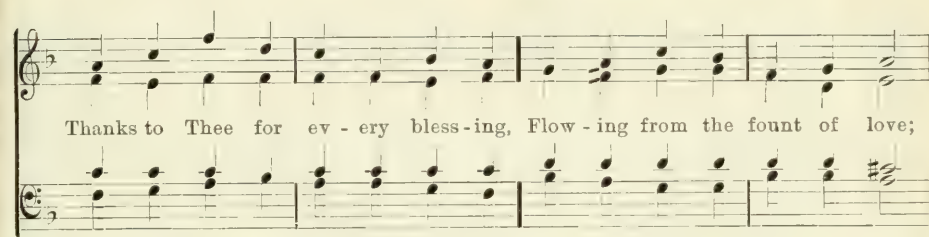
J. Langran, 1870



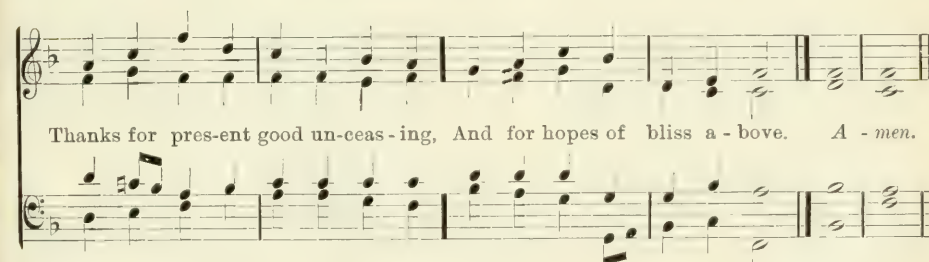
1. HAIL! Thou God of grace and glo - ry, Who Thy name hast mag - ni - fied,



By re - demp-tion's won-drous sto - ry, By the Sav - iour cru - ci - fied;



Thanks to Thee for ev - ery bless-ing, Flow - ing from the fount of love;



Thanks for pres-ent good un-ceas-ing, And for hopes of bliss a - bove. A - men.

2 Hear us, as thus bending lowly,  
Near Thy bright and burning throne,  
We invoke Thee, God most holy,  
Through Thy well-belovèd Son;  
Send the baptism of Thy Spirit,  
Shed the Pentecostal fire;  
Let us all Thy grace inherit,  
Waken, crown each good desire.

3 Bind Thy people, Lord, in union,  
With the sevenfold cord of love;  
Breathe a spirit of communion  
With the glorious hosts above;  
Let Thy work be seen progressing;  
Bow each heart, and bend each knee,  
Till the world, Thy truth possessing,  
Celebrates its jubilee.

T. W. Aveling, 1844



# The Communion of Saints

620 TICHFIELD 7s. 81.

J. Richardson, 1853 Fr. "Crown of Jesus."

1. WHAT are these in bright ar-ray, This in-numer-a-ble throng,

Round the al-tar, night and day, Hymn-ing one tri-umph-ant song?

Wor-ty is the Lamb, once slain, Bless-ing, hon-or, glo-ry, power,

Wis-dom, rich-es, to ob-tain, New do-min-ion ev-ry hour." A-men.

2 These through fiery trials trod;  
These from great affliction came;  
Now before the throne of God,  
Seal'd with his eternal name,  
Clad in raiment pure and white,  
Victor-palms in every hand,  
Through their great Redeemer's might,  
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,  
On immortal fruits they feed;  
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,  
Shall to living fountains lead:  
Joy and gladness banish sighs;  
Perfect love dispels all fears;  
And for ever from their eyes,  
God shall wipe away the tears,

J. Montgomery, 1819

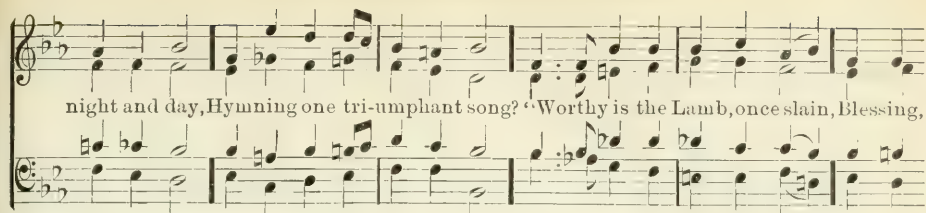
(Second Tune)

LEYDEN 7s. 81.

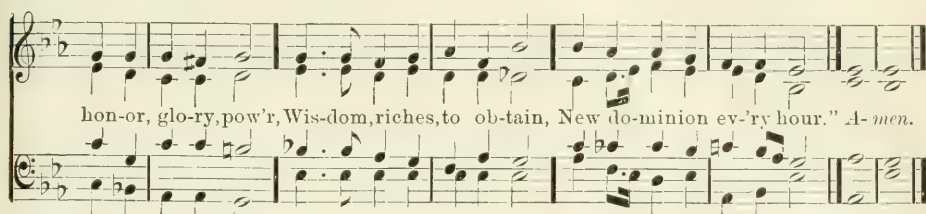
L. Spohr, 1833 Arr. S. S. Wesley (1810—1876)

1. WHAT are these in bright ar-ray, This in-numer-a-ble throng, Round the al-tar,

# The Communion of Saints



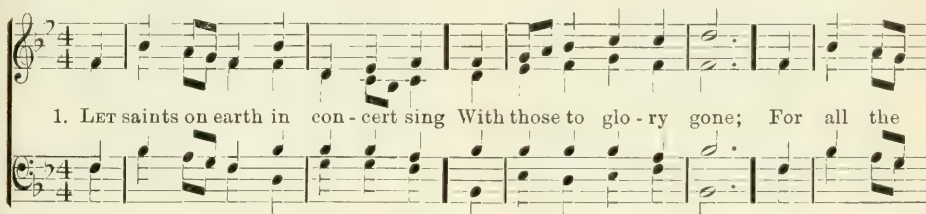
night and day, Hymning one tri-umphant song? "Worthy is the Lamb, once slain, Blessing,



hon-or, glo-ry, pow'r, Wis-dom, riches, to ob-tain, New do-minion ev-ry hour." A-men.

621 ELLACOMBE C. M. 81.

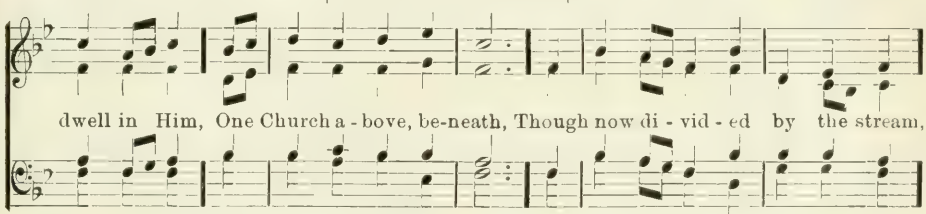
German



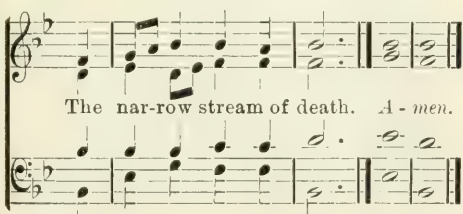
1. LET saints on earth in con-cert sing With those to glo-ry gone; For all the



ser-vants of our King In earth and heaven are one. One fam-i-ly, we



dwell in Him, One Church a-bove, be-neath, Though now di-vid-ed by the stream,



The nar-row stream of death. A-men.

2 One army of the living God,  
To His command we bow;  
Part of the host have crossed the flood,  
And part are crossing now.  
Dear Saviour, be our constant guide;  
Then, when the word is given,  
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,  
And land us safe in heaven.

622

NEWLAND S. M.

## The Communion of Saints

H. J. Gauntlett, 1858

1. DEAR Sav-iour, we are Thine, By ev-er-last-ing bands;  
Our names, our hearts, we would resign; Our souls are in Thy hands. A-men.

- 2 To Thee we still would cleave  
With ever-growing zeal;  
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,  
They never shall prevail.
- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite  
Our souls to Thee, our head;  
Shall form in us Thine image bright,  
That we Thy paths may tread.

- 4 Death may our souls divide  
From these abodes of clay;  
But love shall keep us near Thy side,  
Through all the gloomy way.
- 5 Since Christ and we are one,  
Why should we doubt or fear?  
If He in heaven has fixed His throne,  
He'll fix His members there.

P. Doddridge, 1755

623

BOYLSTON S. M.

L. Mason, 1832

1. BLEST be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;  
The fel-low-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a-bove. A-men.

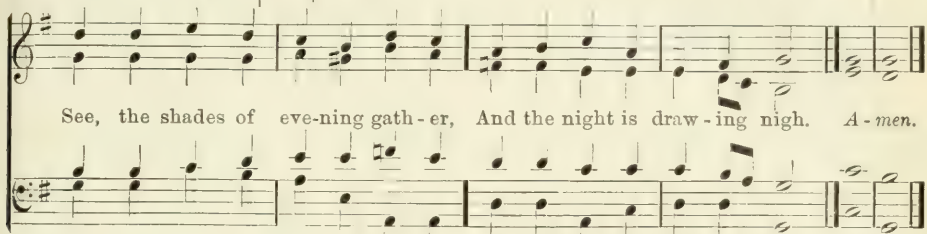
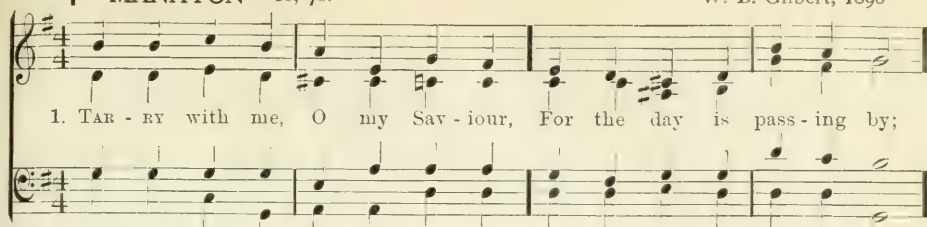
- 2 Before our Father's throne  
We pour our ardent prayers;  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;
- But we shall still be joined in heart,  
And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives  
Our courage by the way;  
While each in expectation lives,  
And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,  
And sin we shall be free;  
And perfect love and friendship reign  
Through all eternity.

500

J. Fawcett, 1772

## The Evening of Life

W. B. Gilbert, 1896



2 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,  
Paler now the glowing west,  
Swift the night of death advances;  
Shall it be the night of rest?

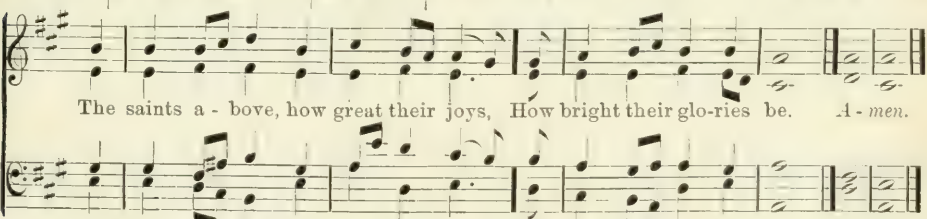
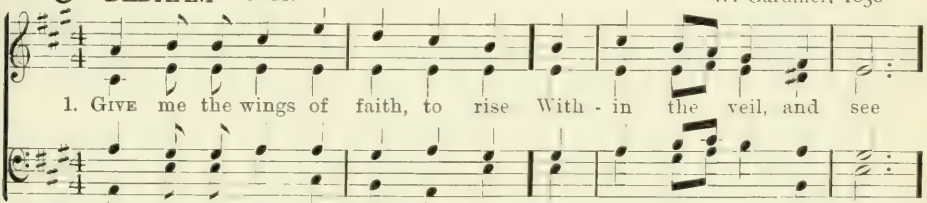
3 Let me hear Thy voice behind me,  
Calming all these wild alarms;  
Let me, underneath my weakness,  
Feel the everlasting arms.

4 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,  
Lord, I cast myself on Thee;  
Tarry with me through the darkness;  
While I sleep, still watch by me.

5 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!  
Lay my head upon Thy breast  
Till the morning; then awake me,—  
Morning of eternal rest.

C. S. Smith, 1852. A 6

W. Gardiner, 1830



2 Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears;  
They wrestled hard, as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came?  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to His death.

4 They marked the footsteps that He trod;  
His zeal inspired their breast;  
And following their incarnate God,  
Possess the promised rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,  
For His own pattern given,  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Show the same path to heaven.



# The Evening of Life

626 ST. MATTHIAS L. M. 61.

W. H. Monk, 1861

1. At eve-ning time let there be light; Life's lit-tle day draws near its close;

A - round me fall the shades of night, The night of death, the grave's re-pose;

To crown my joys, to end my woes, At eve-ning time let there be light. A-men.

2 At evening time let there be light;  
Stormy and dark hath been my day;  
Yet rose the morn benignly bright, [way;  
Dews, birds, and flowers cheered all the  
Oh for one sweet, one parting ray!  
At evening time let there be light.

3 At evening time there shall be light;  
For God hath said, — "So let it be!"  
Fear, doubt, and anguish, take their flight,  
His glory now is risen on me;  
Mine eyes shall His salvation see;  
'Tis evening time, and there is light.

J. Montgomery, 1825

627 SWEDEN L. M.

H. Hiles, 1860

1. SAV-OUR, when night in - volves the skies, My soul, a - dor - ing, turns to Thee;

# The Evening of Life

Thee, self-a-based in mor-tal guise, And wrapt in shades of death for me. A-men.

2 On Thee my waking raptures dwell,  
When crimson gleams the east adorn,  
Thee, victor of the grave and hell,  
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

3 When noon her throne in light arrays,  
To Thee my soul triumphant springs;

Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,  
Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.

4 O'er earth when shades of ev'ning steal,  
To death and Thee my thoughts I give;  
To death, whose pow'r I soon must feel,  
To Thee, with Whom I trust to live.

T. Gisborne, 1803

## 628 PAX DEI 10s.

J. B. Dykes, 1868

1. Go down, great sun, in - to thy gold - en west, The day is

done, the hours of la - bor past; The night's dark shad - ows

deep-en all a-round; The day is o - ver; rest has come at last. A-men.

2 And so our life to even-tide draws nigh,  
Our days of change their course have almost run;  
And soon the storms of winter will be past,  
And then comes summer, and the unsetting sun.

3 And in that holier world of joy and peace,  
Our sun shall rise upon a land so blest,  
That none in this poor world have words to tell  
How great the joy of that pure heavenly rest.

# The Evening of Life

629

VISIO DOMINI 11S, 10S.

J. B. Dykes, 1876

1. We would see Je - sus; for the shad - ows length-en A - cross this

lit - tle landscape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak faith to

strength-en, For the last wea - ri-ness, the fi - nal strife. A - men.

(Or to Felix (Raynolds) No. 33)

- 2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation  
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace;  
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,  
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.
- 3 We would see Jesus: other lights are paling,  
Which for long years we have rejoiced to see;  
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing;  
We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
- 4 We would see Jesus; yet the spirit lingers  
Round the dear objects it has loved so long,  
And earth from earth can scarce unclasp its fingers;  
Our love to Thee makes not this love less strong.
- 5 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,  
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;  
We would see Thee, Thyself our hearts reminding  
What Thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.
- 6 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;  
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;  
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;  
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

# The Church

630 ST. AUDOËN S. M.

R. P. Stewart (1825—1894)

1. I LOVE Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,  
The church our blest Re - deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood. A - men.

2 For her my tears shall fall ;  
For her my prayers ascend ;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.  
3 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways,  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.

4 Jesus, Thou friend divine,  
Our Saviour and our King,  
Thy hand from every snare and foe  
Shall great deliverance bring.  
5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

T. Dwight, 1800

631 STATE STREET S. M.

J. C. Woodman, 1844

1. GREAT is the Lord our God, And let His praise be great;  
He makes His church-es His a - bode, His most de - light - ful seat. A - men.

2 These temples of His grace,  
How beautiful they stand,  
The honors of our native place,  
And bulwarks of our land.  
3 In Zion God is known,  
A refuge in distress;  
How bright has His salvation shone  
Through all her palaces.

4 Oft have our fathers told,  
Our eyes have often seen,  
How well our God secures the fold,  
Where His own sheep have been.  
5 In every new distress  
We'll to His house repair;  
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,  
And seek deliverance there.

I. Watts, 1719



# The Church

632 AUSTRIA 8s, 7s. 81.

F. J. Haydn, 1797

1. Glo-rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi-on, cit-y of our God;

He whose word can-not be brok-en, Form'd thee for His own a-bode;

On the Rock of A-ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re-pose?

With sal-va-tion's walls sur-round-ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes. A-men.

(Or to Moultrie, No. 12)

2 See, the streams of living waters  
 Springing from eternal love,  
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
 And all fear of want remove.  
 Who can faint, while such a river  
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage  
 Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,  
 Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,  
 See the cloud and fire appear  
 For a glory and a covering,  
 Showing that the Lord is near;

Thus deriving from their banner,  
 Light by night, and shade by day,  
 Safe they feed upon the manna  
 Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,  
 Washed in the Redeemer's blood!  
 Jesus, whom their souls rely on,  
 Makes them kings and priests to God.  
 'Tis His love His people raises  
 Over self to reign as kings:  
 And as priests, His solemn praises  
 Each for a thank-offering brings.

# The Church

633 AURELIA 7s, 6s. 8l.

S. S. Wesley, 1864

1. THE Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;  
 She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word;  
 From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;  
 With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A - men.

2 Elect from every nation,  
 Yet one o'er all the earth,  
 Her charter of salvation  
 One Lord, one faith, one birth;  
 One holy name she blesses,  
 Partakes one holy food,  
 And to one hope she presses,  
 With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder,  
 Men see her sore oppressed,  
 By schisms rent asunder,  
 By heresies distressed;  
 Yet saints their watch are keeping,  
 Their cry goes up, "How long?"  
 And soon the night of weeping  
 Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,  
 And tumult of her war,  
 She waits the consummation  
 Of peace for evermore;  
 Till with the vision glorious  
 Her longing eyes are blest,  
 And the great church victorious  
 Shall be the church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union  
 With God the Three in One,  
 And mystic sweet communion  
 With those whose rest is won;  
 O happy ones and holy!  
 Lord, give us grace, that we,  
 Like them, the meek and lowly,  
 On high may dwell with Thee.

# The Church

634

CLOISTERS

II, II, II, 5

J. Barnby, 1868

1. LORD of our life, and God of our sal - va - tion, Star of our

night, and hope of ev - 'ry na - tion, Hear and re - ceive Thy

Church's sup - pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - y. A - men.

2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling;  
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling,  
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,  
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, Thou canst help when earthly armor faileth,  
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,  
Lord, o'er Thy church nor death nor hell prevaieth,  
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.

4 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,  
Peace in Thy church, where brothers are engaging,  
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging,  
Send us, O Saviour.

5 Grant us Thy help till foes are backward driven,  
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,  
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,  
Peace in Thy heaven.

# The Church

635 ST. GODRIC 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

J. B. Dykes, 1862

1. ONE sole bap-tis-mal sign, One Lord, be-low, a-bove, Zi-on, one faith is thine, One on-ly

watch-word, love: From different temples though it rise, One song ascendeth to the skies. A-men.

2 Our sacrifice is one;  
One priest before the throne,  
The slain, the risen Son,  
Redeemer, Lord alone:  
Thou who didst raise Him from the dead,  
Unite Thy people in their Head.

3 Oh, may that holy prayer,  
His tenderest and His last,  
His constant, latest care

Ere to His throne He passed,  
No longer unfulfilled remain,  
The world's offence, His people's stain!

4 Head of Thy church beneath,  
The catholic, the true,  
On all her members breathe,  
Her broken frame renew:  
Then shall Thy perfect will be done,  
When Christians love and live as one.

G. W. Robinson, 1842

ZEBULON 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

(Second Tune)

L. Mason, 1830

1. ONE sole bap-tis-mal sign, One Lord, be-low, a-bove, Zi-on, one faith is thine, One on-ly

watch-word, love: From different temples though it rise, One song ascendeth to the skies. A-men.



# The Church

636

EIN' FESTE BURG

P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 6, 7

Martin Luther, 1529

Arr. S. P. W.

1. A MIGHT - Y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing;

Our help - er He, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing.

For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great,

And, arm'd with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual. A - men.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,  
Our striving would be losing;  
Were not the right man on our side,  
The man of God's own choosing.  
Dost ask who that may be?  
Christ Jesus, it is He;  
Lord Sabaoth is His name,  
From age to age the same,  
And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world, with demons  
filled,  
Should threaten to undo us,  
We will not fear, for God hath willed  
His truth to triumph through us.

The Prince of darkness grim,  
We tremble not for him;  
His rage we can endure,  
For lo! his doom is sure:  
One little word shall fell him.

4 That word above all earthly powers,  
No thanks to them, abideth;  
The Spirit and the gifts are ours  
Through Him who with us sideth.  
Let goods and kindred go,  
This mortal life also;  
The body they may kill;  
God's truth abideth still,  
His Kingdom is for ever.

# The Church

637 ST. ANNE C. M.

W. Croft, 1708

1. Oh, where are kings and em-pires now Of old that went and came?

But, Lord, Thy Church is pray-ing yet, A thou-sand years the same. A-men.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,  
And her foundations strong;  
We hear within the solemn voice  
Of her unending song.

3 For not like kingdoms of the world  
Thy holy church, O God!

Though earthquake shocks are threaten-  
And tempests are abroad; [ing her,

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,  
Immovable she stands,  
A mountain that shall fill the earth,  
A house not made by hands.

A. C. Coxe, 1839

638 MELCOMBE L. M.

S. Webbe, 1790

1. O SPIR-IT of the liv-ing God, In all Thy plen-i-tude of grace,

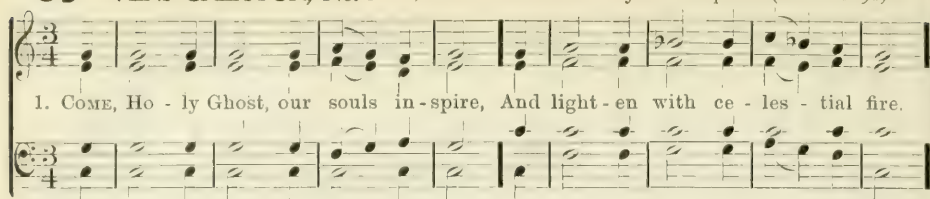
Wher-e'er the foot of man hath trod, De-scend on our a-pos-tate race. A-men.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,  
To preach the reconciling word;  
Give power and unction from above,  
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at Thy coming, light;  
Confusion, order, in Thy path;  
Souls without strength inspire with might,  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

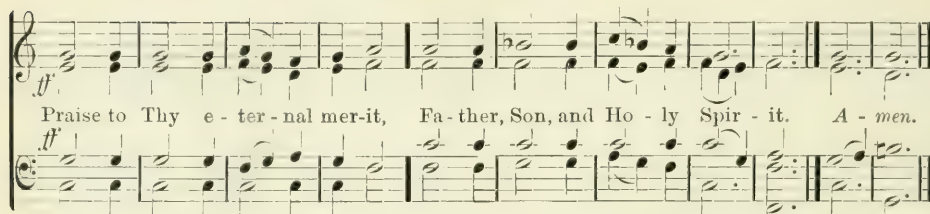
4 Convert the nations! far and nigh  
The triumphs of the cross record;  
The name of Jesus glorify,  
Till every people call Him Lord.

5 God from eternity hath willed  
All flesh shall His salvation see:  
So be the Father's love fulfilled, [Thee.  
The Saviour's sufferings crowned thro'



1. COME, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light - en with ce - les - tial fire.

- 2 Thou the anointing Spirit art,  
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart.
- 3 Thy blessed unction from above  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
- 4 Enable with perpetual light  
The dulness of our blinded sight.
- 5 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face  
With the abundance of Thy grace.
- 6 Keep far our foes, give peace at home:  
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
- 7 Teach us to know the Father, Son,  
And Thee of both to be but One,
- 8 That, through the ages all along,  
This may be our endless song:

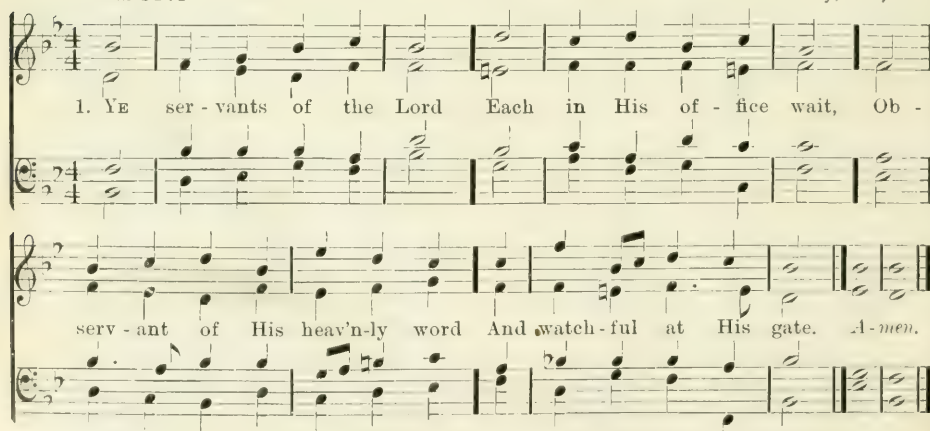


Praise to Thy e - ter - nal mer - it, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it. A - men.

Anon. (Latin, 10th Cent.) Tr. J. Cosin, 1627

## TENBURY S. M.

F. A. G. Ouseley, 1867



1. YE ser - vants of the Lord Each in His of - fice wait, Ob - serv - ant of His heav'n - ly word And watch - ful at His gate. A - men.

(Or to St. Michael, No. 645 Or to Olmutz, No. 669)

# The Ministry

VENI CREATOR, No. 2 8, 8 (Second Tune)

T. Attwood (1765—1838)

1. COME, Ho - ly Ghost, our souls in - spire, And light - en with ce -  
 4. En - a - ble with per - pet - ual light The dul - ness of our  
 7. Teach us to know the Fa - ther, Son, And Thee of both to

les - tial fire. 2. Thou the an - oint - ing Spir - it art, Who dost Thy  
 blind - ed sight. 5. A - noint and cheer our soil - ed face With the a -  
 be... but One. 8. That, thro' the a - ges all a - long, This may

seven-fold gifts in - part. 3. Thy blessed unc - tion from a - bove Is com - fort,  
 bundance of Thy grace. 6. Keep far our foes, give peace at home: Where Thou art  
 be our end - less song: 9. Praise to Thy e - ter - nal mer - it, Fa - ther

life, and fire of love, Is com - fort, life, and fire of love.  
 guide, no ill can come, Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.  
 Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it. A - men.

## 640 (TENBURY) S. M.

1 YE servants of the Lord,  
 Each in his office wait,  
 Observant of His heavenly word  
 And watchful at His gate.

2 Let all your lamps be bright,  
 And trim the golden flame;  
 Gird up your loins, as in His sight,  
 For awful is His name.

3 Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;  
 And, while we speak, He's near:  
 Mark the first signal of His hand,  
 And ready all appear.

4 Oh, happy servant he,  
 In such a posture found!  
 He shall his Lord with rapture see,  
 And be with honor crowned.



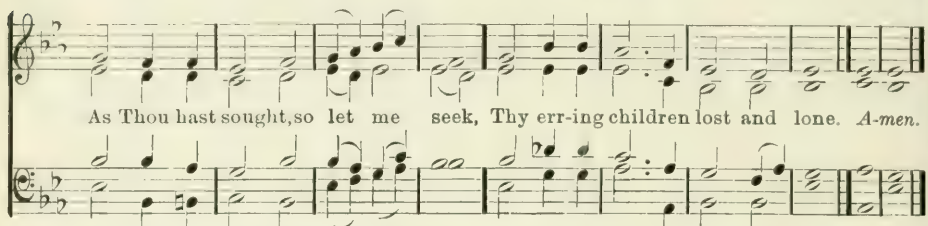
# The Ministry

641 HOLLEY L. M.

G. Hews, 1835



1. LORD, speak to me, that I may speak In liv-ing ech - oes of Thy tone;



As Thou hast sought, so let me seek, Thy err-ing children lost and lone. A-men.

2 Oh, strengthen me, that while I stand  
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

3 Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
The precious things Thou dost impart;  
And wing my words, that they may reach  
The hidden depths of many a heart.

4 Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me,  
That I may speak with soothing power

A word in season, as from Thee,  
To weary ones in needful hour.

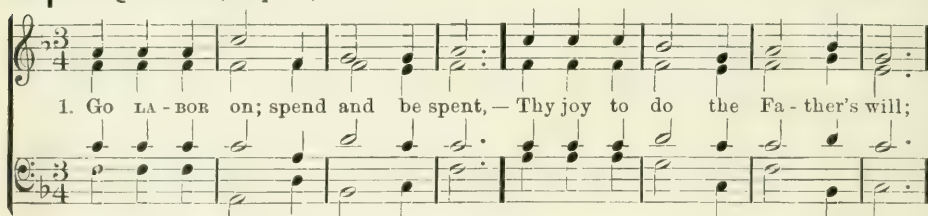
5 Oh, fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,  
Until my very heart o'erflow  
In kindling thought and glowing word,  
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

6 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,  
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;  
Until Thy blessed face I see,  
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

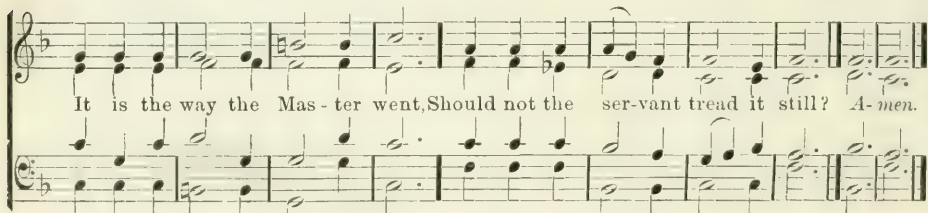
F. R. Havergal, 1872

642 QUEBEC (Hesperus) L. M.

H. Baker, 1866



1. Go LA-BOR on; spend and be spent, - Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will;



It is the way the Mas-ter went, Should not the ser-vant tread it still? A-men.

2 Go, labor on; enough, while here,  
If He shall praise thee, if He deign  
The willing heart to mark and cheer:  
No toil for Him shall be in vain.

3 Go, labor on, while it is day,  
The world's dark night is hastening on.  
Speed, speed thy work! cast sloth away!  
It is not thus that souls are won.

# The Ministry

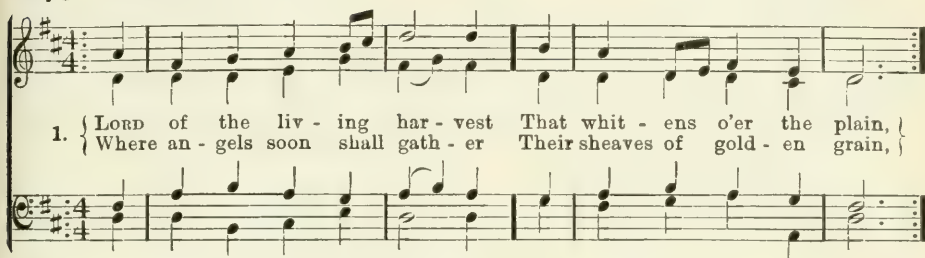
4 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;  
Be wise the erring soul to win;  
Go forth into the world's highway,  
Compel the wanderer to come in.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;  
For toil comes rest, for exile home;  
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,  
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

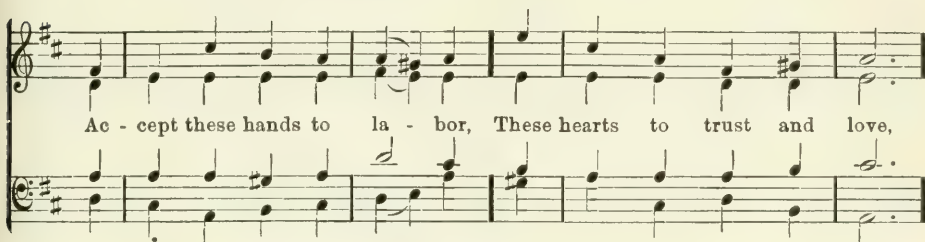
H. Bonar, 1843

643 PÆAN 7s, 6s. 8l.

F. Weber, 1857



1. { Lord of the liv - ing har - vest That whit - ens o'er the plain, }  
{ Where an - gels soon shall gath - er Their sheaves of gold - en grain, }



Ac - cept these hands to la - bor, These hearts to trust and love,



And deign with them to hast - en Thy king - dom from a - bove. A - men.

2 As lab'ers in Thy vineyard  
Still faithful may they be,  
Content to bear the burden  
Of weary days for Thee;  
To ask no other wages,  
When Thou shalt call them home,  
But to have shared the travail  
Which makes Thy kingdom come.

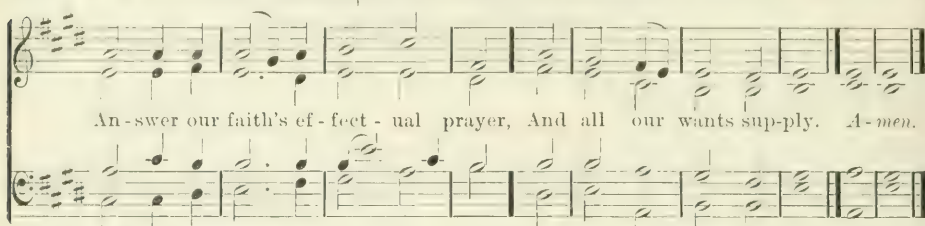
3 Be with them, God the Father;  
Be with them, God the Son;  
And God the Holy Spirit,—  
Most blessed Three in One!  
Within Thy sacred temple  
Be with them where they stand,  
To guide and teach Thy people  
Throughout our native land.

# The Ministry

644

MORNINGTON S. M.

Earl of Mornington, 1760



2 On Thee we humbly wait,  
Our wants are in Thy view:  
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,  
The laborers are few.

3 Convert and send forth more  
Into Thy Church abroad,

And let them speak Thy word of power,  
As workers with their God.

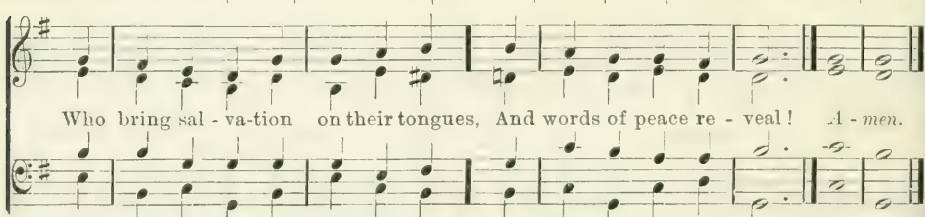
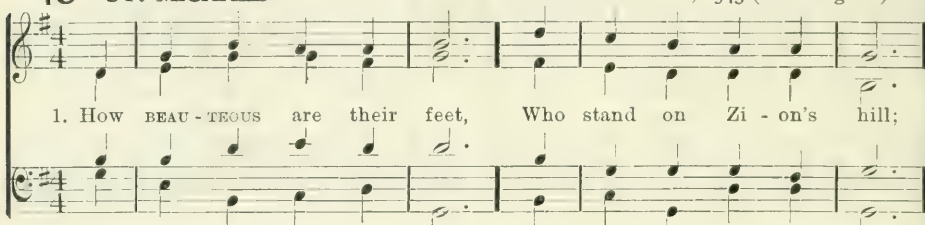
4 Oh, let them spread Thy name,  
Their mission fully prove:  
Thy universal grace proclaim,  
Thine all-redeeming love.

C. Wesley, 1742

645

ST. MICHAEL S. M.

The Geneva Psalter, 1543 (L. Bourgeois)



2 How charming is their voice;  
How sweet their tidings are!  
"Zion, behold thy Saviour-King,  
He reigns and triumphs here."  
3 How happy are our ears  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found.

4 How blessed are our eyes  
That see this heavenly light;

Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare His arm  
Through all the earth abroad:  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

I. Watts, 1707

# The Ministry

646 TOULON 105.

The Geneva Psalter, 1543 (L. Bourgeois)

1. God of the proph-ets! bless the proph-ets' sons; E - li - jah's  
 man - tle o'er E - li - sha cast; Each age its sol - emn task may  
 claim but once; Make each a no - bler, stronger than the last! A - men.

2 Anoint them prophets! Make their ears attent  
 To Thy divinest speech; their hearts awake  
 To human need; their lips make eloquent  
 To assure the right, and every evil break.

3 Anoint them priests! Strong intercessors they  
 For pardon, and for charity and peace!  
 Ah, if with them the world might pass, astray,  
 Into the dear Christ's life of sacrifice!

4 Anoint them kings! aye kingly kings, O Lord!  
 Anoint them with the spirit of Thy Son!  
 Theirs, not a jewelled crown, a blood-stained sword;  
 Theirs, by sweet love, for Christ a kingdom won!

5 Make them apostles! Heralds of Thy cross;  
 Forth may they go to tell all realms Thy grace;  
 Inspired of Thee, may they count all but loss,  
 And stand at last with joy before Thy face.

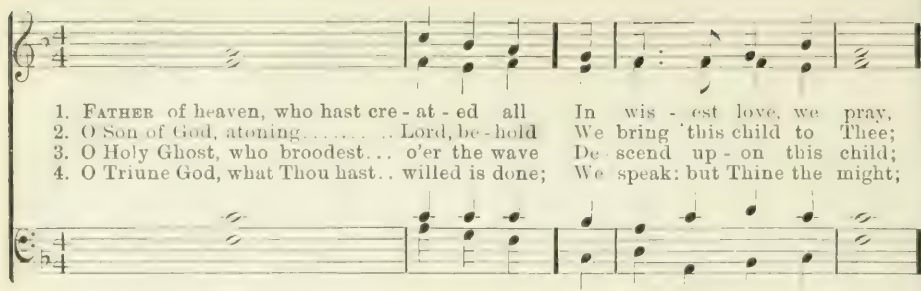
6 O mighty age of prophet-kings, return!  
 O truth, O faith, enrich our urgent time!  
 Lord Jesus Christ, again with us sojourn;  
 A weary world awaits Thy reign sublime!



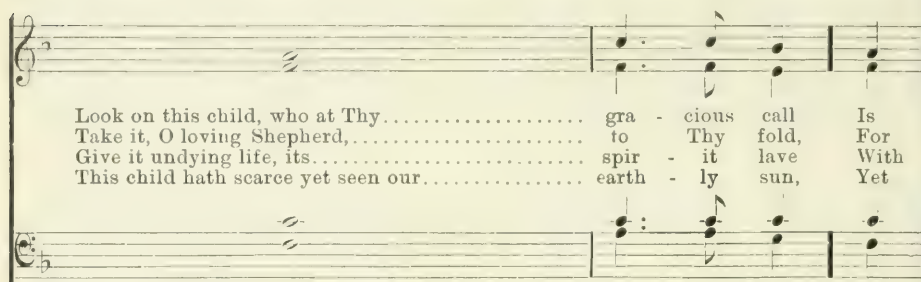
# Baptism

647 ST. FRANCIS 10, 6, 10, 6, 8, 8, 4

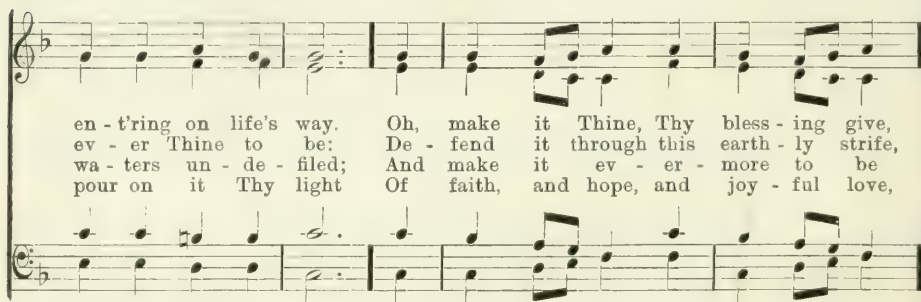
Arthur Sullivan, 1874



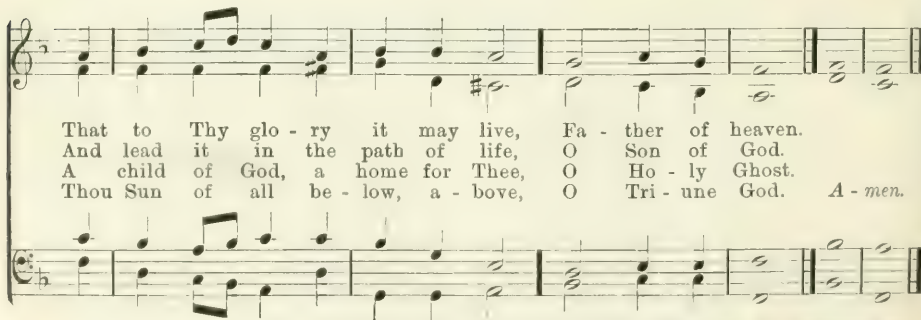
1. FATHER of heaven, who hast cre-at-ed all In wis-est love, we pray.  
 2. O Son of God, atoning..... Lord, be-hold We bring 'this child to Thee;  
 3. O Holy Ghost, who broodest... o'er the wave De-scend up-on this child;  
 4. O Triune God, what Thou hast.. willed is done; We speak: but Thine the might;



Look on this child, who at Thy..... gra-cious call Is  
 Take it, O loving Shepherd..... to Thy fold, For  
 Give it undying life, its..... spir-it lave With  
 This child hath scarcee yet seen our..... earth-ly sun, Yet



en-tring on life's way. Oh, make it Thine, Thy bless-ing give,  
 ev-er Thine to be: De-fend it through this earth-ly strife,  
 wa-ters un-de-filed; And make it ev-er-more to be  
 pour on it Thy light Of faith, and hope, and joy-ful love,



That to Thy glo-ry it may live, Fa-ther of heaven.  
 And lead it in the path of life, O Son of God.  
 A child of God, a home for Thee, O Ho-ly Ghost.  
 Thou Sun of all be-low, a-bove, O Tri-une God. A-men.

# Baptism

648

SHARON

8s, 7s.

(Or to Love Divine, No. 883)

W. Boyce (1710—1779)

1. SAV - IOUR! who Thy flock art feed - ing, With the shepherd's kindest care,  
All the fee - ble gen - tly lead - ing, While the lambs Thy bos - om share; A - men.

- 2 Now, these little ones receiving  
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;  
There, we know, Thy word believing,  
Only there, secure from harm.  
3 Never, from Thy pasture roving,  
Let them be the lion's prey;

- Let Thy tenderness, so loving,  
Keep them all life's dangerous way:  
4 Then, within Thy fold eternal,  
Let them find a resting-place,  
Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

W. A. Muhlenberg, 1826

649

SABBATA (Sharon)

C. M.

H. F. Hemy, 1865

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How fair the lil - y grows;  
How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Shar - on's dew - y rose! A - men.

- 2 Lo, such the child whose early feet  
The paths of peace have trod,  
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
Is upward drawn to God.  
3 By cool Siloam's shady rill  
The lily must decay;  
The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
Must shortly fade away.  
4 And soon, too soon the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age

- Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
And stormy passion's rage.  
5 O Thou, whose infant feet were found  
Within Thy Father's shrine,  
Whose years with changeless virtue  
Were all alike divine: [crowned,  
6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,  
We seek Thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
To keep us still Thine own.

# Baptism

650 REQUIEM 8s, 7s. 6l.

W. A. F. Schulthes, 1868

1. GRA-cious Sav-iour, gen-tle shep-herd, Chil-dren all are dear to Thee;

Gath-ered with Thine arms, and car-ried In Thy bo-som, may they be;

Sweet-ly, fond-ly, safe-ly tend-ed, From all want and dan-ger free. A-men.

2 Let Thy holy word instruct them ;  
Fill their minds with heavenly light;  
Let Thy love and grace constrain them,  
To approve whate'er is right;  
Let them feel Thy yoke is easy,  
Let them prove Thy burden light.

3 Taught to lisp Thy holy praises  
Which on earth Thy children sing,  
With, both lips and hearts, unfeigned,  
Glad thank-offerings may they bring;  
Then with all Thy saints in glory,  
Join to praise their Lord and King.

Jane E. Leeson, 1857

651 EVAN C. M.

W. H. Havergal, 1846

1. SEE, Is-rael's gen-tle shep-herd stands, With all-en-gag-ing charms;

Hark, how He calls the ten-der lambs, And folds them in His arms! A-men.

# Baptism

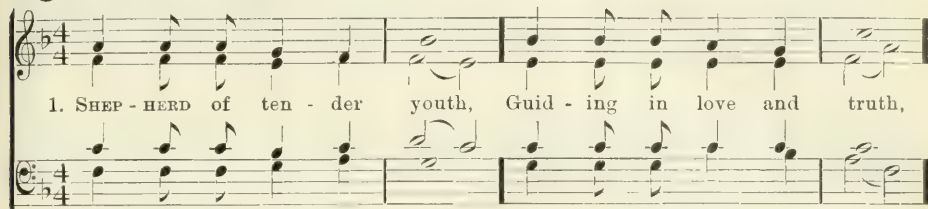
2 "Permit them to approach," He cries,  
 "Nor scorn their humble name;  
 For 't was to bless such souls as these,  
 The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,  
 And yield them up to Thee;  
 Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,  
 Thine let our offspring be.

P. Doddridge, 1740

652 KIRBY BEDON 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

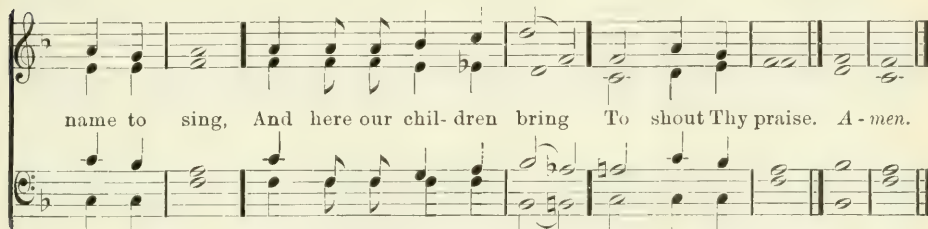
E. Bunnett, 1887



1. SHEP - HERD of ten - der youth, Guid - ing in love and truth,



Through de - vious ways; Christ our tri - um - phant King, We come Thy



name to sing, And here our chil - dren bring To shout Thy praise. A - men.

(Or to St. Ambrose, No. 2, No. 443)

2 Thou art our holy Lord,  
 The all-subduing Word,  
 Healer of strife;  
 Thou didst Thyself abase,  
 That from sin's deep disgrace  
 Thou mightest save our race,  
 And give us life.

3 Thou art the great High Priest;  
 Thou hast prepared the feast  
 Of heavenly love:  
 In all our mortal pain  
 None call on Thee in vain;  
 Help Thou didst not disdain,  
 Help from above.

4 Ever be Thou our guide,  
 Our shepherd and our pride,  
 Our staff and song;  
 Jesus, Thou Christ of God,  
 By Thy perennial word,  
 Lead us where Thou hast trod,  
 Make our faith strong.

5 So now, and till we die,  
 Sound we Thy praises high,  
 And joyful sing;  
 Let all the holy throng  
 Who to Thy church belong,  
 Unite and swell the song  
 To Christ our King!

This beautiful hymn from the third book of Clement of Alexandria, is said to be the earliest known hymn of the Primitive Christian Church. About 200 Tr. H. M. Dexter, 1846

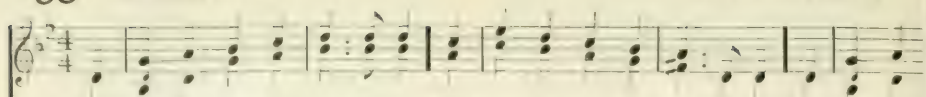


# Baptism (Adult)

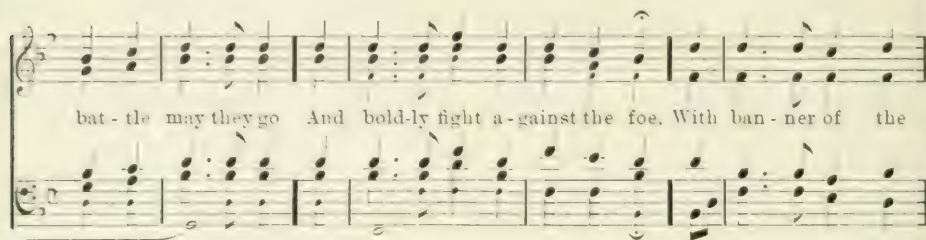
653

ADDISON L. M. S.L.

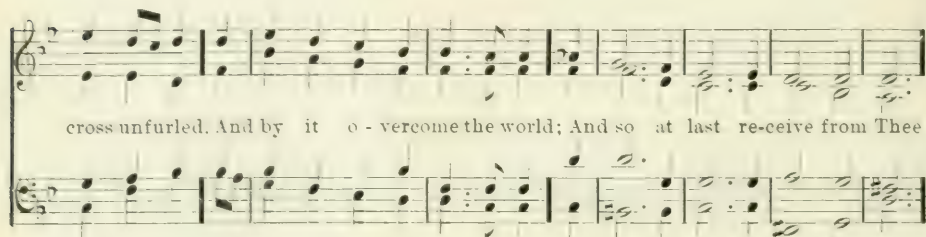
J. Farmer, (1836—)



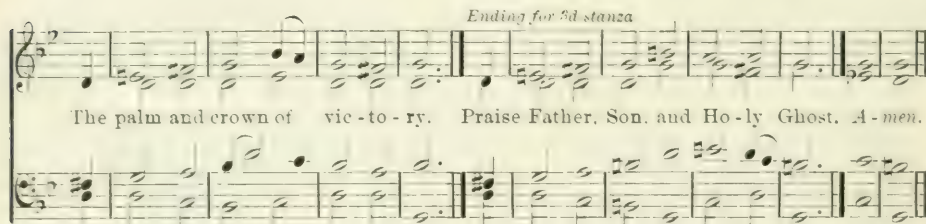
1. ARM these Thy soldiers, mighty Lord, With shield of faith and Spirit's sword; Forth to the



bat - tle may they go And bold-ly fight a-gainst the foe, With ban - ner of the



cross unfurled, And by it o - vercome the world; And so at last re-ceive from Thee



*Ending for 3d stanza*

The palm and crown of vic - to - ry. Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. A - men.

(Or to Peterborough (Goss), No. 824)

2 Come, ever-blessèd Spirit, come,  
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home;  
May each a living temple be  
Hallowed forever, Lord, to Thee;  
Enrich that temple's holy shrine  
With sevenfold gifts of grace Divine;  
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless  
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

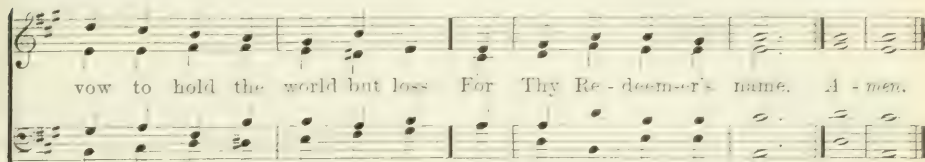
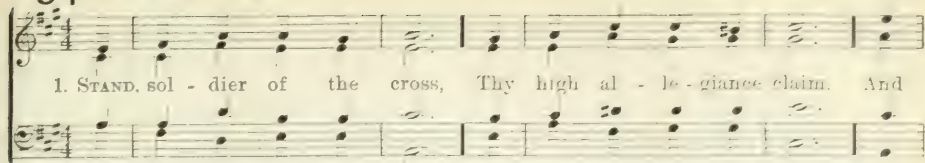
3 O Trinity in Unity  
One only God, and Persons Three;  
In whom, thro' whom, by whom we live,  
To Thee we praise and glory give;  
O grant us so to use Thy grace,  
That we may see Thy glorious face,  
And ever with the heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

C. Wordsworth, 1862

# Baptism (Adult)

654 CRUCIS S. M.

G. M. Garrett, 1872



2 Arise, and be baptized,  
And wash thy sins away:  
Thy league with God be solemnized,  
Thy faith avouched to-day.

3 No more thine own, but Christ's;  
With all the saints of old,  
Apostles, seers, evangelists,  
And martyr-throngs enrolled:

4 In God's whole armor strong,  
Front hell's embattled powers:  
The warfare may be sharp and long,  
The victory must be ours.

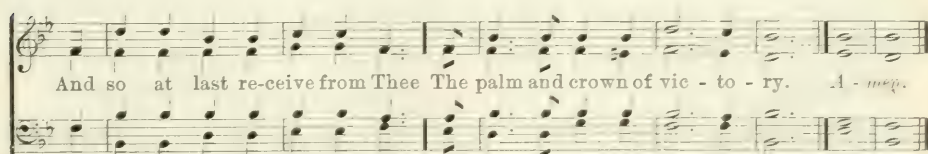
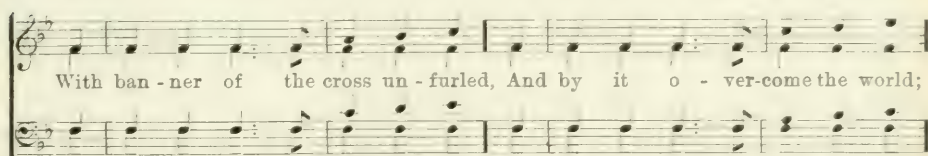
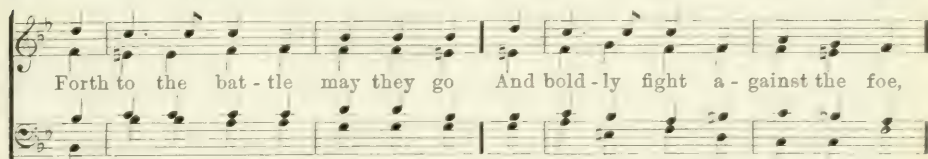
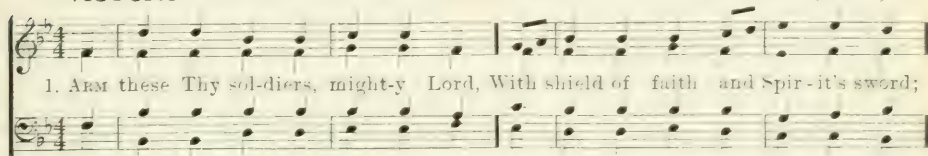
5 O bright the conqueror's crown,  
The song of triumph sweet,  
When faith casts every trophy down  
At our great captain's feet!

E. H. Bicknath, 1860

VICTORY L. M. 81.

(Second Tune)

H. Lahee (1826—)



(Hymn No. 243, "O Light, whose beams illumine all," appropriate to be sung at the Baptism of those above the age of infancy.)

# The Lord's Supper

655

ROCKINGHAM L. M.

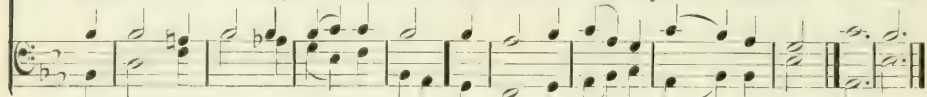
E. Miller, 1790



1. My God, and is Thy ta - ble spread, And does Thy cup with love o'er - flow?



Thither be all Thy chil-dren led, And let them all Thy sweet-ness know. A - men.



2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes,  
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood:  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

3 O let Thy table honored be,  
And furnish'd well with joyful guests:  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its holy pledges tastes.

4 Drawn by Thy quickening grace, O Lord,  
In countless numbers let them come;  
And gather from their Father's board  
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

5 Nor let Thy spreading Gospel rest, [run;  
Till through the world Thy truth has  
Till with this bread all men be blest,  
Who see the light or feel the sun.

P. Doddridge, 1755

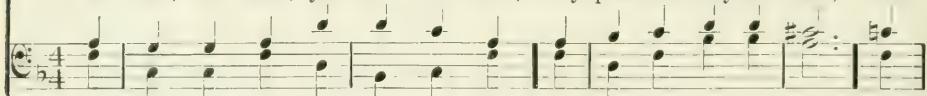
656

ST. FLAVIAN C. M.

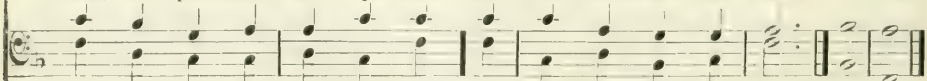
Daye's Psalter, 1562



1. O God, un - seen, yet ev - er near, Thy pres-ence may we feel; And



thus, in - spir'd with ho - ly fear, Be - fore Thine al - tar kneel. A - men.



(Or to Bedford, No. 547)

2 Here may Thy faithful people know  
The blessings of Thy love;  
The streams that through the desert flow,  
The manna from above.

3 We come, obedient to Thy word,  
To feast on heav'nly food:

Our meat, the body of the Lord;  
Our drink, His precious blood.

4 Thus would we all Thy words obey,  
For we, O God, are Thine;  
And go rejoicing on our way,  
Renewed with strength divine.



# The Lord's Supper

657

DUKE STREET L. M.

J. Hatton (—1793), c. 1790

1. Oh, hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour and my God!

Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. A-men.

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows  
To Him who merits all my love!  
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,  
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart.  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;  
Oh, who with earth would grudge to part,  
When called with angels to be blest?  
5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear;  
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.

P. Doddridge, 1755

658

CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. fr. R. Schumann, 1839

1. JE-SUS, Thou joy of lov-ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men, From

the best bliss that earth im-parts, We turn un-fill'd to Thee a-gain. A-men.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;  
Thou savest those that on Thee call;  
To them that seek Thee, Thou art good,  
To them that find Thee, all in all!

3 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,  
And long to feast upon Thee still;  
We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head,  
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,  
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;  
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,  
Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;  
Make all our moments calm and bright;  
Chase the dark night of sin away;  
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1150, arr. Tr. R. Palmer, 1858



# The Lord's Supper

659 CRÜGER 8s. 81.

J. Crüger, 1649

1. { DECK thy - self, my soul, with glad - ness, Leave the gloom - y haunts of sad - ness, }  
 { Come in - to the day - light's splen - dor: There with joy thy prais - es ren - der }

Un - to Him whose grace un - bound - ed Hath this won - drous ban - quet found - ed;

High o'er all the heav'ns He reign - eth, Yet to dwell with thee He deign - eth. A - men.

2 Now I sink before Thee, lowly,  
 Filled with joy most deep and holy,  
 As with trembling awe and wonder  
 On Thy mighty works I ponder,  
 How by mystery surrounded,  
 Depths no man has ever sounded,  
 None may dare to pierce, unbidden,  
 Secrets that with Thee are hidden.

3 Sun, Who all my life dost brighten,  
 Light, Who dost my soul enlighten,  
 Joy, the sweetest man e'er knoweth,  
 Fount, whence all my being floweth,  
 At Thy feet I cry, my Maker;  
 Let me be a fit partaker  
 Of this blessed food from heaven,  
 For our good, Thy glory, given.

J. Frank, 1650 Tr. C. Winkworth Ab.

660 WESTON 8s, 7s. 81.

J. E. Roe (—1871)

1. In the name of God, the Fa - ther, In the name of God, the Son,

In the name of God, the Spir - it, One in Three, and Three in One.

# The Lord's Supper

In the name, which high - est an - gels Speak not, ere they veil their face,

Cry - ing, "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!" Come we to this sa - cred place. A - men.

2 Here, in figure represented,  
See the passion once again;  
Here behold the Lamb most holy  
As for our redemption slain;  
Here the Saviour's body broken,  
Here the blood which Jesus shed,  
Mystic food of life eternal,  
See, for our refreshment spread.

3 Here shall highest praise be offered,  
Here shall meekest prayer be poured,  
Here, with body, soul, and spirit,  
God incarnate be adored.  
Holy Jesus, for Thy coming,  
May Thy love our hearts prepare;  
Thine we fain would have them wholly,  
Enter, Lord, and tarry there.

J. W. Hewett, 1859

## 66I CHAMOUNI 8s, 7s. 8l.

G. Lomas, 1876

1. JE - SUS spreads His ban - ner o'er us, Cheers our fam - ished souls with food, He the ban - quet spreads be -

fore us Of His mys - tic flesh and blood. Pre - cious ban - quet, bread of heav - en, Wine of

glad - ness, flow - ing free; May we taste it, kind - ly giv - en, In remembrance, Lord, of Thee. A - men.

(Or to Rathbun, No. 273)

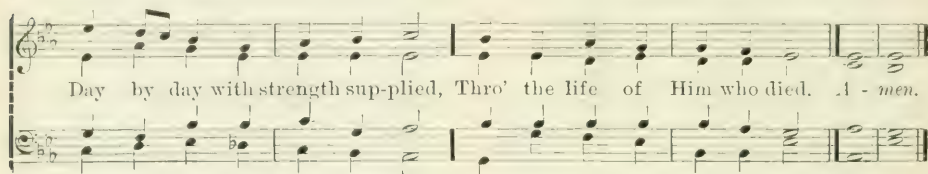
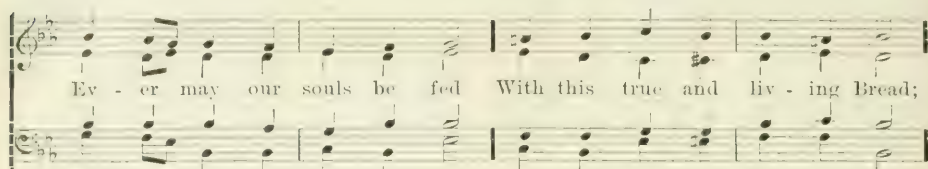
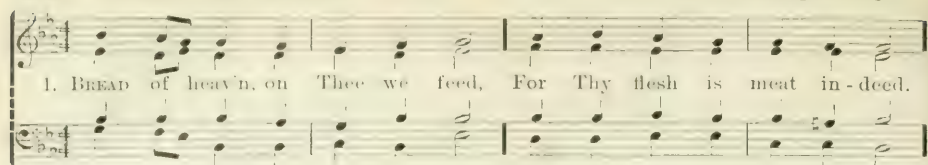
2 In Thy holy incarnation,  
When the angels sang Thy birth,  
In Thy fasting and temptation,  
In Thy labors on the earth,

In Thy trial and rejection,  
In Thy sufferings on the tree,  
In Thy glorious resurrection,  
May we, Lord, remember Thee.

# The Lord's Supper

662 BREAD OF HEAVEN 7s. 6l.

W. D. MacLagan, 1885



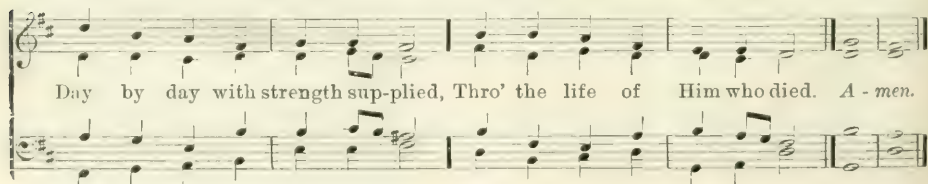
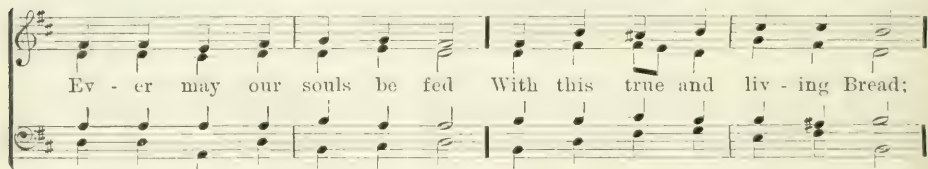
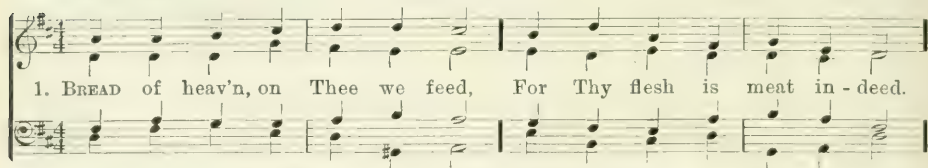
2 Vine of heaven, Thy blood supplies  
This blest cup of sacrifice.  
Lord, Thy wounds our healing give,  
To Thy cross we look and live.  
Jesus, may we ever be  
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee.

J. Conder, 1824 *Alt.*

RATISBON 7s. 6l.

(Second Tune)

J. Crüger (Psalmodia sacra), 1658



# The Lord's Supper

663

MORECAMBE 105.

Anon.

1. Nor wor- thy, Lord, to gath- er up the crumbs With trem- bling hand, that  
from Thy ta- ble fall, A wea- ry, heav- y - la- den sin- ner comes  
To plead Thy prom- ise and o- bey Thy call. A - men.

- 2 I am not worthy to be thought Thy child,  
Nor sit the last and lowest at Thy board;  
Too long a wanderer, and too oft beguiled,  
I only ask one reconciling word.
- 3 One word from Thee, my Lord, one smile, one look,  
And I could face the cold, rough world again;  
And with that treasure in my heart could brook  
The wrath of devils and the scorn of men.
- 4 And is not mercy Thy prerogative—  
Free mercy, boundless, fathomless, divine?  
Me, Lord, the chief of sinners, me forgive,  
And Thine the greater glory, only Thine.
- 5 I hear Thy voice; Thou bid'st me come and rest;  
I come, I kneel, I clasp Thy piercèd feet;  
Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome guest  
Among Thy saints, and of Thy banquet eat.
- 6 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,  
My prayer can only lose itself in Thee;  
Dwell Thou for ever in my heart, and there,  
Lord, let me sup with Thee; sup Thou with me.



# The Lord's Supper

664

BREAD OF LIFE 108.

W. F. Sherwin, 1877

Copyright, 1877, by J. H. Vincent

1. BREAK Thou the bread of life, dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves be - side the sea

Beyond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word! A - men

2 Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, to me, to me,  
As Thou didst bless the bread by Galilee;  
Then shall all bondage cease, all fetters fall,  
And I shall find my peace, my all in all.

M. A. Lathbury, 1880

DALKEITH 108.

(Or to Penitencia, No. 423)

T. Hewlett (1845—1874)

1. HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I touch and

han - dle things un - seen; Here grasp with firm - er hand e - ter - nal grace,

And all my wea - ri - ness up - on Thee lean. A - men.

# The Lord's Supper

665 ST. SEBASTIAN 7s. 6l.

S. S. Wesley, 1872

1. "TILL He come," oh, let the words Lin - ger on the trembling chords;  
 Let the "lit - tle while" be - tween In their gold - en light be seen;  
 Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be - yond that "Till He come." A - men.

2 When the weary ones we love  
 Enter on their rest above,  
 Seems the earth so poor and vast,  
 All our life-joy overcast?  
 Hush, be every murmur dumb;  
 It is only, "Till He come."

3 See, the feast of love is spread,  
 Drink the wine and break the bread,—  
 Sweet memorials, till the Lord  
 Call us round His heavenly board,  
 Some from earth, from glory some,  
 Severed only, "Till He come."

E. H. Bickersteth, 1861

666 (DALKEITH) 10s.

1 HERE, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face; Here would I touch and handle things un- seen; Here grasp with firmer hand eternal grace, And all my weariness upon Thee lean.	Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong The brief bright hour of fellowship with Thee.
2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God, Here drink with Thee the royal wine of heaven; Here would I lay aside each earthly load, Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.	4 Too soon we rise: the symbols disappear; The feast, though not the love, is past and gone; The bread and wine remove, but Thou art here, Nearer than ever, still my shield and sun.
3 This is the hour of banquet and of song; This is the heavenly table spread for me;	5 Feast after feast thus comes and passes by, Yet, passing, points to the glad feast above, Giving sweet foretaste of the festal joy, The Lamb's great bridal feast of bliss and love.

# The Lord's Supper

667

SACRAMENT 9s, 8s.

E. J. Hopkins (1818—)

1. O Rock of a - ges, one foun - da - tion, On which the liv - ing Church doth rest, —

The Church, whose walls are strong salvation, Whose gates are praise, — Thy name be blest! Amen.

2 Son of the living God, oh call us  
Once and again to follow Thee;  
And give us strength, whate'er befall us,  
Thy true disciples still to be.

4 And if our coward hearts deny Thee,  
In inmost thought, in deed, or word,  
Let not our hardness still defy Thee,  
But with a look subdue us, Lord.

3 When fears appal, and faith is failing,  
Make Thy voice heard o'er wind and wave,  
"Why doubt?"—and in Thy love prevailing  
Put forth Thine hand to help and save.

5 Oh, strengthen Thou our weak endeavor  
Thee in Thy sheep to serve and tend,  
To give ourselves to Thee for ever,  
And find Thee with us to the end.

H. A. Martin, 1871

668

EUCCHARIST 9s, 8s.

J. S. B. Hodges, 1869

1. BREAD of the world, in mer - cy brok - en, Wine of the soul, in mer - cy shed,

By whom the words of life were spoken, And in whose death our sins are dead; A - men.

(Or to Sacrament, above)

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears by sinners shed;  
And be Thy feast to us the token  
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

# The Lord's Supper

669 OLMUTZ S. M.

Arr. fr. a Gregorian Chant, by L. Mason, 1824

1. A PART - ING hymn we sing A - round Thy ta - ble, Lord; A -

gain our grate - ful trib - ute bring, Our sol - emn vows re - cord. A - men.

2 Here have we seen Thy face,  
And felt Thy presence here;  
So may the savor of Thy grace  
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of Thy blood,  
By sin no longer led,

The path our dear Redeemer trod  
May we rejoicing tread.

4 In self-forgetting love  
Be our communion shown,  
Until we join the church above,  
And know as we are known.

A. R. Wolfe, 1858

670 DORRANCE 8s, 7s.

I. B. Woodbury, 1848

1. From the ta - ble now re - tir - ing Which for us the Lord hath spread,

May our souls, re - freshment find - ing, Grow in all things like our head. A - men.

2 His example while beholding,  
May our lives His image bear;  
Him our Lord and Master calling,  
His commands may we revere.

3 Love to God and man displaying,  
Walking steadfast in His way,  
Joy attend us in believing,  
Peace from God, through endless day,

J. Rowe, 1812



# The Lord's Supper

671 IN MEMORIAM 8, 8, 8, 4

F. C. Maker (1843—)

1. By Christ re-deemed, in Christ re-stored, We keep the mem-o - ry a-dored,  
And show the death of our dear Lord Un - til He come. A - men.

- 2 His body, broken in our stead,  
Is here in this memorial bread;  
And so our feeble love is fed  
Until He come.
- 3 His fearful drops of agony,  
His life-blood shed for us, we see:  
The wine shall tell the mystery  
Until He come.

- 4 And thus that dark betrayal night,  
With the last advent we unite,—  
The shame, the glory,—by this rite,  
Until He come.
- 5 Oh, blessèd hope! with this elate  
Let not our hearts be desolate,  
But strong in faith, in patience wait  
Until He come.

G. Rawson, 1857

672 HISPANIA 108, 21.

Anon.

1. O KING of mer - cy, from Thy throne on high,  
Look down in love, and hear our hum - ble cry. A - men.

- 2 Thou tender Shepherd of the blood-bought Sweet fount of joy and blessings without  
sheep,  
Thy feeble wandering flock in safety keep.
- 3 O gentle Saviour, by Thy death we live;  
To contrite sinners life eternal give.
- 4 Thou art the bread of heaven, on Thee we  
feed;  
Be near to help our souls in time of need.
- 5 Thou art the mourner's stay, the sinner's  
friend,
- 6 Oh, come and cheer us with Thy heaven-  
ly grace;  
Reveal the brightness of Thy glorious face.
- 7 Go where we go, abide where we abide,  
In life, in death, our comfort, strength, and  
guide.
- 8 Oh, guide us daily with Thine eye of love,  
And bring us safely to our home above!

1. DRAW nigh and take the bod - y of the Lord,  
And drink the ho - ly blood for you..... out - pour'd. A - men.

- 2 Saved by that body and that holy blood,  
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to God.
- 3 Salvation's giver, Christ, the only Son,  
By His dear cross and blood the victory won.
- 4 Offered was He for greatest and for least,  
Himself the victim, and Himself the priest.
- 5 He, ransom from death, and light from shade,  
Now gives His holy grace, His saints to aid.
- 6 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,  
And take the safeguard of salvation here.
- 7 He, that His saints in this world rules and shields,  
To all believers life eternal yields,
- 8 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,  
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.
- 9 Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow  
All nations at the doom, is with us now.

Latin, c. 680 Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851

## CÆNA DOMINI 10s. 21.

(Second Tune)

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1. DRAW nigh and take the bod - y of the Lord,  
And drink the ho - ly blood for you out - pour'd. A - men.

# The Lord's Supper

674

LACRYMÆ 7>, 3!

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. JE - sus, to Thy ta - ble led, Now let ev - 'ry

heart be fed With the true and liv - ing bread. A - men.

- 2 While in penitence we kneel,  
Thy blest presence let us feel,  
All Thy wondrous love reveal.
- 3 While on Thy dear cross we gaze,  
Mourning o'er our sinful ways,  
Turn our sadness into praise.
- 4 When we taste the mystic wine,  
Of Thine outpoured blood the sign,  
Fill our hearts with love divine.

- 5 Draw us to Thy wounded side,  
Whence there flowed the healing tide;  
There our sins and sorrows hide.
- 6 From the bonds of sin release;  
Cold and wavering faith increase;  
Lamb of God, grant us Thy peace.
- 7 Lead us by Thy piercèd hand,  
Till around Thy throne we stand,  
In the bright and better land.

R. H. Baynes, 1864

675

BEATITUDO C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. AC - CORD - ING to Thy gra - cious word, In meek hu - mil - i - ty,

This will I do, my dy - ing Lord, I will re - mem - ber Thee. A - men.

- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,  
My bread from heaven shall be;  
Thy testamental cup I take,  
And thus remember Thee.
- 3 Gethsemane can I forget?  
Or there Thy conflict see,

- Thine agony and bloody sweat,  
And not remember Thee?
- 4 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,  
And rest on Calvary,  
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,  
I must remember Thee.

# The Lord's Supper

5 Remember Thee and all Thy pains,  
And all Thy love to me;  
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,  
Will I remember Thee.

6 And when these failing lips grow dumb,  
And mind and memory flee,  
When Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come,  
Jesus, remember me.

J. Montgomery, 1825

676 SALZBURG 7s. 8l.

J. Rosenmüller [?], 1652

1. At the Lamb's high feast we sing Praise to our vic - to - rious King,

Who hath washed us in the tide Flow - ing from His pierc - ed side;

Praise we Him, whose love di - vine Gives His sa - cred blood for wine,

Gives His bod - y for the feast, Christ the vic - tim, Christ the priest. A - men.

2 Where the paschal blood is poured,  
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;  
Israel's hosts triumphant go  
Through the wave that drowns the foe.  
Praise we Christ, whose blood was shed,  
Paschal victim, paschal bread;  
With sincerity and love  
Eat we manna from above.

3 Mighty victim from the sky,  
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;  
Thou hast conquered in the fight,  
Thou hast brought us life and light.  
Now no more can death appal,  
Now no more the grave enthrall;  
Thou hast opened paradise,  
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.



# The Lord's Supper

677 GREENPORT (Hodnet) 8s, 7s, 8l.

Ad. fr. S. Thalberg, 1850

1. O BREAD to pilgrims giv - en, O food that an - gels eat, O man - na sent from  
heav - en, For heav'n-born natures meet, Give us, for Thee long pin - ing, To eat till  
rich - ly fill'd, Till earth's de - lights re - sign - ing, Our ev - 'ry wish is still'd A - men.

(Or to St. George's, Bolton, No. 116)

2 O water, life-bestowing,  
Forth from the Saviour's heart,  
A fountain purely flowing,  
A fount of love Thou art:  
Oh let us, freely tasting,  
Our burning thirst assuage;  
Thy sweetness, never wasting,  
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,  
We Thee unseen adore;  
Thy faithful word believing,  
We take, and doubt no more:  
Give us, Thou true and loving,  
On earth to live in Thee;  
Then, death the veil removing,  
Thy glorious face to see.

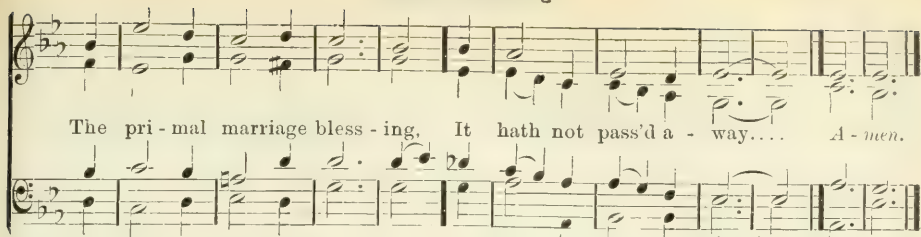
Anon. Latin, c. 17th Cent. Tr. R. Palmer, 1850

678 ST. GILES 7s, 6s.

J. Stainer (1840—)

1. THE voice that breath'd o'er E - den, That ear - liest wed - ding day,....

# Matrimony



(Or to St. Alphege, No. 788)

2 Still in the pure espousal  
Of Christian man and maid,  
The holy Three are with us,  
The threefold grace is said.

3 Be present, loving Father,  
To give away this bride,  
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam  
Out of his own pierced side:

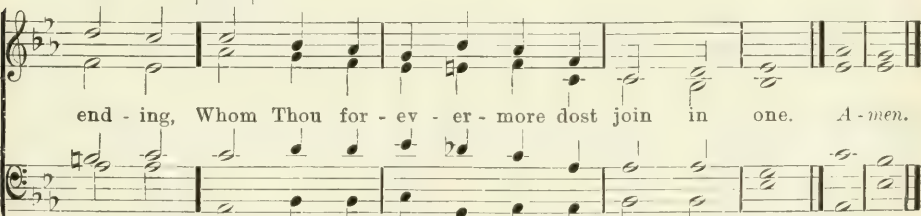
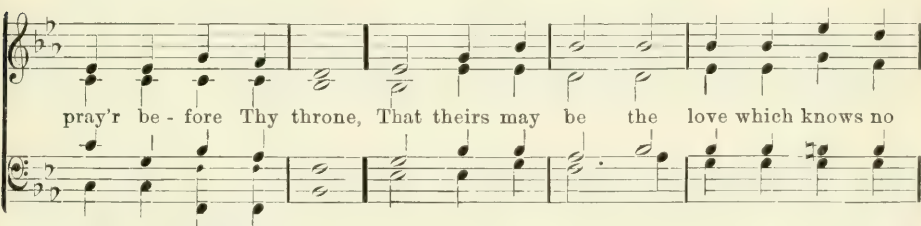
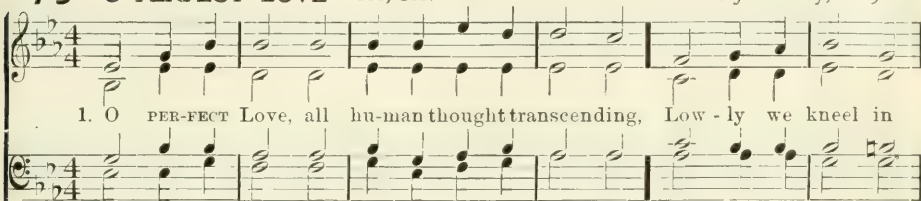
4 Be present, Son of Mary,  
To join their loving hands,  
As Thou didst bind two natures  
In Thine eternal bands,

5 Be present, holiest Spirit,  
To bless them as they kneel,  
As Thou for Christ, the Bridegroom,  
The heavenly Spouse dost seal.

J. Keble, 1857 *Ab.*

## 679 O PERFECT LOVE IIS, IOS.

Arr. fr. J. Barnby, 1889



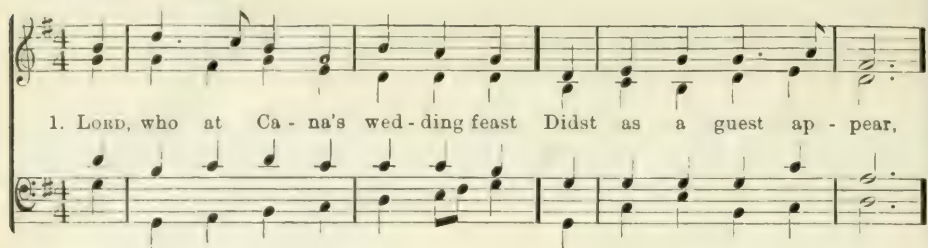
2 O perfect Life, be Thou their full assurance  
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,  
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,  
With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;  
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,  
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow  
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

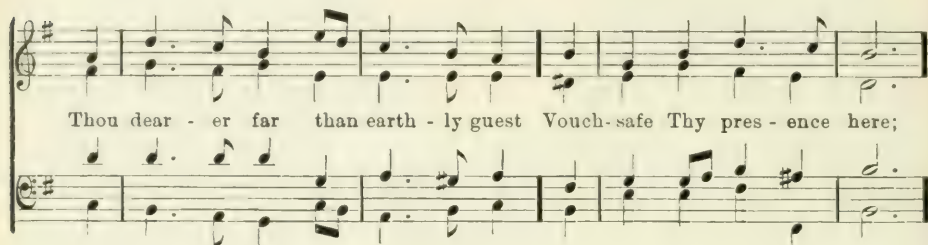
# Matrimony

680 ST. URSULA C. M. 81.

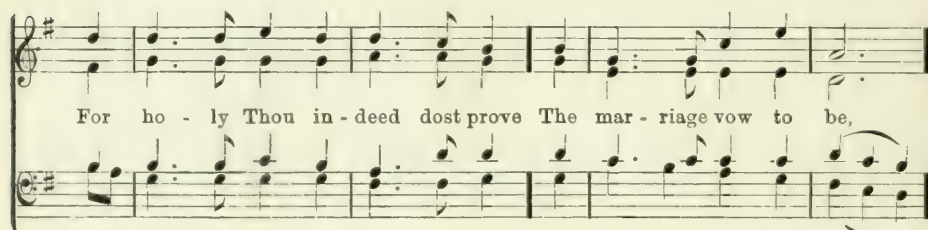
F. Westlake, 1863



1. LORD, who at Ca - na's wed - ding feast Didst as a guest ap - pear,



Thou dear - er far than earth - ly guest Vouch - safe Thy pres - ence here;



For ho - ly Thou in - deed dost prove The mar - riage vow to be,



Pro - claim - ing it a type of love Be - tween the Church and Thee. A - men.

2 The holiest vow that man can make,  
The golden thread in life,  
The bond that none may dare to break,  
That bindeth man and wife;  
Which, blest by Thee, whate'er betides,  
No evil shall destroy,  
Thro' care-worn days each care divides,  
And doubles every joy.

3 On those who now before Thee kneel,  
O Lord, Thy blessing pour,  
That each may wake the other's zeal  
To love Thee more and more:  
Oh, grant them here in peace to live,  
In purity and love,  
And, this world leaving, to receive  
A crown of life above.

A Thrupp, 1883. All.

# Matrimony

681 UNION SQUARE No. 6-21

J. B. C. 1892

1. O LOVE di-vine and gold-en, My-riads of angels and hosts

To Thee the world to-hold-en, Look up for life and light.

O love di-vine and gen-tle, The Bless-ed and the blest,

Be-neath Thy care pa-ren-tal The world lies down in rest. A-men.

2 O love divine and tender,  
That through our homes dost move,  
Veiled in the softened splendor  
Of holy household love,  
A throne without Thy blessing  
Were labor without rest,  
And cottages possessing  
Thy blessedness, are blest.

3 God bless these hands united:  
God bless these hearts made one!  
Unsevered and unblighted  
May they through life go on.—  
Here in earth's home preparing  
For the bright home above,  
And there for ever sharing  
Its joy where "God is Love."

J. B. C. 1892



1. WATCHMAN, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are.

Trav - ler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry - beam - ing star.

Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of joy or hope fore - tell?

Trav - ler, yes; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el. A - men.

(Or to Culford, opposite)

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;  
Higher yet that star ascends.  
Traveler, blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth, its course portends.  
Watchman, will its beams alone  
Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
Traveler, ages are its own;  
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,  
For the morning seems to dawn.  
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.  
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;  
Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
Traveler, lo, the Prince of Peace,  
Lo, the Son of God is come!

J. Bowring, 1825

WATCHMAN 7s. 8l.

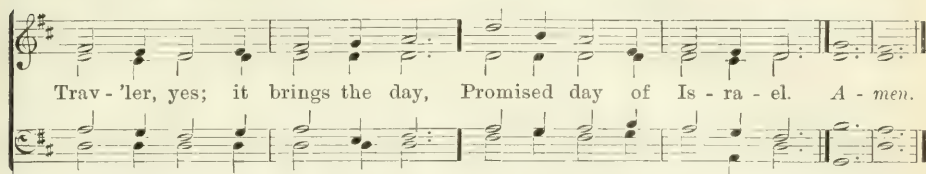
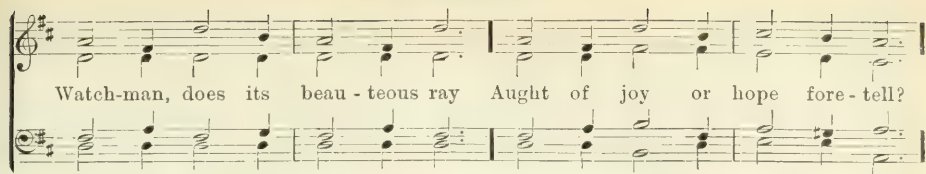
(Second Tune)

L. Mason, 1830

1. WATCHMAN, tell us of the night, What its signs of prom - ise are.

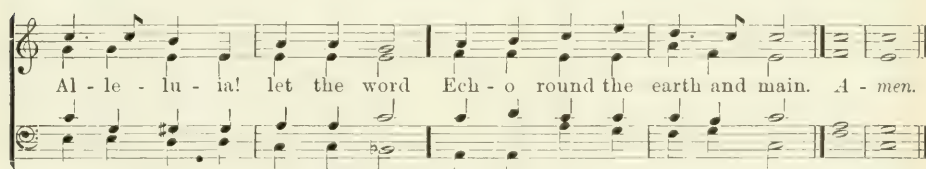
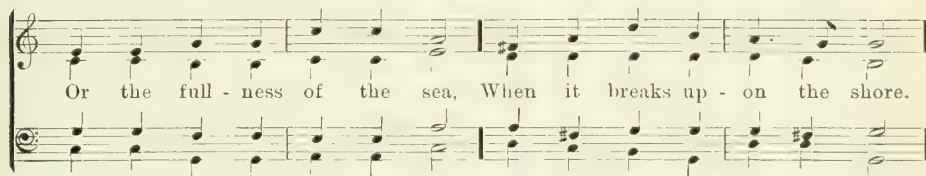
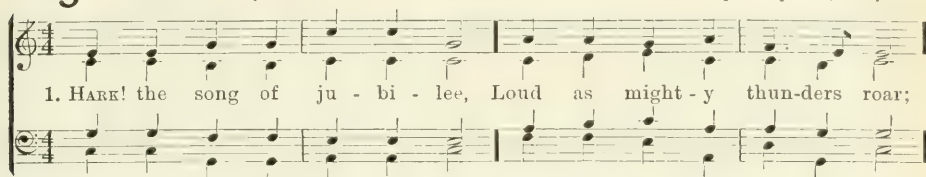
Trav - ler, o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry - beam - ing star.

# Missions



683 CULFORD 7s. 8l.

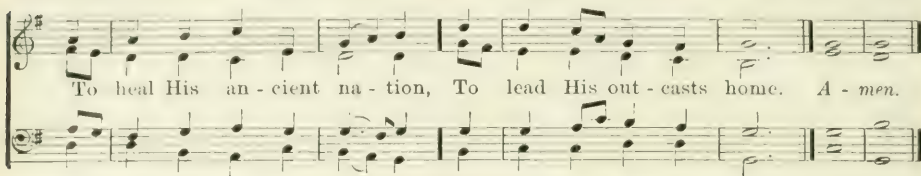
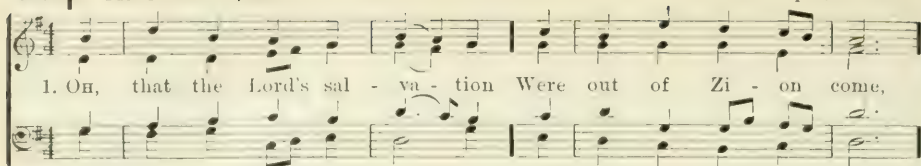
E. J. Hopkins, 1867



(Or to Thanksgiving, No. 159)

2 Alleluia! hark, the sound,  
From the centre to the skies,  
Wakes above, beneath, around  
All creation's harmonies.  
See Jehovah's banners furled, [done,  
Sheathed His sword; He speaks; 'tis  
And the kingdoms of this world  
Are the kingdoms of His Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole  
With illimitable sway;  
He shall reign, when, like a scroll  
Yonder heavens have passed away;  
Then the end; beneath His rod  
Man's last enemy shall fall:  
Alleluia! Christ in God,  
God in Christ, is all in all.



(Or to Holy Church, No. 460)

2 How long the holy city  
Shall heathen feet profane?  
Return, O Lord, in pity:  
Rebuild her walls again.

Roll back the veil of error;  
Release the fettered heart.

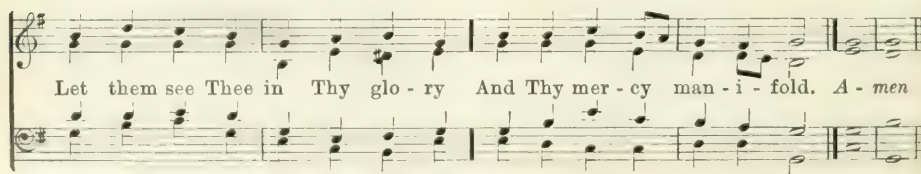
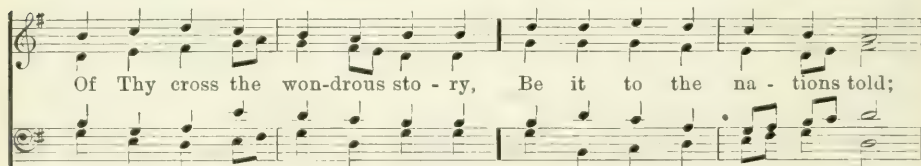
3 Let fall Thy rod of terror;  
Thy saving grace impart;

4 Let Israel, home returning,  
Her lost Messiah see;  
Give oil of joy for mourning,  
And bind Thy church to Thee.

H. F. Lyte, 1834

## LUDWIGSBURG 8s, 7s. 81.

L. Bourgeois, 1556



# Missions

685 GREENLAND 7s, 6s. 8l.

Lausanne Psalter

1. HOW BEAUTEONS, on the mountains, The feet of Him that brings, Like streams from living fount-ains, Good ti-dings of good things; That publisheth sal-va-tion, And ju-bi-lee re-lease, To ev-'ry tribe and na-tion, God's reign of joy and peace. A-men.

(Or to Webb, No. 692)

2 Lift up thy voice, O watchman,  
And shout, from Zion's towers,  
Thy allelujah chorus,—  
“The victory is ours!”  
The Lord shall build up Zion  
In glory and renown,  
And Jesus, Judah's lion,  
Shall wear His rightful crown.

3 Break forth in hymns of gladness;  
O waste Jerusalem,  
Let songs, instead of sadness,  
Thy jubilee proclaim;  
The Lord, in strength victorious,  
Upon thy foes hath trod;  
Behold, O earth, the glorious  
Salvation of our God!

B. Gough, 1865

686 (LUDWIGSBURG) 8s, 7s. 8l. (Or to Weston, No. 660)

1 SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,  
Fruitful let Thy sorrows be;  
By Thy pains and consolations  
Draw the Gentiles unto Thee.  
Of Thy cross the wondrous story,  
Be it to the nations told;  
Let them see Thee in Thy glory  
And Thy mercy manifold.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,  
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;  
Human tears for Thee are flowing,  
Human hearts in Thee would rest,

Thirsting, as for dews of even,  
As the new-mown grass for rain;  
Thee, they seek, as God of heaven,  
Thee as Man for sinners slain.

3 Saviour, lo! the isles are waiting, [sight,  
Stretched the hand, and strained the  
For Thy Spirit, new creating  
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light.  
Give the word! and of the preacher  
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,  
Till on earth by every creature  
Glory to the Lamb be sung.



1. ROLL on, thou might-y o - cean, And, as thy bil - lows flow, Bear  
mess-en - gers of mer - cy To ev - ery land be - low. A - rise, ye gales, and  
waft them Safe to the des-tin'd shore, That man may sit in dark - ness  
And death's black shade no more. A-men.

2 O Thou eternal ruler,  
Who holdest in Thine arm  
The tempest of the ocean,  
Protect them from all harm!  
Thy presence, Lord, be with them,  
Wherever they may be;  
Though far from those who love them,  
Still let them be with Thee.

J. Eameston, 1820

688 7s, 6s. 8l.

- 1 NOW BE the Gospel banner  
In every land unfurled,  
And be the shout, hosanna,  
Re-echoed through the world,  
Till every isle and nation,  
Till every tribe and tongue,  
Receive the great salvation,  
And join the happy throng.
- 2 Yes, Thou shalt reign forever,  
O Jesus, King of kings!  
Thy light, Thy love, Thy favor,  
Each ransomed captive sings.  
The isles for Thee are waiting,  
The deserts learn Thy praise,  
The hills and valleys, greeting,  
The song responsive raise.

T. Hastings 1784—1872. 546

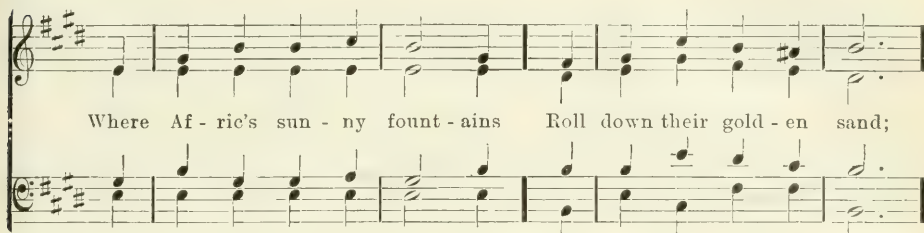
689 7s, 6s. 8l.

- 1 OUR country's voice is pleading,  
Ye men of God, arise!  
His providence is leading,  
The land before you lies;  
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,  
And promise clothes the soil;  
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,  
Invite the reaper's toil.
- 2 The love of Christ unfolding,  
Speed on from east to west,  
Till all, His cross beholding,  
In Him are fully blessed.  
Great author of salvation,  
Haste, haste the glorious day,  
When we, a ransomed nation,  
Thy scepter shall obey.

Maria F. Anderson, 1848. 46.



1. From Greenland's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's co - ral strand,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand;



From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A - men.

2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile;  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strown;  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation! oh, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign!

1. HAIL to the Lord's an - nointed! Great Da - vid's great - er Son;

Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!

He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free....

To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in eq - ui - ty. A - men.

(Or to Webb, opposite Or to Savoy Chapel, No. 461)

2 He comes with succor speedy  
To those who suffer wrong;  
To help the poor and needy,  
And bid the weak be strong;  
To give them songs for sighing,  
Their darkness turn to light,  
Whose souls, condemned and dying,  
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers,  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And love and joy, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth:

Before Him, on the mountains,  
Shall peace, the herald, go;  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.

4 Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing;  
For He shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea, and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion  
Or dove's light wing can soar.

# Missions

5 For Him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.  
The mountain-dews shall nourish  
A seed in weakness sown,  
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish  
And shake like Lebanon.

6 O'er every foe victorious,  
He on His throne shall rest,  
From age to age more glorious,  
All blessing and all-blest:  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove,  
His name shall stand for ever,—  
That name to us is Love.

J. Montgomery, 1821

692 WEBB 7s, 6s. 8l.

G. J. Webb, 1830

1. THE morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;

The sons of earth are wak - ing, To pen - i - ten - tial tears;

Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far

Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war. A - men.

2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The Gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thy onward way;  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay;  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home;  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim "The Lord is come!"

S. F. Smith, 1838



# Missions

693 MOSCOW 10s.

A. F. Lwoff, 1833

1. RISE, crown'd with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise; Ex - alt thy  
tow - ring head and lift thine eyes; See heav'n its sparkling por - tals wide dis -  
play. And break up - on thee in a flood of day. A - men.

- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn :  
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,  
In crowding ranks on every side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.
- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;  
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,  
While every land its joyous tribute brings.
- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,  
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;  
But fixed His word, His saving power remains;  
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

A. Pope, 1720

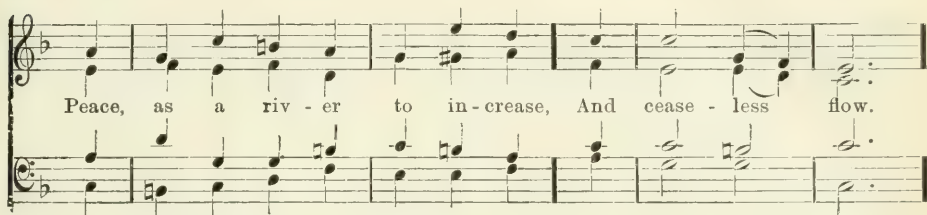
MIRFIELD C. M.

A. Cottman, 1872

1. BE - NEATH the shad - ow of the cross, As earth - ly hopes re - move,  
His new com - mand - ment Je - sus gives, His bless - ed word of love. A - men.



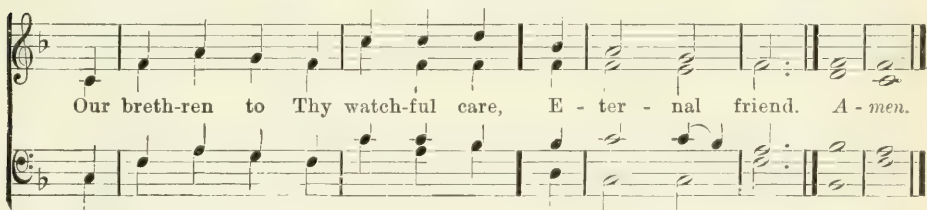
1. With the sweet word of peace We bid our breth-ren go;...



Peace, as a riv-er to in-crease, And cease-less flow.



With the calm word of prayer We earn-est-ly com-mend



Our breth-ren to Thy watch-ful care, E-ter-nal friend. A-men.

2 With the dear word of love  
We give our brief farewell;  
Our love below, and Thine above,  
With them shall dwell.  
With the strong word of faith  
We stay ourselves on Thee,  
That Thou, O Lord, in life and death  
Their help shalt be.

3 Then the bright word of hope  
Shall on our parting gleam,  
And tell of joys beyond the scope  
Of earthborn dream.  
Farewell! in hope, and love,  
In faith, and peace, and prayer,  
Till He, whose home is ours above,  
Unite us there.

G. Watson, 1867

695 (MIRFIELD) C. M.

1 BENEATH the shadow of the cross,  
As earthly hopes remove,  
His new commandment Jesus gives,  
His blessèd word of love.  
2 O bond of union, strong and deep!  
O bond of perfect peace!

Not e'en the lifted cross can harm,  
If we but hold to this.  
3 Then, Jesus, be Thy Spirit ours,  
And swift our feet shall move  
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,  
And the sweet tasks of love.

S. Longfellow, 1848

# Missions

696 MANNHEIM 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

F. Filitz (1804—1860)



1. On the mount-ain's top ap - pear-ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands,  
Wel-come news to Zi - on bear-ing, Zi - on long in hos - tile lands:  
Mourning captive, Mourning cap-tive, God Him-self will loose thy bands. A - men.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?  
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?  
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,  
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?  
Cease thy mourning,  
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;  
He Himself appears thy friend;  
All thy foes shall flee before thee;

Here their boasts and triumphs end;  
Great deliverance  
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

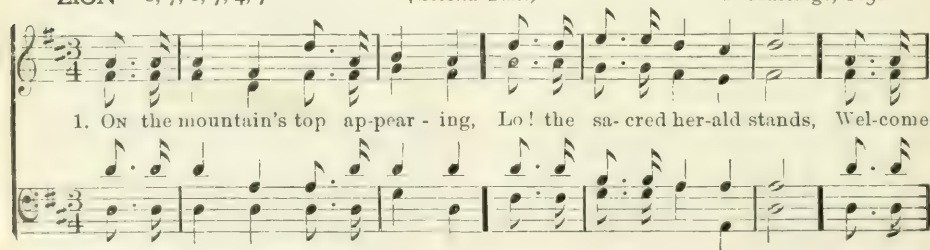
4 Enemies no more shall trouble;  
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;  
For thy shame thou shalt have double,  
In thy Maker's favor blessed;  
All thy conflicts  
End in everlasting rest!

T. Kelly, 1806

ZION 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

(Second Tune)

T. Hastings, 1830



1. On the mountain's top ap-pear - ing, Lo! the sa - cred her-ald stands, Wel-come

# Missions

news to Zi - on bear - ing, Zi - on long in hos - tile lands: Mourning cap - tive,

God Himself will loose thy bands, Mourning captive, God Himself will loose thy bands. A - men.

697 UXBRIDGE L. M.

L. Mason, 1830

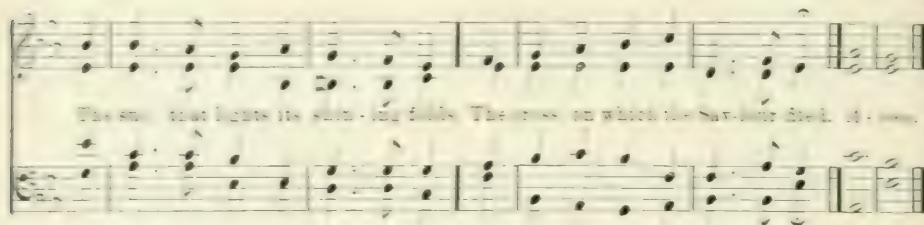
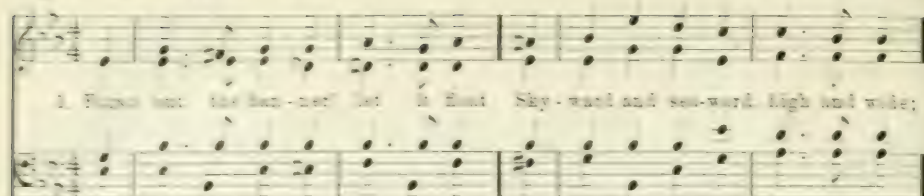
1 THE heavens de - clare Thy glo - ry, Lord, In ev - ery star Thy wis - dom shines:

But when our eyes be - hold Thy word, We read Thy name in fair - er lines. A - men.

(Or to Church Triumphant, No. 157 Or to Alfreton, No. 376)

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,<br>And nights and days, Thy power confess;<br>But the blest volume Thou didst write<br>Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.   | Till Christ has all the nations blest<br>That see the light, or feel the sun.   |
| 3 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise<br>Round the whole earth, and never stand;<br>So, when Thy truth began its race,<br>It touched and glanced on every land. | 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;<br>Bless the dark world with heavenly light;<br>The Gospel makes the simple wise,<br>Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right. |
| 4 Thy Gospel-heralds dare not rest,<br>Till through the world Thy truth has run;   | 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,<br>In souls renewed, and sins forgiven;<br>Lord, cleanse our sins, our souls renew,<br>And make Thy word our guide to heaven. |





Also Published by the

First Free Street, N. Y. C.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend  
In anxious silence o'er the sign;  
And vainly seek to comprehend  
The wonder of the love divine.

Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,  
And spring immortal into life.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands  
Shall see from far the glorious sight,  
And nations, crowding to be born,  
Baptize their spirits in its light.

5 Fling out the banner! let it float  
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,  
Our glory, only in the cross:  
Our only hope, the Crucified!

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls  
That sink and perish in the strife,

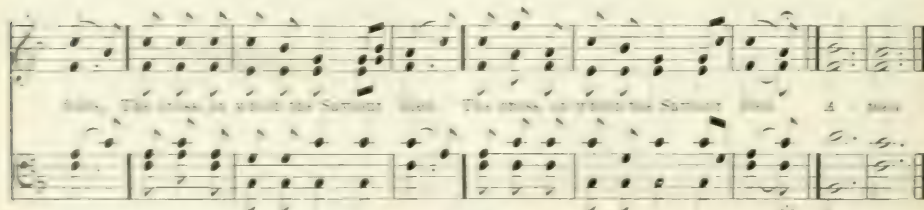
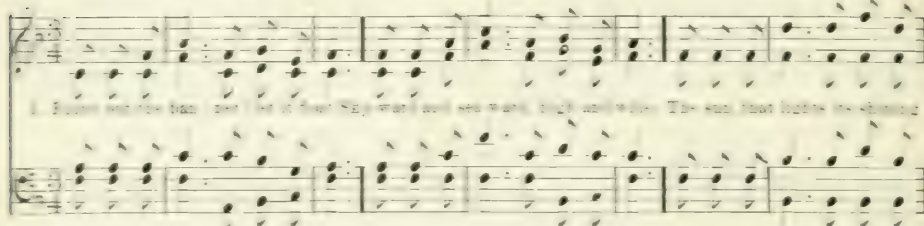
6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,  
Seaward and skyward, let it shine:  
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;  
We conquer only in that sign.

© W. Doane, 1872

## ANVERN L. M.

(Second Time)

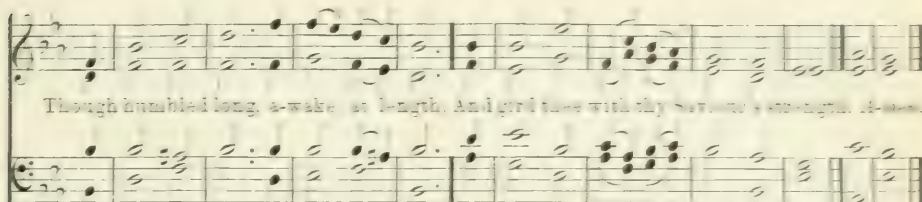
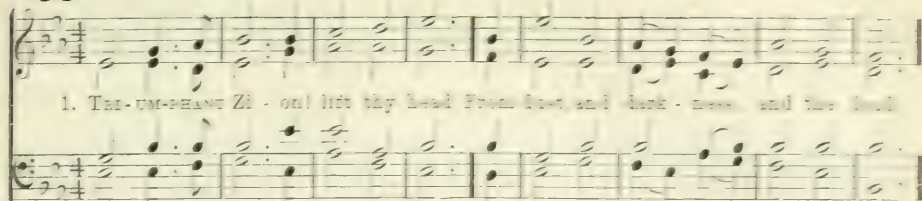
Arr. L. Mason



# Missions

699 TRURO L. M.

C. Barnard, 1889



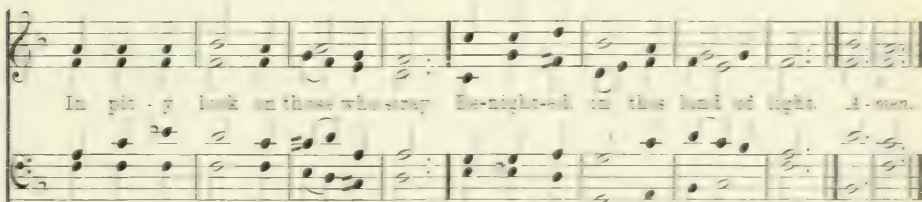
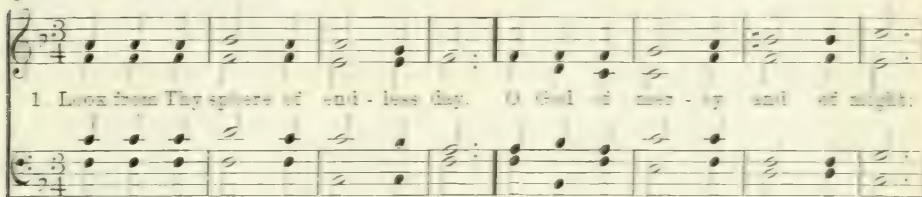
- 2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,  
And let thy excellence be known;  
Decked in the robes of righteousness,  
The world thy glories shall confess.
- 3 No more shall foes unclean invade,  
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread.

- No more shall hell's insulting host  
Their victory and thy screams boast.
- 4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,  
His hand thy ruins shall repair:  
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease  
To guard thee in eternal peace.

W. H. Burleigh, 1889

700 BRYANT L. M.

St. Alban's Church, Dorset



W. H. Burleigh, No. 700

- 2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,  
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,  
How many of the sons of men  
Hear not the message sent from Thee.
- 3 Send forth Thy heralds, Lord, to call  
The thoughtless young, the harden'd old,  
A scattered, homeless flock, till all  
Be gathered to Thy peaceful fold.

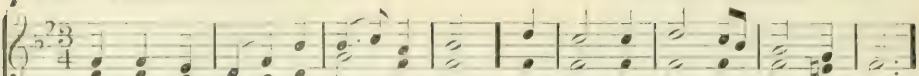
- 4 Send them Thy mighty word to speak,  
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,  
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,  
And bind and heal the broken heart.
- 5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,  
That make us sadder as we gaze,  
Shall grow, with living waters, green,  
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

W. H. Burleigh, 1889

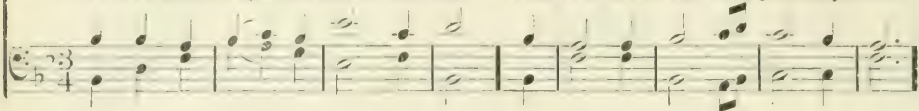
# Missions

## 701 WARRINGTON L. M.

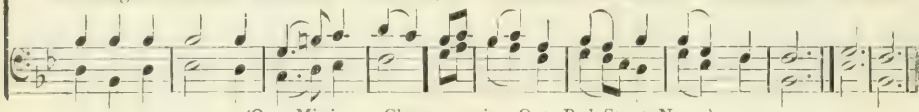
R. Harrison (1748—1810)



1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour-neys run:



His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. *A-men.*



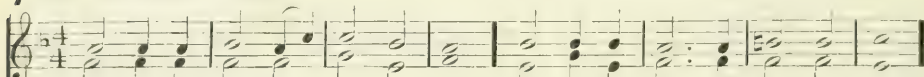
(Or to Missionary Chant, opposite Or to Park Street, No. 19)

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,<br/>And praises throng to crown His head;<br/>His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise<br/>With every morning sacrifice.</p> <p>3 People and realms, of every tongue,<br/>Dwell on His love with sweetest song;<br/>And infant voices shall proclaim<br/>Their early blessings on His name.</p> | <p>4 Blessings abound wher-e'er He reigns;<br/>The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;<br/>The weary find eternal rest,<br/>And all the sons of want are blest.</p> <p>5 Let every creature rise and bring<br/>Peculiar honors to our King;<br/>Angels descend with songs again,<br/>And earth repeat the loud Amen.</p> |
|--|---|

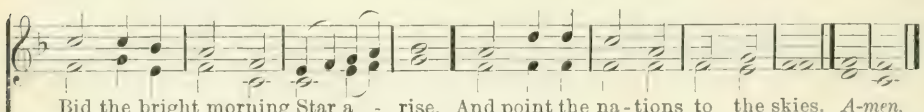
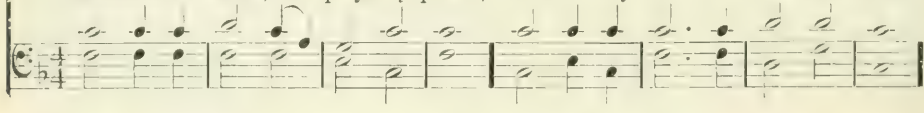
I. Watts, 1719

## 702 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

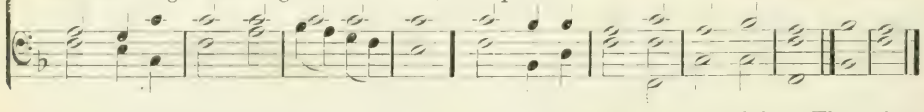
H. K. Oliver, 1832



1. SOVEREIGN of worlds, dis - play Thy power; Be this Thy Zi - on's fa - vored hour;



Bid the bright morning Star a - rise, And point the na - tions to the skies. *A-men.*



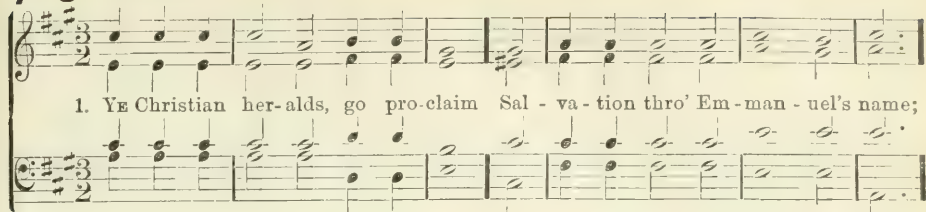
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns,<br/>On Afric's shore, on India's plains,<br/>On wilds and continents unknown,<br/>And make the nations all Thine own.</p> | <p>3 Speak, and the world shall hear Thy voice;<br/>Speak, and the desert shall rejoice;<br/>Scatter the gloom of heathen night,<br/>And bid all nations hail the light.</p> |
|--|--|



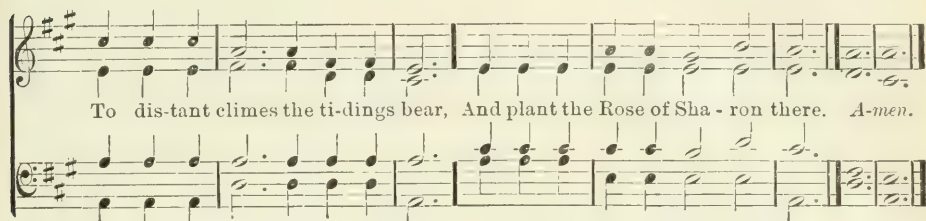
# Missions

## 703 MISSIONARY CHANT L. M.

C. Zeuner, 1832



1. Ye Christian her-alds, go pro-claim Sal - va - tion thro' Em-man - uel's name;



To dis-tant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the Rose of Sha - ron there. A-men.

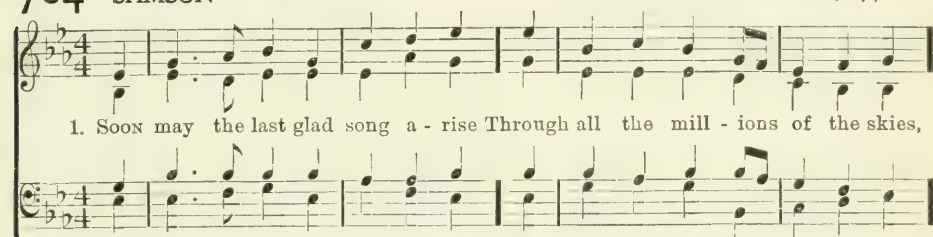
2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,  
With flaming zeal your breasts in-  
spire,  
Bid raging winds their fury cease,  
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,  
Then we shall meet to part no more;  
Meet, with the ransomed throng to  
fall,  
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

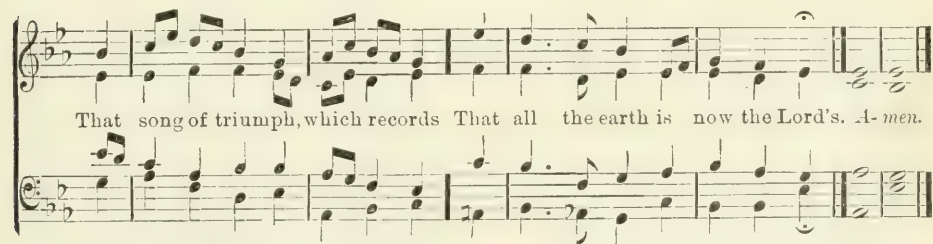
B. H. Draper, 1803

## 704 SAMSON L. M.

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1742



1. Soon may the last glad song a - rise Through all the mill - ions of the skies,



That song of triumph, which records That all the earth is now the Lord's. A-men.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and king-  
doms be  
Obedient, mighty God, to Thee;  
And over land, and stream, and main,  
Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign.

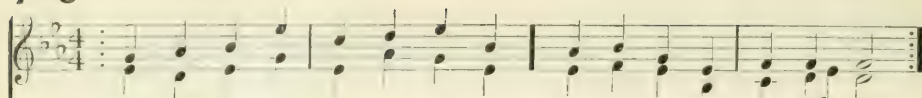
3 Oh, that the anthem now might  
swell,  
And host to host the triumph tell,  
That not one rebel heart remains,  
But over all the Saviour reigns.

Mrs. Vokes, 1816

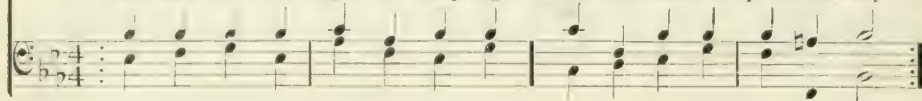


705 EVERTON 8s, 7s. 8l.

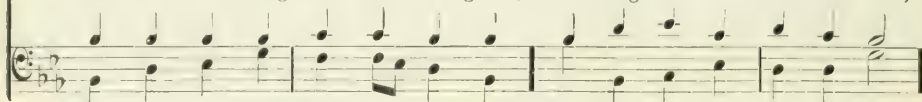
H. Smart, 1865



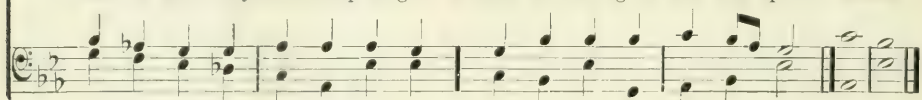
1. { LORD, her watch Thy church is keep-ing; When shall earth Thy rule o - bey? }  
 { When shall end the night of weep-ing? When shall break the prom-ised day? }



See the whit-'ning har - vest lan-guish, Wait - ing still the la - borers' toil;



Was it vain, Thy Son's deep an-guish? Shall the strong re - tain the spoil? A-men.



(Or to Austria, No. 632)

2 Tidings, sent to every creature,  
 Millions yet have never heard;  
 Can they hear without a preacher?  
 Lord Almighty, give the word:  
 Give the word; in every nation  
 Let the Gospel trumpet sound,  
 Witnessing a world's salvation  
 To the earth's remotest bound.

3 Then the end: Thy church completed,  
 All Thy chosen gathered in,  
 With their King in glory seated,  
 Satan bound, and banished sin;  
 Gone for ever, parting, weeping,  
 Hunger, sorrow, death, and pain;—  
 Lo! her watch Thy church is keeping;  
 Come, Lord Jesus, come to reign.

H. Downton, 1867

706

8s, 7s. 8l.

1 WE are living, we are dwelling,  
 In a grand and awful time,  
 In an age on ages telling;  
 To be living is sublime.  
 Hark, the waking up of nations,  
 Gog and Magog to the fray:  
 Hark, what soundeth? is creation  
 Groaning for its latter day?

2 Worlds are charging, heaven beholding,  
 Thou hast but an hour to fight:  
 Now the blazoned cross unfolding,  
 On, right onward, for the right!  
 On! let all the soul within you  
 For the truth's sake go abroad.  
 Strike! let every nerve and sinew  
 Tell on ages, tell for God.

A. C. Cox, 1840

# Missions

707 REDHEAD 45 7s.

R. Redhead, 1853

1. SOL - DIERS of the cross, a - rise, Gird you with your ar - mor bright;

Might-y are your en - e - mies, Hard the bat - tle ye must fight. A - men.

- 2 O'er a faithless fallen world  
Raise your banner in the sky;  
Let it float there wide unfurled;  
Bear it onward; lift it high.
- 3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,  
Strangers to the living word,  
Let the Saviour's herald go,  
Let the voice of hope be heard.
- 4 Where the shadows deepest lie,  
Carry truth's unsullied ray;  
Where are crimes of blackest dye,  
There the saving sign display.

- 5 To the weary and the worn  
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;  
To the outcast and forlorn  
Speak of mercy and of peace.
- 6 Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;  
Comfort troubles; banish grief;  
In the might of God arrayed,  
Scatter sin and unbelief.
- 7 Be the banner still unfurled,  
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,  
Till the kingdoms of the world  
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

W. W. How, 1854

708 WALMSLEY C. M.

H. Walmsley Little

1. THE Lord will come and not be slow, His foot-steps can - not err;

Be - fore Him right-eous-ness shall go, His roy - al har - bin - ger. A - men.

- 2 Mercy and truth that long were missed, 3 Truth from the earth, like to a flower,  
Now joyfully are met; Shall bud and blossom then;  
Sweet peace and righteousness have kissed, And Justice, from her heavenly bower,  
And hand in hand are set. Look down on mortal men.

709 REGENT SQUARE 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

H. Smart, 1867

1. SAINTS of God! the dawn is bright'ning, Tok en of our coming Lord; O'er the earth the

field is whit'ning; Loud-er rings the Master's word: Pray for reapers, pray for reapers

3 Broad the shadow of our nation,  
Eager millions hither roam;  
Lo! they wait for Thy salvation;  
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come;  
By Thy Spirit  
Bring Thy ransomed people home.

In the har-vest of the Lord! A-men.

2 Now, O Lord, fulfil Thy pleasure,  
Breathe upon Thy chosen band,  
And, with Pentecostal measure,  
Send forth reapers o'er our land;  
Faithful reapers  
Gathering sheaves for Thy right hand.

4 Soon shall end the time of weeping,  
Soon the reaping time will come;  
Heaven and earth together keeping  
God's eternal Harvest-Home.  
Saints and angels  
Shout the world's great Harvest-Home.

M. Maxwell, 1849

ELMHURST 8, 8, 8, 6

E. D. Drewett, 1887

1. SEND Thou, O Lord, to ev - ery place Swift mes - sen - gers be - fore Thy face,

The her - alds of Thy wondrous grace, Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come. A-men.

# Missions

710 WESLEY HIS, IOS.

L. Mason, 1830

1. HAIL to the bright-ness of Zi - on's glad morn-ing, Joy to the  
lands that in dark-ness have lain! Hush'd be the ac-cents of sor-row and  
mourn-ing, Zi - on in tri-umph be - gins her mild reign. A - men.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are  
morning, ringing,  
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold; Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.  
Hail to the millions from bondage return- 4 See, from all lands, from the isles of the  
ing! ocean,  
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold. Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;  
3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are spring- Fallen are the engines of war and commo-  
ing, tion,  
Streams ever copious are gliding along; Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

T. Hastings, 1832

711 (ELMHURST) 8, 8, 8, 6

1 SEND Thou, O Lord, to every place  
Swift messengers before Thy face,  
The heralds of Thy wondrous grace,  
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come.

2 Send men whose eyes have seen the King;  
Men in whose ears His sweet words ring;  
Send such Thy lost ones home to bring;  
Send them where Thou wilt come.

3 To bring good news to souls in sin;  
The bruised and broken hearts to win;  
In every place to bring them in;  
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come.

4 Thou who hast died, Thy victory claim;  
Assert, O Christ, Thy glory's name,  
And far to lands of pagan shame,  
Send men where Thou wilt come.

5 Gird each one with the Spirit's sword,  
The sword of Thine own deathless word;  
And make them conquerors, conquering  
Where Thou, Thyself, wilt come. [Lord,

6 Raise up, O Lord the Holy Ghost,  
From this broad land a mighty host,  
Their war-cry, "We will seek the lost,  
Where Thou, O Christ, wilt come!"



1. O LORD of heaven and earth and sea, To Thee all praise and glo - ry be;

How shall we show our love to Thee, Who giv - est all? A - men.

- 2 The golden sunshine, vernal air,  
Sweet flowers and fruit Thy love declare;  
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,  
Who givest all.
- 3 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,  
For all the blessings earth displays,  
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,  
Who givest all.
- 4 Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,  
But gav'st Him for a world undone,  
And freely with that blessed one  
Thou givest all.
- 5 Thou giv'st the Spirit's holy dower,  
Spirit of life, and love, and power,  
And dost His sevenfold graces shower  
Upon us all.
- 6 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,  
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,  
What can to Thee, O Lord, be given,  
Who givest all?
- 7 We lose what on ourselves we spend,  
We have, as treasure without end,  
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,  
Who givest all.
- 8 Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,  
Repaid a thousand-fold will be;  
Then gladly will we give to Thee  
Who givest all.
- 9 To Thee, from whom we all derive  
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;  
Oh, may we ever with Thee live,  
Who givest all!

C. Wordsworth, 1872

## ST. GABRIEL 8, 8, 8, 4

(Second Tune)

F. A. G. Ouseley, 1868

1. O LORD of heaven and earth and sea, To Thee all praise and glo - ry be;

How shall we show our love to Thee, Who giv - est all? A - men.

713

CAMBRIDGE S. M.

## Almsgiving

R. Harrison, 1784

1. We give Thee but Thine own, What-e'er the gift may be; All  
that we have is Thine a-lone, A trust, O Lord, from Thee. A-men.

2 May we Thy bounties thus (Or to Vigil, No. 519)

As stewards true receive,  
And gladly, as Thou blestest us,  
To Thee our first-fruits give.

3 Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,  
And homes are bare and cold,  
And lambs for whom the shepherd bled,  
Are straying from the fold.

4 To comfort and to bless,  
To find a balm for woe,

To tend the lone and fatherless  
Is angels' work below.

5 The captive to release,  
To God the lost to bring,  
To teach the way of life and peace,  
It is a Christ-like thing.

6 And we believe Thy word,  
Though dim our faith may be;  
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,  
We do it unto Thee.

W. W. How, 1858

714

ST. PIRAN 7s, 5s.

E. J. Hopkins (1818—)

1. THINE are all the gifts, O God, Thine the brok-en bread;  
Let the nak-ed feet be shod, And the starv-ing fed. A-men.

2 Let Thy children, by Thy grace,  
Give as they abound,  
Till the poor have breathing-space,  
And the lost are found.

3 Wiser than the miser's hoards  
Is the giver's choice;

Sweeter than the song of birds  
Is the thankful voice.

4 Welcome smiles on faces sad  
As the flowers of spring;  
Let the tender hearts be glad  
With the joy they bring.

715

MAINZER L. M.

## Almsgiving

J. Mainzer, c. 1845

1. WHEN Je - sus dwelt in mor - tal clay, What were His works from day to day  
But mir - a - cles of pow'r and grace, That spread sal - va - tion thro' our race? A - men.

(Or to Hebron, No. 131)

2 Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view  
Thy pattern, and Thy steps pursue;  
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,  
Be witnessed by each rolling sun.  
3 That man may breathe, but never lives,  
Who much receives but nothing gives,

Whom none can love, whom none can thank,  
Creation's blot, creation's blank.

4 But he who marks from day to day,  
In generous acts his radiant way,  
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,  
The path to glory and to God.

T. Gibbons, 1784

(Or to Holy Trinity, No. 82)

716

ALEXANDRIA C. M.

W. Arnold, 1791

1. LORD, lead the way our Sav - iour went, By lane and cell ob - scure,  
And let love's treasures still be spent, Like His, up - on the poor. A - men.

2 Like Him thro' scenes of deep distress,  
Who bore the world's sad weight,  
We, in their crowded loneliness,  
Would seek the desolate.  
3 For Thou hast placed us side by side,  
In this wide world of ill,

And, that Thy followers may be tried,  
The poor are with us still.

4 Mean are all offerings we can make,  
But Thou hast taught us, Lord,  
If given for the Saviour's sake,  
They lose not their reward.

# Almsgiving

717 CHARITAS 8s, 7s. 8l.

J. B. Dykes, 1874

1. LORD of glo - ry, Thou hast bought us With Thy life-blood as the price,

Nev - er grudg - ing for the lost ones That tre - men - dous sac - ri - fice,

And with that hast free - ly giv - en Bless - ings count - less as the sand,

To th' unthankful and the e - vil With Thine own un - spar - ing hand. A - men.

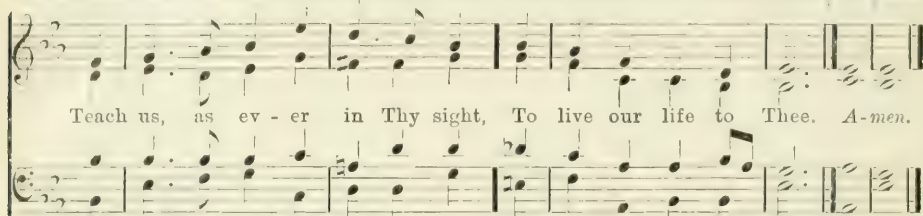
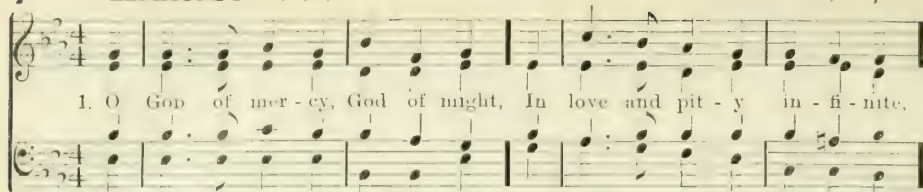
2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield Thee,  
Gladly, freely of Thine own;  
With the sunshine of Thy goodness  
Melt our thankless hearts of stone;  
Till our cold and selfish natures,  
Warmed by Thee, at length believe  
That more happy and more blessed  
'Tis to give than to receive.

3 Wondrous honor hast Thou given  
To our humblest charity,  
In Thine own mysterious sentence,  
"Ye have done it unto Me."

Can it be, O gracious Master,  
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,  
Saying, by Thy poor and needy,  
"Give as I have given to you?"

4 Lord of glory, who hast bought us  
With Thy life-blood as the price,  
Never grudging for the lost ones  
That tremendous sacrifice,  
Give us faith, to trust Thee boldly,  
Hope, to stay our souls on Thee:  
But oh! best of all Thy graces,  
Give us Thine own charity.





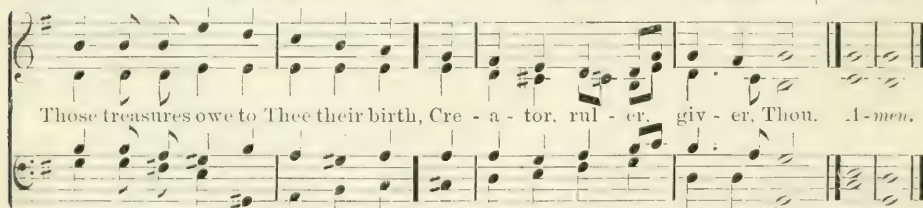
- 2 And Thou who cam'st on earth to die,  
That fallen man might live thereby,  
O hear us, for to Thee we cry,  
In hope, O Lord, to Thee.
- 3 Teach us the lesson Thou hast taught,  
To feel for those Thy blood hath bought;  
That every word, and deed, and thought  
May work a work for Thee.
- 4 For all are brethren, far and wide  
Since Thou, O Lord, for all hast died:
- Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,  
To love them all in Thee.
- 5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,  
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;  
May we, where help is needed, there  
Give help as unto Thee.
- 6 And may Thy Holy Spirit move  
All those who live, to live in love,  
Till Thou shalt greet in heaven above  
All those who give to Thee.

## 719

KEBLE (Streatham) L. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

G. Thring, 1879



- 2 The wealth of earth, of sky, of sea,  
The gold, the silver, sparkling gem,  
The waving corn, the bending tree,  
Are Thine; to us Thou lendest them.
- 3 To Thee, as early morning's dew,  
Our praises, alms, and prayer shall rise;  
As rose, when joyous earth was new,  
Faith's patriarchal sacrifice.
- 4 We, Lord, would lay, at Thy behest,  
The costliest offerings on Thy shrine;  
But when we give, and give our best,  
We only give Thee that is Thine.
- 5 O Father, whence all blessings come,  
O Son, dispenser of God's store,  
O Spirit, bear our offerings home,  
Lord, make them Thine for evermore.

1. O Thou great Teach-er from the skies, Who lived and died for men;  
Teach us with Thee to sym-pa-thize, And be as Thou wast then. A-men.

2 It was the glory of Thy heart,  
Whate'er Thou hadst to give;  
For others' sufferings to impart,  
For others' good to live.

3 Be Thou in us a living soul;  
Be Thou our spirit's power;

Its secret thought, its life's control,  
To guide it every hour.

4 We need like Thee a spirit true,  
A just and generous mind,  
Which seeks, in all it has to do,  
The good of all mankind.

T. C. Upham, 1872

1. FOUNT-AIN of good, to own Thy love Our thank-ful hearts in-cline;  
What can we ren-der, Lord, to Thee, When all the worlds are Thine? A-men.

2 But Thou hast needy brethren here,  
Partakers of Thy grace,  
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess  
Before the Father's face.

3 In each sad accent of distress  
Thy pleading voice is heard;  
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,  
And visited, and cheered.

4 Help us then, Lord, Thy yoke to wear,  
And joy to do Thy will;

Each other's burdens gladly bear,  
And love's sweet law fulfil.

5 Thy face with reverence and with love  
We in Thy poor would see;  
And while we minister to them,  
Would do it as to Thee.

6 Do Thou, O Lord, our alms accept,  
And with Thy blessing speed;  
Bless us in giving; greatly bless  
Our gifts to them that need.

P. Doddridge, 1755 E. Osler, 1836

1. RES-cue the per-ish-ing, care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from  
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, lift up the fall-en.

*Refrain.*  
Tell them of Je-sus the might-y to save. Res-cue the per-ish-ing,  
care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save. A-men.

2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting;

Waiting the penitent child to receive:

Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently

He will forgive if they only believe.

Rescue the perishing, etc.

3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter

Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;

Touched by a loving hand, awakened by kindness,

Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

Rescue the perishing, etc.

4 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;

Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide:

Back to the narrow way patiently win them;

Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

Rescue the perishing, etc.

# Temperance

723 DAY OF REST 7s, 6s. 8l.

J. W. Elliott (1833—)

1. O THOU be - fore whose pres - ence Nought e - vil may come in,

Yet who dost look in mer - cy Down on this world of sin;

O give us no - ble pur - pose To set the sin - bound free,

*Unison.* And Christ-like ten - der pit - y *Harmony.* To seek the lost for Thee. A - men.

*Man.* *Ped.*

- 2 Fierce is our subtle foeman:  
The forces at his hand  
With woes that none can number  
Despoil the pleasant land;  
All they who war against them,  
In strife so keen and long,  
Must in their Saviour's armor  
Be stronger than the strong.
- 3 So hast Thou wrought among us  
The great things that we see:  
For things that are we thank Thee,  
And for the things to be.

- For bright hope is uplifting  
Faint hands and feeble knees,  
To strive beneath Thy blessing  
For greater things than these.
- 4 Lead on, O love and mercy,  
O purity and power,  
Lead on till peace eternal  
Shall close this battle-hour:  
Till all who prayed and struggled  
To set their brethren free,  
In triumph meet to praise Thee,  
Most Holy Trinity.



# Temperance

724 HEAVENLY DOVE L. M.

T. W. Staniforth

1 WHEN, doomed to death, th'a - pos - tle lay At night in

He - rod's dun - geon cell, A light shone round him

like the day, And from his limbs the fet - ters fell. A - men.

(Or to Kent, No. 749)

2 A messenger from God was there,  
To break his chain and bid him rise;  
And lo! the saint, as free as air,  
Walked forth beneath the open skies.

4 O God of love and mercy, deign  
To look on those with pitying eye  
Who struggle with that fatal chain,  
And send them succor from on high!

3 Chains yet more strong and cruel bind  
The victims of that deadly thirst  
Which drowns the soul, and from the mind  
Blots the bright image stamped at first.

5 Send down, in its resistless might,  
Thy gracious Spirit, we implore,  
And lead the captive forth to light,  
A rescued soul, a slave no more!

W. C. Bryant, 1878

725 LEIPSIC L. M.

J. H. Schein (1586—1630)

1. O LORD of hosts, whose glo - ry fills The bounds of the e - ter - nal hills,

## Laying a Corner-Stone



2 Grant that all we, who here to-day  
Rejoicing this foundation lay,  
May be in very deed Thine own,  
Built on the precious corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with Thy grace,  
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place;  
The beauty of the oak and pine,  
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

4 To Thee they all belong, to Thee  
The treasures of the earth and sea;

And when we bring them to Thy throne  
We but present Thee with Thine own.

5 The heads that guide endue with skill,  
The hands that work preserve from ill,  
That we, who these foundations lay,  
May raise the topstone in its day.

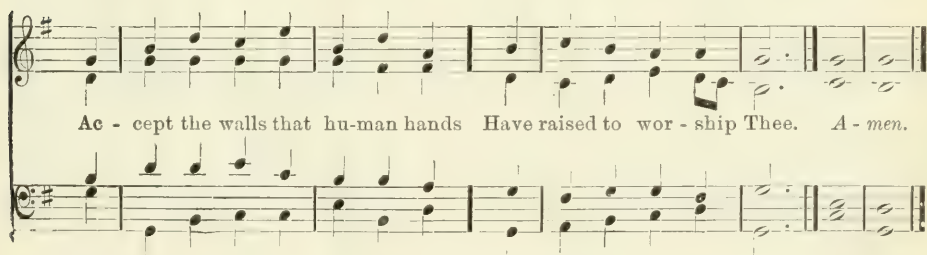
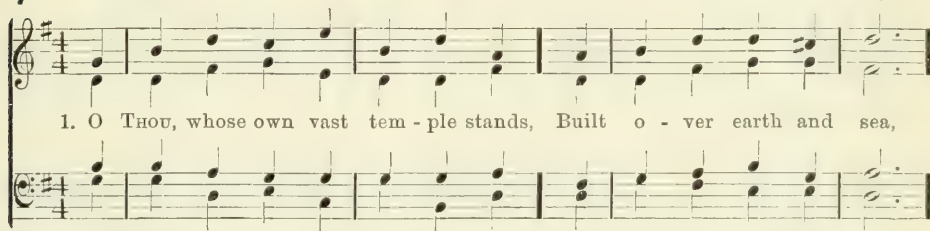
6 But now and ever, Lord, protect  
The temple of Thine own elect;  
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,  
O ever-blessèd Trinity!

J. M. Neale, 1844

## Dedication of a Church

726 YORK C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615



2 Lord, from Thine inmost glory send,  
Within these walls t'abide,  
The peace that dwelleth without end  
Serenely by Thy side.

3 May erring minds, that worship here,  
Be taught the better way;

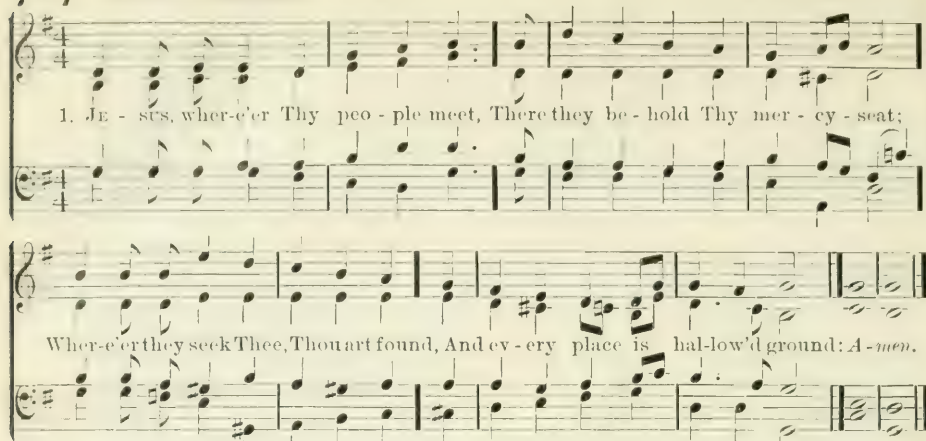
And they who mourn, and they who fear,  
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,  
And pure devotion rise,  
While, round these hallowed walls, the storm  
Of earth-born passion dies.

# Dedication of a Church

727 KEBLE (Streatham) L. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1875



1. Je - sus, wher-e'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold Thy mer - cy - seat;  
Wher-e'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev - every place is hal-low'd ground: A - men.

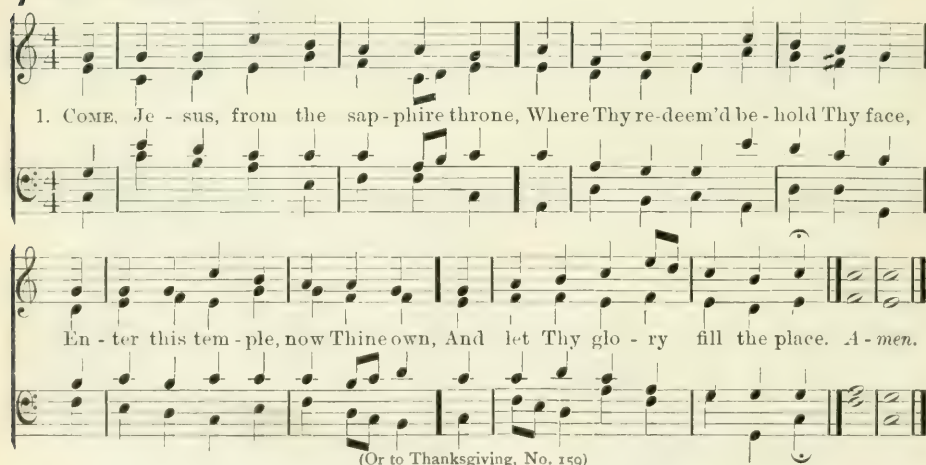
2 For Thou, within no walls confined,  
Inhabitest the humble mind;  
Such ever bring Thee where they come,  
And, going, take Thee to their home.  
3 Yet everywhere Thou guid'st Thine own  
To raise for Thee an earthly throne:  
And where Thy Name Thou dost record,  
There Thou wilt come and bless them, Lord.  
4 Dear shepherd of Thy chosen few,  
Thy former mercies here renew;

Here to our waiting hearts proclaim  
The sweetness of Thy saving name.  
5 Here may we prove the power of prayer  
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,  
To teach our faint desires to rise,  
And bring all heaven before our eyes.  
6 Behold, at Thy commanding word,  
We stretch the curtain and the cord:  
Come, with Thy glory fill the place,  
And bless us with a large increase.

W. Cowper, 1769. Ab.

728 MAINZER L. M.

J. Mainzer, c. 1845



1. COME, Je - sus, from the sap-phire throne, Where Thy re-deem'd be - hold Thy face,  
En - ter this tem - ple, now Thine own, And let Thy glo - ry fill the place. A - men.

(Or to Thanksgiving, No. 159)

2 We praise Thee that to-day we see  
Its sacred walls before Thee stand;  
'Tis Thine for us, 't is ours for Thee,  
Reared by Thy kind assisting hand.

3 Oft as returns the day of rest,  
Let heartfelt worship here ascend;  
With Thine own joy fill every breast,  
With Thine own power Thy word attend.

# Laying a Corner=Stone

- 4 Here, in the dark and sorrowing day,  
 Bid Thou the throbbing heart be still;  
 Oh, wipe the mourner's tears away,  
 And give new strength to meet Thy will.
- Be our communion ever sweet,  
 With Thee, and with Thy Church above.
- 6 Come, faithful Shepherd, feed Thy sheep;  
 In Thine own arms the lambs enfold;  
 Give help to climb the heavenward steep,  
 Till Thy full glory we behold.

R. Palmer, 1775. *Ab.*

729 HAREWOOD 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

S. S. Wesley, 1868

1. CHRIST is our cor - ner - stone, On Him a - lone we build:

With His true saints a - lone The courts of heav'n are filled; On His great

love our hopes we place, Of pres - ent grace and joys a - bove. A - men.

2 Oh, then with hymns of praise  
 These hallowed courts shall ring;  
 Our voices we will raise,  
 The Three in One to sing;  
 And thus proclaim in joyful song  
 Both loud and long, that glorious name.

3 Here, gracious God, do Thou  
 For evermore draw nigh;  
 Accept each faithful vow,

And mark each suppliant sigh;  
 In copious shower, on all who pray,  
 Each holy day, Thy blessing pour.

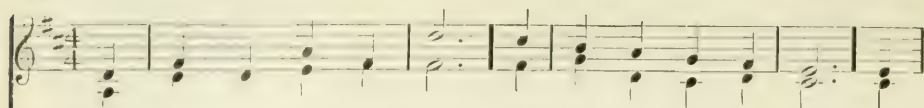
4 Here may we gain from heaven  
 The grace which we implore,  
 And may that grace, once given,  
 Be with us evermore,  
 Until that day when all the blest  
 To endless rest are called away.



# Dedication of a Church

730 DARWALL 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

J. Darwall, 1770



1. In loud ex - alt - ed strains, The King of glo - ry praise: O'er



heav'n and earth He reigns, Thro' ev - er - last - ing days; But Zi - on, with



His pres - ence blest, Is His de - light, His chos - en rest. A - men.



2 O King of glory, come  
And with Thy favor crown  
This temple as Thy home,  
This people as Thy own;  
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show  
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Now let Thine ear attend  
Our supplicating cries;  
Now let our praise ascend,  
Accepted, to the skies;  
Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound  
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the listening throng  
Imbibe Thy truth and love;  
Here Christians join the song  
Of seraphim above;  
Till all who humbly seek Thy face  
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace.

B Francis, 1774


# Dedication of a Church

73I REGENT SQUARE 8s, 7s. 6l.


H. Smart, 1867



1. CHRIST is made the sure foun-da-tion, Christ the head and cor-ner-stone,



Chos-en of the Lord, and pre-cious, Bind-ing all the church in one;



Ho-ly Zi-on's help for ev-er, And her con-fi-dence a-lone. A-men.

(Or to Oriel, No. 779)

2 All that dedicated city,  
Dearly loved of God on high,  
In exultant jubilation  
Pours perpetual melody;  
God the One in Three adoring  
In glad hymns eternally.

3 To this temple, where we call Thee,  
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:  
With Thy wonted loving-kindness,  
Hear Thy people as they pray;  
And Thy fullest benediction  
Shed within its walls away.

4 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants  
What they ask of Thee to gain,  
What they gain from Thee for ever  
With the blessed to retain,  
And hereafter in Thy glory  
Evermore with Thee to reign.

Anon. (Latin, 6th or 7th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851

(This hymn is Part II. of "Blessed city, heavenly Salem," No. 779)

# The Year

732 SEASONS L. M.

I. J. Pleyel (1757—1831)

1. E - TER - NAL Source of ev - ery joy, Well may Thy praise our lips em - ploy, While  
in Thy tem - ple we ap - pear, Whose goodness crowns the circling year. A - men.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
Thy hand supports and guides the whole ;  
The sun is taught by Thee to rise,  
And darkness when to veil the skies.  
3 The flowery spring, at Thy command,  
Perfumes the air and paints the land ;  
The summer rays with vigor shine,  
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.  
4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours  
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;

And winters, softened by Thy care,  
No more a face of horror wear.  
5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,  
Demand successive songs of praise ;  
And be the grateful homage paid,  
With morning light and evening shade.  
6 Here in Thy house let incense rise,  
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes ;  
Till to those lofty heights we soar,  
Where days and years revolve no more.

P. Doddridge, 1740

733 ST. AUSTELL 7s.

A. H. Brown, 1865

1. FOR Thy mer - cy and Thy grace, Con - stant through an - oth - er year,  
Hear our song of thank - ful - ness; Je - sus, our Re - deem - er, hear. A - men.

2 Lo! our sins on Thee we cast,  
Thee, our perfect sacrifice ;  
And, forgetting all the past,  
Press towards our glorious prize.  
3 Dark the future; let Thy light  
Guide us, bright and morning star :

Fierce our foes, and hard the fight ;  
Arm us, Saviour, for the war.  
4 In our weakness and distress,  
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay ;  
In the pathless wilderness  
Be our true and living way.

# The Closing Year

- 5 Who of us death's awful road  
In the coming year shall tread?  
With Thy rod and staff, O God,  
Comfort Thou his dying bed.
- 6 Keep us faithful, keep us pure,  
Keep us evermore Thine own;

- Help, O help us to endure;  
Fit us for the promised crown.
- 7 So within Thy palace gate  
We shall praise, on golden strings,  
Thee the only Potentate,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings.

H. Downton, 1841

734 ST. SYLVESTER P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7 (8, 8, 8, 9) J. B. Dykes, 1862

*Slowly.*

1. DAYS and moments quickly fly - ing Speed us on-ward to the dead:

Oh, how soon shall we be ly - ing Each with-in his nar-row bed!

*mf* After 3rd and 6th verses.

*dim.*

Life pass-eth soon; Death draweth near: Keep us, good Lord, Till Thou ap - pear;

*cres.*

*dim.*

With Thee to live, With Thee to die, With Thee to reign Thro' e - ter - ni - ty. A-men.

- 2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,  
Rouse dead souls to hear Thy voice;  
Wake, oh, wake each idle dreamer  
Now to make th' eternal choice!
- 3 Mark we whither we are wending;  
Ponder how we soon must go  
To inherit bliss unending  
Or eternity of woe.
- 4 As a shadow life is fleeting;  
As a vapor so it flies:

- For the bygone years retreating,  
Pardon grant, and make us wise;
- 5 Wise that we our days may number,  
Strive and wrestle with our sin;  
Stay not in our work nor slumber  
Till Thy holy rest we win.
- 6 Soon before the Judge all-glorious  
We with all the dead shall stand;  
Saviour, over death victorious,  
Place us then on Thy right hand.



# The Closing Year

735 CHALVEY S. M. 81.

L. G. Hayne, 1868

1. A FEW more years shall roll, A few more sea - sons come,

And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with - in the tomb;

Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day; Oh,

wash me in Thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way. A - men.

(Or to Leominster, No. 809)

2 A few more suns shall set  
O'er these dark hills of time,  
And we shall be where suns are not,  
A far serener clime:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that blest day;  
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild rocky shore,  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that calm day;  
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

4 A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that bright day;  
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while  
And He shall come again,  
Who died that we might live, who lives  
That we with Him may reign:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that glad day;  
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

# The Closing Year

736

BENEVENTO 7s. 8l.

S. Webbe, 1792

1. WHILE with cease-less course the sun Hast - ed through the for - mer year,

Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er more to meet us here:

Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;

We a lit - tle lon - ger wait, But how lit - tle, none can know. A - men.

(Or to Tichfield, No. 620)

2 As the wingèd arrow flies  
Speedily the mark to find;  
As the lightning from the skies  
Darts, and leaves no trace behind;  
Swiftly thus our fleeting days  
Bear us down life's rapid stream;  
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise:  
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;  
Pardon of our sins renew;  
Teach us henceforth how to live  
With eternity in view:  
Bless Thy word to young and old;  
Fill us with a Saviour's love;  
And when life's short tale is told,  
May we dwell with Thee above.

# The New Year

737 GORDON 7s, 5s. 81.

J. Barnby (1838—1896)

1. FA - THER, let me ded - i - cate All this year to Thee,

In what - ev - er world - ly state Thou wilt have me be.

Not from sor - row, pain, or care, Free - dom dare I claim;

This a - lone shall be my prayer: Glo - ri - fy Thy name. A - men.

- 2 Can a child presume to choose  
Where or how to live?  
Can a Father's love refuse  
All the best to give?  
More Thou givest every day  
Than the best can claim,  
Nor withholdest aught that may  
Glorify Thy name.
- 3 If in mercy Thou wilt spare  
Joys that yet are mine;  
If on life, serene and fair,  
Brighter rays may shine,—

- Let my glad heart, while it sings,  
Thee in all proclaim,  
And, whate'er the future brings,  
Glorify Thy name.
- 4 If Thou callest to the cross,  
And its shadow come,  
Turning all my gain to loss,  
Shrouding heart and home,—  
Let me think how Thy dear Son  
To His glory came,  
And in deepest woe pray on;  
"Glorify Thy name."

# The New Year

738

ST. COLOMB

13, 13, 13, 14, or 7s, 6s. 8l. Irregular

W. S. Hoyte, 1889

1. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! Be this our joy - ous song;

As on the King's own high - way, We brave - ly march a - long.

From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! O word of stir - ring cheer,

As dawns the sol - emn brightness of An - oth - er glad New Year. A - men.

2 The fullness of His blessing  
Encompasseth our way;  
The fullness of His promises  
Crowns every bright'ning day;  
The fullness of His glory,  
Is beaming from above,  
While more and more we learn to know  
The fullness of His love.

3 And closer yet and closer  
The golden bonds shall be,  
Uniting all who love our Lord  
In pure sincerity;  
And wider yet and wider  
Shall the circling glory glow,  
As more and more are taught of God  
That mighty love to know.

4 Oh, let our adoration  
For all that He hath done,  
Peal out beyond the stars of God,  
While voice and life are one;  
And let our consecration  
Be real, and deep, and true:  
Oh, even now our hearts shall bow,  
And joyful vows renew.

5 Now onward, ever onward,  
From strength to strength we go,  
While grace for grace abundantly  
Shall from His fullness flow,  
To glory's full fruition,  
From glory's foretaste here,  
Until His very presence crown  
Our happiest New Year.



# The New Year

739 DEVA 6s. 5s. 8l. With Refrain

E. J. Hopkins, 1888

1. STAND-ING at the por-tal Of the opening year, Words of com-fort meet us,

Hush-ing ev-ry fear; Spok-en thro' the si-lence By our Fa-ther's voice,

*Refrain.*  
Ten-der, strong, and faithful, Mak-ing us re-joice. On-ward then, and fear not,

Chil-dren of the day! For His word shall nev-er, Nev-er pass a-way. A-men.

2 "I the Lord, am with thee,  
Be thou not afraid!  
I will keep and strengthen,  
Be thou not dismayed!  
Yea, I will uphold thee  
With my own right hand;  
Thou art called and chosen  
In My sight to stand."—*Ref.*

3 For the year before us,  
Oh, what rich supplies!  
For the poor and needy  
Living streams shall rise;

For the sad and sinful  
Shall His grace abound;  
For the faint and feeble  
Perfect strength be found.—*Ref.*

4 He will never fail us,  
He will not forsake;  
His eternal covenant  
He will never break!  
Resting on His promise,  
What have we to fear?  
God is all-sufficient  
For the coming year.—*Ref.*

# Thanksgiving

740 ST. ALBAN 6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain

Arr. fr. F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)  
by J. B. Dykes

1. EARTH be-low is teem-ing, Heaven is bright a-bove; Ev-ery brow is beam-ing

In the light of love; Ev-ery eye re-joic-es, Ev-ery thought is praise;

*Refrain.*

Hap-py hearts and voic-es Gladden nights and days. O Al-might-y giv-er!

Boun-ti-ful and free, As the joy in har-vest Joy we be-fore Thee. A-men.

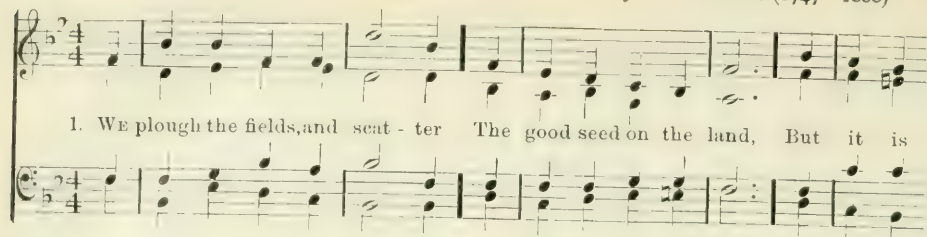
2 For the sun and showers,  
For the rain and dew,  
For the nurturing hours  
Spring and Summer knew;  
For the golden Autumn,  
And its precious stores,  
For the love that brought them  
Teeming to our doors.—*Ref.*

3 Earth's broad harvest whitens  
In a brighter sun  
Than the orb that lightens  
All we tread upon;  
Send out laborers, Father!  
Where fields ripening wave,  
All the nations gather,  
Gather in and save.—*Ref.*

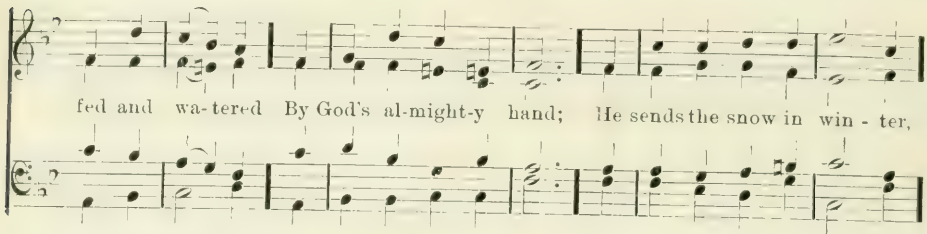
# Thanksgiving

74I DRESDEN 7s, 6s. 8l. With Refrain

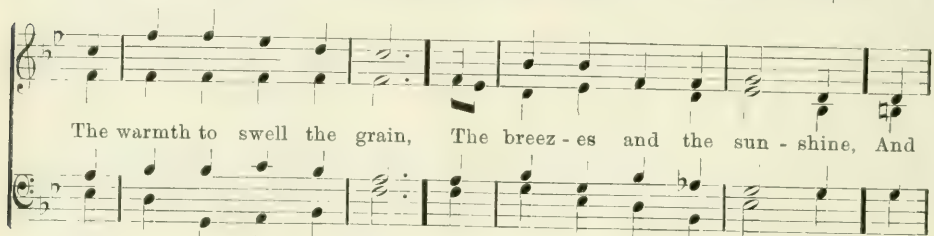
J. A. P. Schulz (1747—1800)



1. We plough the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land, But it is

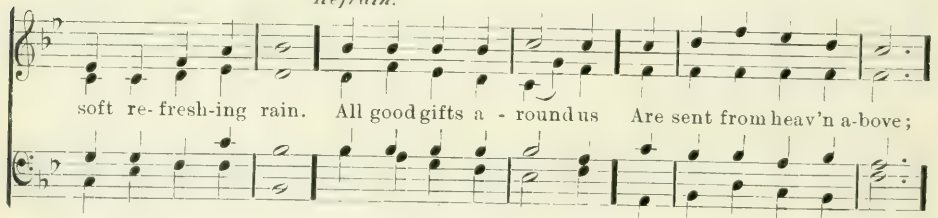


fed and wa - tered By God's al-might-y hand; He sends the snow in win - ter,

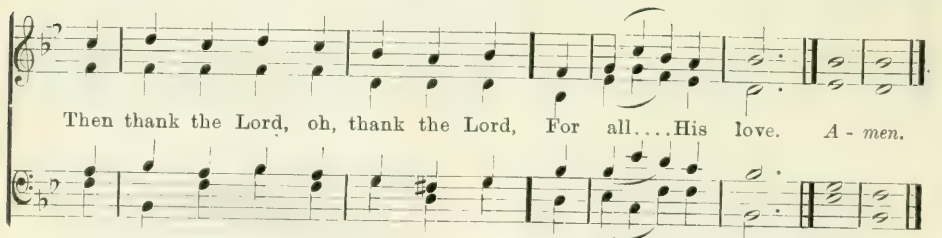


The warmth to swell the grain, The breez - es and the sun - shine, And

## Refrain.



soft re-fresh-ing rain. All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heav'n a-bove;



Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord, For all... His love. A - men.

2 He only is the Maker  
Of all things near and far;  
He paints the wayside flower,  
He lights the evening star;

The winds and waves obey Him,  
By Him the birds are fed;  
Much more to us, His children,  
He gives our daily bread.—*Ref.*

# Thanksgiving

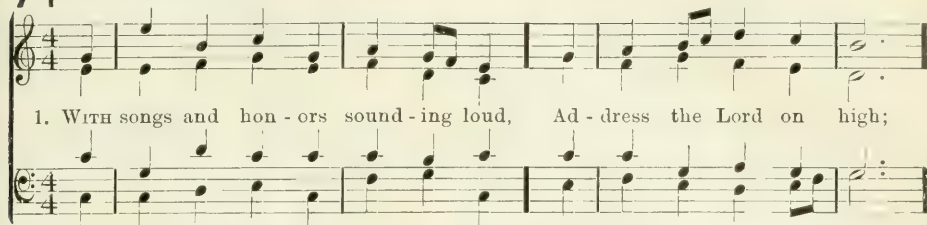
3 We thank Thee, then, O Father,  
For all things bright and good,  
The seed-time and the harvest,  
Our life, our health, our food;

Accept the gifts we offer,  
For all Thy love imparts,  
And, what Thou most desirest,  
Our humble, thankful hearts.—*Ref.*

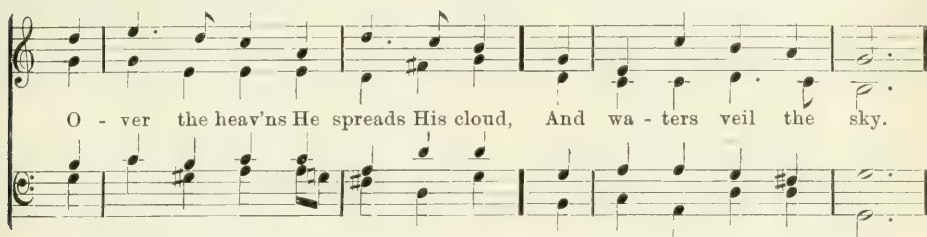
M. Claudius, 1782 Tr. Jane M. Campbell, 1861

742 SUNNINGHILL C. M. 81.

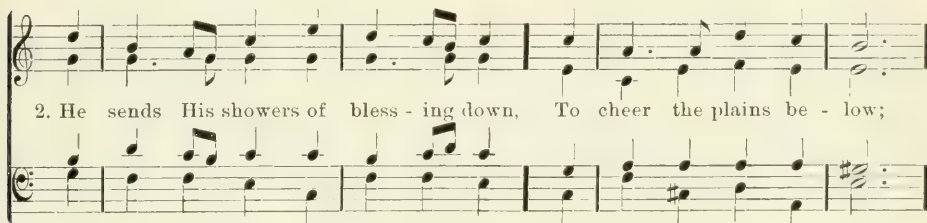
G. J. Elvey (1816—1893)




1. WITH songs and hon - ors sound - ing loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high;



O - ver the heav'ns He spreads His cloud, And wa - ters veil the sky.



2. He sends His showers of bless - ing down, To cheer the plains be - low;



He makes the grass the mountains crown, And corn in val - leys grow. A - men.

3 His steady counsels change the face  
Of the declining year;  
He bids the sun cut short his race,  
And wintry days appear.

5 He sends His word, and melts the snow;  
The fields no longer mourn;  
He calls the warmer gales to blow,  
And bids the spring return.

4 His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,  
Descend and clothe the ground;  
The liquid streams forbear to flow,  
In icy fetters bound.

6 The changing wind, the flying cloud,  
Obey His mighty word:  
With songs and honors sounding loud  
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.



# Thanksgiving

743 DIX 7s. 6l.

Arr. fr. C. Köcher (1786—1872)

1. PRAISE to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;  
Boun - teous source of ev - ry joy, Let Thy praise our tongues em - ploy;

All to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our bless-ings flow. A - men.

- 2 All the plenty summer pours;  
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores;  
Flocks that whiten all the plain;  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 3 Peace, prosperity, and health,  
Private bliss, and public wealth,  
Knowledge with its gladdening streams,
- Pure religion's holier beams:  
Lord, for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.
- 4 As Thy prospering hand hath blest,  
May we give Thee of our best;  
And by deeds of kindly love  
For Thy mercies grateful prove;  
Singing thus through all our days,  
Praise to God, immortal praise.

744 MONKLAND 7s.

Mrs. A. L. Barbauld, 1772 *Alt. & Ab.*

J. B. Wilkes, 1861

1. PRAISE, O praise our God and King! Hymns of ad - o - ra - tion sing;

For His mer-cies still en-dure, Ev - er faith-ful, ev - er sure. A - men.

- 2 Praise Him that He made the sun  
Day by day his course to run;  
And the silver moon by night,  
Shining with her gentle light.
- 3 Praise Him that He gave the rain  
To mature the swelling grain;  
And hath bid the fruitful field  
Crops of precious increase yield.
- 4 Praise Him for our harvest-store,  
He hath filled the garner-floor;  
And for richer food than this,  
Pledge of everlasting bliss.
- 5 Glory to our bounteous King;  
Glory let creation sing;  
Glory to the Father, Son,  
And blest Spirit, Three in One.

# Thanksgiving

745 GOLDEN SHEAVES 8s, 7s. 8l.

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1. To THEE, O Lord, our hearts we raise In hymns of ad-o-ra-tion,

To Thee bring sac-ri-fice of praise With shouts of ex-ult-a-tion:

Bright robes of gold the fields a-dorn, The hills with joy are ring-ing,

The val-leys stand so thick with corn That e-ven they are sing-ing. A-men.

2 And now on this our festal day,  
Thy bounteous hand confessing,  
Upon Thine altar, Lord, we lay  
The first-fruits of Thy blessing.  
By Thee the souls of men are fed  
With gifts of grace supernal,  
Thou who dost give us earthly bread,  
Give us the Bread eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,  
And often toil seems dreary;  
But labor ends with sunset ray,  
And rest comes for the weary.

May we, the angel-reaping o'er,  
Stand at the last accepted,  
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore  
To garner bright elected.

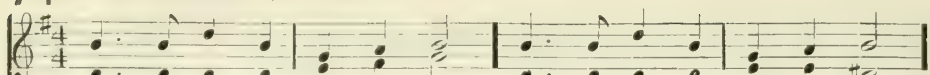
4 Oh, blessed is that land of God,  
Where saints abide for ever;  
Where golden fields spread fair and broad,  
Where flows the crystal river:  
The strains of all its holy throng  
With ours to-day are blending;  
Thrice blessed is that harvest-song  
Which never hath an ending.

# Thanksgiving

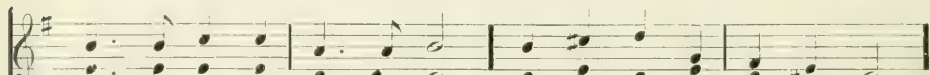
746

ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR 75. 81.

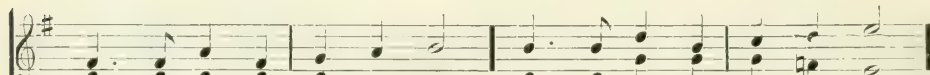
G. J. Elvey, 1858




1. COME, ye thank-ful peo-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-Home:



All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms be-gin;



God, our Mak-er, doth pro-vide For our wants to be sup-plied;



Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of Har-vest-Home. A-men.

2 All the world is God's own field,  
Fruit unto His praise to yield;  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown:  
First the blade, and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear:  
Lord of harvest, grant that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,  
And shall take His harvest home;  
From His field shall in that day  
All offences purge away;

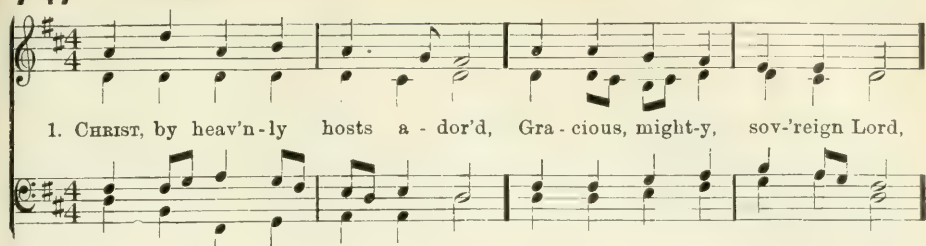
Give His angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast,  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In His Garner evermore.

4 Even so, Lord, quickly come,  
To Thy final Harvest-Home!  
Gather Thou Thy people in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin;  
There for ever purified,  
In Thy Presence to abide:  
Come, with all Thine angels, come,  
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home!

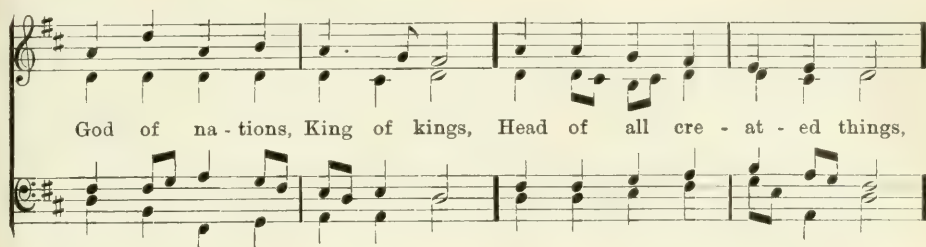
# Thanksgiving

747 SALZBURG 7s. 81.

J. Rosenmüller [?], 1652



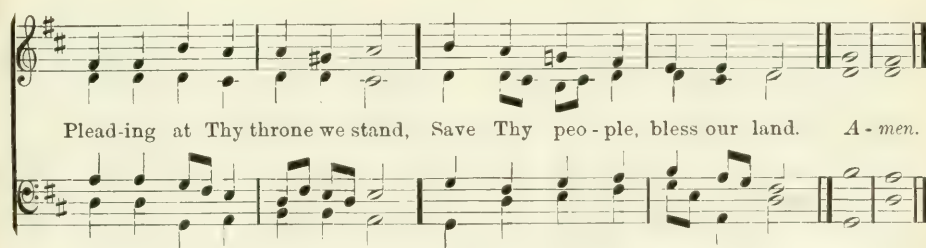
1. CHRIST, by heav'n-ly hosts a - dor'd, Gra - cious, might-y, sov'-reign Lord,



God of na - tions, King of kings, Head of all cre - at - ed things,



By the Church with joy con-fess'd, God o'er all for - ev - er blest;



Plead-ing at Thy throne we stand, Save Thy peo - ple, bless our land. A - men.

(Or to St. George's, Windsor, opposite Or to Culford, No. 683)

2 On our fields of grass and grain  
Send, O Lord, the kindly rain;  
O'er our wide and goodly land  
Crown the labors of each hand.  
Let Thy kind protection be  
O'er our commerce on the sea:  
Open, Lord, Thy bounteous hand,  
Bless Thy people, bless our land.

3 Let our rulers ever be  
Men that love and honor Thee;  
Let the powers by Thee ordained  
Be in righteousness maintained;  
In the people's hearts increase  
Love of piety and peace;  
Thus united we shall stand  
One wide, free, and happy land.



# Thanksgiving

748

DOMINUS REGIT ME 8s, 7s.

J. B. Dykes, 1868

1. We give Thee thanks, O God, this day, For mer-cies nev-er fail-ing;  
Thy love hath brought us on our way, For all our wants a-vail-ing. A-men.

2 No less that love hath met our need  
Than when the manna falling  
Did day by day Thy people feed,  
To love and praises calling.

3 The smitten rock poured forth of old  
Its crystal waters gleaming;  
And still the same glad tale is told,  
For us the floods are streaming.

4 The seasons come, the seasons go,  
But each shall find us singing;  
For each shall greet us, well we know,  
New favors from Thee bringing.

5 Thro' endless years Thou art the same,  
Thy mercy changes never;  
Then blessed be Thy mighty name  
Forever and forever.

R. M. Offord, 1895

749

KENT (Devonshire) L. M.

J. F. Lampe (1693—1751)

1. O God, be-neath Thy guid-ing hand, Our ex-iled fa-thers crossed the sea;  
And when they trod the wintry strand, With pray'r and psalm they worship'd Thee. A-men.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the  
prayer:

Thy blessing came; and still its power  
Shall onward, through all ages, bear  
The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God  
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;

And where their pilgrim feet have trod,  
The God they trusted guards their  
graves.

4 And here Thy name, O God of love,  
Their children's children shall adore,  
Till these eternal hills remove,  
And spring adorns the earth no more,

750 BEVAN 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

J. Goss (1800—1880)

1. To THEE our God we fly For mer - cy and for grace; Oh, hear our

low - ly cry, And hide not Thou Thy face. O Lord, stretch forth Thy

might - y hand, And guard and bless our Fa - ther - land. A - men.

2 Arise, O Lord of hosts,  
Be jealous for Thy name,  
And drive from out our coasts  
The sins that put to shame:  
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

3 Thy best gifts from on high  
In rich abundance pour,  
That we may magnify  
And praise Thee more and more:  
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

4 The powers ordained by Thee  
With heavenly wisdom bless;  
May they Thy servants be,  
And rule in righteousness:  
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

5 The Church of Thy dear Son  
Inflame with love's pure fire;  
Bind her once more in one,  
And life and truth inspire:  
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

6 The pastors of Thy fold  
With grace and power endue,  
That faithful, pure, and bold,  
They may be pastors true:  
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

7 Give peace, Lord, in our time;  
O let no foe draw nigh,  
Nor lawless deed of crime  
Insult Thy majesty:  
O Lord, stretch forth Thy mighty hand,  
And guard and bless our Fatherland.

# National

75I UNION 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

S. P. Warren, 1896

1. God bless our na - tive land! Firm may she ev - er stand, Thro' storm and night!

When the wild tem-pests rave, Rul - er of wind and wave, Do Thou our

country save By Thy great might. A-men.

2 For her our prayer shall rise  
To God, above the skies;  
On Him we wait;  
Thou who art ever nigh,  
Guarding with watchful eye,  
To Thee aloud we cry,  
God save the State!

C. T. Brooks, 1834 J. S. Dwight, 1844

(Or to America, below)

AMERICA 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

H. Carey, 1743

1. My country 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my

fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring. A-men.

**752** ULTOR 11, 10, 11, 9.

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1. God the all-mer-ci-ful! earth hath for-sak-en Thy ways of  
bless-ed-ness, slight-ed Thy word; Bid not Thy wrath in its  
ter-rors a-wak-en; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord. A-men.

- 2 God the all-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;  
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word,  
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;  
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
- 3 God the all-wise! by the fire of Thy chast'ning,  
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;  
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;  
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.
- 4 So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,  
Praise Him Who saved them from peril and sword,  
Shouting in chorus from ocean to ocean,  
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

H. F. Chorley, 1842 J. Ellerton, 1870

**753** (AMERICA) 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

- 1 My country! 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring!
- 2 My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble, free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills,  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song:  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing:  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King.

S. F. Smith, 1832



# National

754 THE OLD 137TH C. M. 81.

J. Daye, 1562

1. GREAT King of na - tions, hear our prayer, While at Thy feet we fall,

And hum - bly with u - nit - ed cry To Thee for mer - cy call;

The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine, O turn us not a - way;

But hear us from Thy loft - y throne, And help us when we pray. A - men.

MARLOW C. M.

(Second Tune)

J. Chetham, 1718

1. { GREAT King of na - tions, hear our prayer, While at Thy feet we fall,  
The guilt is ours, but grace is Thine, O turn us not a - way;

And hum - bly with u - nit - ed cry To Thee for mer - cy call; {  
But hear us from Thy loft - y throne, And help us when we pray. A - men.

# National

2 Our fathers' sins were manifold,  
And ours no less we own,  
Yet wondrously from age to age  
Thy goodness hath been shown;  
When dangers, like a stormy sea,  
Beset our country round,  
To Thee we looked, 'to Thee we cried,  
And help in Thee was found.

3 With one consent we meekly bow  
Beneath Thy chastening hand,  
And, pouring forth confession meet,  
Mourn with our mourning land;  
With pitying eye behold our need,  
As thus we lift our prayer;  
Correct us with Thy judgments, Lord,  
Then let Thy mercy spare.

J. H. Gurney, 1838

755

## NATIONAL HYMN 108.

G. W. Warren, 1892

*Voices alone.*

*ff* Trumpets, before each verse. 1. GOD of our fa - thers, Whose al-migh - ty hand

*With Organ.*

Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band Of shin - ing worlds in

*Stergando.*

splendor thro' the skies, Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise. A - men.

*ff*

2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,  
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;  
Be Thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,  
Thy word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.

3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,  
Be Thy strong arm our ever sure defence;  
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,  
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

4 Refresh Thy people on their toilsome way,  
Lead us from night to never-ending day;  
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,  
And glory, laud and praise be ever Thine.

# For Those at Sea

756

MELITA L. M. 61.

J. B. Dykes, 1861

1. E - TER - NAL Fa-ther! strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the rest-less wave,  
Who bid'st the might-y o - cean deep Its own ap-point-ed lim - its keep;  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee, For those in per - il on the sea. A-men.

2 O Saviour, whose almighty word,  
The winds and waves submissive heard,  
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,  
And calm amid its rage didst sleep;  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

3 O sacred Spirit, who didst brood  
Upon the chaos dark and rude,  
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,

And gavest light, and life, and peace;  
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea!

4 O Trinity of love and power!  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go,  
Thus ever let there rise to Thee  
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

W. Whiting, 1860

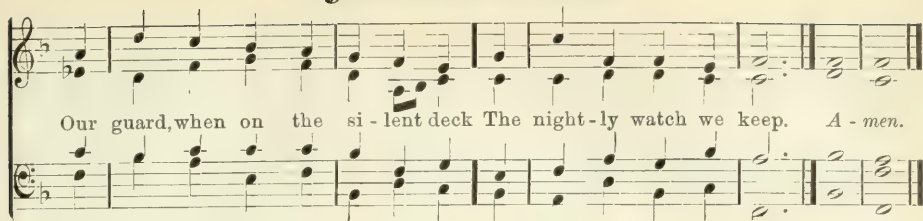
757

ALBANO C. M.

V. Novello, 1800

1. O LORD, be with us when we sail Up - on the lone - ly deep.

# For Those at Sea



- 2 We need not fear, though all around,  
 'Mid rising winds, we hear  
 The multitude of waters surge;  
 For Thou, O God, art near.
- 3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,  
 The ocean and the land,  
 All, all are Thine, and held within  
 The hollow of Thy hand.
- 4 As when on blue Gennesareth  
 Rose high the angry wave,
- And Thy disciples quailed in dread,  
 One word of Thine could save;
- 5 So when the fiercer storms arise  
 From man's unbridled will,  
 Be Thou, Lord, present in our hearts  
 To whisper, "Peace, be still."
- 6 Across this troubled tide of life  
 Thyself our pilot be,  
 Until we reach that better land,  
 The land that knows no sea.

E. A. Dayman, 1865

758

CARDIFF 12s.

Arthur Sullivan (1842—)

1. WHEN thro' the torn sail the wild tem-pest is streaming, When o'er the dark  
 wave the red light-ning is gleam-ing, Nor hope lends a ray the poor sea-man to  
 cher-ish, We fly to our Mak-er:—"Help, Lord, or we per-ish!" A-men.

- 2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,  
 Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,  
 Now, seated in glory, the mariner cherish,  
 Who cries in his anguish, "Help Lord, or we perish!"
- 3 And, oh, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,  
 When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,  
 Arise in Thy strength, Thy redeemed to cherish;  
 Rebuke the destroyer: "Help, Lord, or we perish!"



# Flower Festivals

759 SPRING 8s, 7s. 81

W. H. Walter (1825-1893)

1. All is bright and cheer - ful round us, All a - bove is soft and blue;

Spring at last hath come and found us; Spring and all its pleas-ures too:

Ev - 'ry flower is full of glad-ness, Dew is bright and buds are gay;

Earth, with all its sin and sad-ness, Seems a hap - py place to - day. A - men.

2 If the flowers that fade so quickly,  
If a day that ends in night,  
If the skies that clouds so thickly  
Often cover from our sight,—  
If they all have so much beauty,  
What must be God's land of rest,  
Where His sons that do their duty,  
After many toils are blest?

3 There are leaves that never wither;  
There are flowers that ne'er decay:  
Nothing evil goeth thither;  
Nothing good is kept away.  
They that came from tribulation,  
Washed their robes and made them  
Out of every tongue and nation, [white,  
Now have rest, and peace, and light.

J. M. Neale (1812-1866)

# Children's Services

760 BETHANY (Smart) 8s, 7s. 8l.

H. Smart, 1867

1. HEAVENLY Fa - ther, send Thy bless - ing On Thy chil - dren gath - ered here.

May they all, Thy name con - fess - ing, Be to Thee for - ev - er dear;

May they be like Jo - seph, lov - ing, Du - ti - ful, and chaste, and pure;

And their faith, like Da - vid, prov - ing, Steadfast un - to death en - dure. A - men.

2 Holy Saviour, who in meekness  
Didst vouchsafe a child to be,  
Guide their steps and help their weakness,  
Bless and make them like to Thee.  
Bear Thy lambs when they are weary  
In Thine arms and at Thy breast;  
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,  
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,  
Holy Spirit from above;  
Guide them, lead them, go before them,  
Give them peace, and joy, and love:  
Temples of Thy glorious Godhead,  
May they with Thy presence shine,  
And immortal bliss inherit,  
And for evermore be Thine.

C. Wordsworth, 1863

# Children's Services

761

HESLINGTON

8, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6

F. Peel, 1894

1. THERE'S a Friend for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky,  
A Friend who nev - er chang - es, Whose love will nev - er die;  
Our earth - ly friends may fail us, And change with chang - ing years;  
This Friend is al - ways wor - thy Of that dear name He bears. A - men.

2 There's a rest for little children

Above the bright blue sky,  
Who love the blessed Saviour,  
And to the Father cry;  
A rest from every turmoil,  
From sin and sorrow free,  
Where every little pilgrim  
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children

Above the bright blue sky,  
Where Jesus reigns in glory,  
A home of peace and joy;  
No home on earth is like it,  
Nor can with it compare;  
For every one is happy,  
Nor could be happier, there.

4 There's a crown for little children

Above the bright blue sky,  
And all who look for Jesus  
Shall wear it by and by;  
A crown of brightest glory,  
Which He will then bestow  
On those who found His favor  
And loved His name below.

5 There's a song for little children

Above the bright blue sky,  
A song that will not weary,  
Though sung continually;  
A song which even angels  
Can never, never sing;  
They know not Christ as Saviour,  
But worship Him as King.

# Children's Services

762 CHILDREN'S VOICES P. M.

E. J. Hopkins (1818—)

1. A - BOVE the clear blue sky, In Heav - en's bright a - bode,

The an - gel - host on high Sing prais - es to their God.

Al - - - le - lu - ia, They love to sing To

God their King; Al - le - lu - - - ia..... A - men.

2 But God from infant tongues  
On earth receiveth praise,  
We then our cheerful songs  
In sweet accord will raise.

Alleluia,  
We too will sing  
To God our King;  
Alleluia.

3 O blessèd Lord, Thy truth  
To us Thy babes impart,  
And teach us in our youth  
To know Thee as Thou art.

Alleluia,  
Then shall we sing  
To God our King;  
Alleluia.

4 O may Thy holy word  
Spread all the world around:  
And all with one accord  
Uplift the joyful sound.

Alleluia,  
All then shall sing  
To God their King;  
Alleluia.



# Children's Services

763 ST. CONSTANTINE, No. 2 6s, 5s.

W. H. Monk (1823—1889)

1. JE - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high, Pity-ing, lov-ing

*4th line of last verse only.*  
Sav - iour, Hear Thy chil - dren's cry. Hear Thy chil - dren's cry. A - men.

2 Pardon our offences,  
Loose our captive chains,  
Break down every idol  
Which our soul detains.

3 Give us holy freedom,  
Fill our hearts with love;  
Draw us, holy Jesus,  
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,  
Be Thyself the way  
Through terrestrial darkness  
To celestial day.

5 Jesus, meek and gentle,  
Son of God most high,  
Pitying, loving Saviour,  
Hear Thy children's cry.

(Or to Caswall, No. 268)

G. R. Prynne, 1856

764 BROCKLESBURY 8s, 7s.

C. A. Barnard (1830—1869)

1. JE - sus, ten - der Shep-herd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;

Through the dark-ness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till morn-ing light. A - men.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,  
And I thank Thee for Thy care;  
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed  
Listen to my evening prayer! [me;

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;  
Bless the friends I love so well:  
Take us all at last to heaven,  
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

# Children's Services

765 UNITY 8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4

S. P. Warren, 1886

*With spirit.*

1. COME, let us all u - nite and sing, "God is love." Let

heav'n and earth their prais - es bring: "God.... is love," Let

ev - ery soul from sin a - wake, Each in his heart sweet mu - sic make,

And sweet - ly sing for Je - sus' sake, "God.... is love." A - men.

2 O tell to earth's remotest bound  
"God is love!"

In Christ is full redemption found:  
God is love,  
His blood can cleanse our sins away;  
His Spirit turns our night to day,  
And leads our soul with joy to say,  
"God is love."

3 What though our heart and flesh should  
God is love, [fail:  
Through Christ we shall o'er death pre-  
God is love. [vail:

In Jordan's swell we need not fear,  
For Jesus will be with us there  
Our souls above the waves to bear:  
God is love.

4 In heaven we shall sing again,  
"God is love,"  
Yes, this shall be our noblest strain,  
"God is love."

While endless ages roll along,  
In concert with the heav'nly throng,  
This still shall be our sweetest song,  
"God is love."

# Children's Services

766

AMBLESIDE 6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain

A. Lowe, 1876

1. JE - sus, King of Glo - ry, Thron'd a - bove the sky, Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour,

Hear Thy children cry. Par - don our trans - gres - sions, Cleanse us from our sin;

By Thy Spir - it help us Heav'n - ly life to win. Je - sus, King of Glo - ry,

Thron'd a - bove the sky, Je - sus, tender Sav - iour, Hear Thy children cry. A - men.

2 On this day of gladness,  
Bending low the knee  
In Thine earthly temple,  
Lord, we worship Thee;  
Celebrate Thy goodness,  
Mercy, grace, and truth,  
All Thy loving guidance  
Of our heedless youth.—*Ref.*

3 For the little children,  
Who have come to Thee;  
For the glad, bright spirits  
Who Thy glory see;  
For the loved ones resting  
In Thy dear embrace;  
For the pure and holy  
Who behold Thy face,—*Ref.*

4 For Thy faithful servants  
Who have entered in;  
For Thy fearless soldiers  
Who have conquered sin;  
For the countless legions  
Who have followed Thee,  
Heedless of the danger,  
On to victory;—*Ref.*

5 When the shadows lengthen,  
Show us, Lord, Thy way;  
Through the darkness lead us  
To the heavenly day.  
When our course is finished,  
Ended all the strife,  
Grant us with the faithful,  
Palms and crowns of life.—*Ref.*

# Children's Services

767

SAMUEL 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

Arthur Sullivan, 1874

1. HUSHED was the eve-ning hymn, The tem-ple courts were dark; The

lamp was burn-ing dim Be-fore the sa-cred ark; When sud-den-

ly a voice di-vine Rang thro' the si-lence of the shrine. A-men.

2 The old man, meek and mild,  
The priest of Israel, slept;  
His watch the temple-child,  
The little Levite, kept;  
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,  
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 Oh! give me Samuel's ear,  
The open ear, O Lord,  
Alive and quick to hear  
Each whisper of Thy word,  
Like him to answer at Thy call,  
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 Oh! give me Samuel's heart,  
A lowly heart that waits,  
Where in Thy house Thou art,  
Or watches at Thy gates  
By day and night, a heart that still  
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 Oh! give me Samuel's mind,  
A sweet un murmuring faith,  
Obedient and resigned  
To Thee in life and death,  
That I may read with childlike eyes  
Truths that are hidden from the wise.



# Children's Services (Processional)

768 ST. ALBAN 6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain

Fr. F. J. Haydn (1732—1809)

Arr. J. B. Dykes

1. BRIGHTLY gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing on Christ's soldiers To their home on high.

Marching thro' the desert, Glad-ly thus we pray, Still with hearts u-nit-ed Sing-ing on our way.

*Refrain.*

Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving on Christ's soldiers To their home on high. Amen.

VEXILLUM 6s, 5s. 8l.

(Second Tune)

H. Smart, 1874

1. BRIGHT-LY gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing on Christ's soldiers

To their home on high. Marching thro' the des-ert, Glad-ly thus we pray,

*crec.*

*f Refrain.*

Still with hearts u-nit-ed Sing-ing on our way. Brightly gleams our banner,

Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing on Christ's soldiers To their home on high. Amen.

# Children's Services

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,  
At Thy sacred feet,  
Here with hearts rejoicing  
See Thy children meet:  
Often have we left Thee,  
Often gone astray;  
Keep us, mighty Saviour,  
In the narrow way.—*Ref.*

3 All our days direct us  
In the way we go,  
Lead us on victorious  
Over every foe:

Bid Thine angels shield us  
When the storm-clouds lower,  
Pardon, Lord, and save us  
In the last dread hour.—*Ref.*

4 Then with saints and angels  
May we join above,  
Offering prayers and praises  
At Thy throne of love;  
When the toil is over,  
Then come rest and peace,  
Jesus in His beauty,  
Songs that never cease.—*Ref.*

T. J. Potter, 1860 *Ab.*

(Third Tune)

ST. THERESA 6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain

Arthur Sullivan (1842—)

1. BRIGHT-ly gleams our ban-ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing on Christ's

sol-diers To their home on high. Marching thro' the des-ert, Glad-ly thus we pray,

Still with hearts u-nit-ed Sing-ing on our way. Bright-ly gleams our ban-ner,

Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing on Christ's soldiers To their home on high. A-men.

# Children's Services

769 ETON COLLEGE 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

J. Barnby, 1885



1. God Al-might-y, in Thy tem-ple Low be-fore Thy throne we bow;



From Thy dwell-ing-place in glo-ry Hear our sup-pli-ca-tions now,



While we of-fer Ear-nest pray'r and sol-emn vow. A-men.



2 Christ our Saviour, Thou who carest  
For the youngest of Thy fold,  
Give us now Thy heavenly blessing,  
As Thou didst in days of old;  
Priceless treasure,  
Richer far than gems or gold.

3 God the Holy Ghost, be near us;  
Ever dwell our hearts within:  
Keep them pure, and brave, and earnest,  
Give us grace to conquer sin,  
And, through Jesus,  
Heaven's eternal crown to win.

4 Holy Trinity, defend us  
In a world with evil rife;  
Let Thine angel-guards surround us  
In each sore and bitter strife:  
O preserve us  
Unto everlasting life!

R. H. Baynes, 1880

# Children's Services

770 JESU, BONE PASTOR 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7

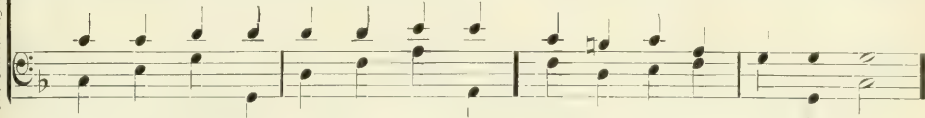
J. H. Wilcox (1827—1875)



1. SAV-IOUR, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - der care;



In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us; For our use Thy folds pre-pare:



Bless-ed Je - sus! Bless-ed Je - sus! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. A-men.



2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,  
Be the guardian of our way;  
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,  
Seek us when we go astray:  
Blessèd Jesus,  
Hear the children, when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
Poor and sinful though we be;  
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:  
Blessèd Jesus,  
Early let us turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor;  
Early let us do Thy will;  
Blessèd Lord and only Saviour,  
With Thy love our bosoms fill:  
Blessèd Jesus,  
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Anon. c. 1836



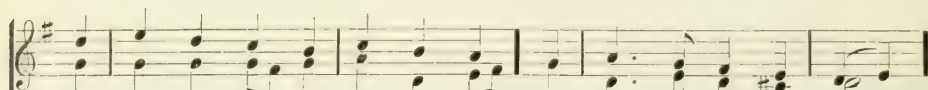
# Children's Services

771 CHILDREN'S PRAISES C. M. With Refrain

H. E. Matthews, 1854



1. A - ROUND the throne of God in heaven Thou - sands of chil - dren stand,



Chil - dren whose sins are all for - given, A ho - ly, hap - py band,



Sing - ing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high." A - men.

- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white  
See every one arrayed;  
Dwelling in everlasting light  
And joys that never fade,  
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."
- 3 What brought them to that world above,  
That heaven so bright and fair,  
Where all is peace, and joy, and love;  
How came those children there,  
Singing, "Glory be to God on high?"
- 4 Because the Saviour shed His blood  
To wash away their sin;  
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,  
Behold them white and clean,  
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."
- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,  
On earth they loved His name;  
So now they see His blessèd face,  
And stand before the Lamb,  
Singing, "Glory be to God on high."

# Children's Services (Nativity)

772 HOLY NIGHT P. M.

J. Barnby, 1868

1. Ho-ly night! peaceful night! Through the darkness beams a light, Ho-ly night!

peace-ful night! Through the dark-ness beams a light, Through the dark-ness

beams a light, Yon-der, where they sweet vig-ils keep O'er the Babe who, in

*Rallentando.*  
si-lent sleep, Rests in heav-en-ly peace, Rests in heav-en-ly peace. A-men.

2 Silent night! holiest night!  
Darkness flies, and all is light!  
Shepherds hear the angels sing:  
"Alleluia! hail the King!  
Jesus the Saviour is here!"

3 Holiest night! peaceful night!  
Child of heaven, oh, how bright  
Thou didst smile when Thou wast born;  
Blessèd was that happy morn,  
Full of heavenly joy.

4 Silent night! holiest night!  
Guiding Star, O lend thy light!  
See the eastern wise men bring  
Gifts and homage to our King!  
Jesus the Saviour is here!

5 Silent night! holiest night!  
Wondrous Star, O lend thy light!  
With the angels let us sing  
Alleluia to our King!  
Jesus our Saviour is here!

# Children's Services

773 SWEET STORY 11, 8, 11, 9 Irregular

English

1. I . . . THINK when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When

Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as

lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then. A - men.

- 2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,  
That His arm had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,  
"Let the little ones come unto Me."
- 3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,  
And ask for a share of His love;  
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,  
I shall see Him and hear Him above,
- 4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare  
For all who are washed and forgiven:  
And many dear children shall be with Him there,  
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
- 5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,  
Never heard of that heavenly home,  
I wish they could know there is room for them all,  
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

Jemima Luke, 1841

# Children's Services

774 EDGBASTON C. M.

A. R. Gaul, 1870

1. DEAR Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing Thou must be,  
To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard A lit - tle child like me. A - men.

- 2 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,  
With pressure light and mild,  
To cheek me as my mother did,  
When I was but a child:  
3 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,  
Rebuking sin for me;  
And when my heart loves God, I know  
The sweetness is from Thee.

- 4 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,  
Morning and night to prayer,  
Something there is within my heart  
Which tells me Thou art there.  
5 Yes, when I pray, Thou prayest too:  
Thy prayer is all for me;  
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,  
But watchest patiently.

F. W. Faber, 1849

775 HARDACRE 7s.

G. A. Hardacre, 1867

1. LORD, this day Thy chil - dren meet In Thy courts with will - ing feet;  
Un - to Thee this day they raise Grate - ful hearts in hymns of praise. A - men.

- 2 Not alone the day of rest  
With Thy worship shall be blest:  
In our pleasure and our glee,  
Lord, we would remember Thee.  
3 Help us unto Thee to pray,  
Hallowing our happy day;  
From Thy presence thus to win  
Hearts all pure, and free from sin.

- 4 All our pleasures here below,  
Saviour, from Thy mercy flow:  
But if earth has joys like this,  
What shall be our heavenly bliss!  
5 Make, O Lord, our childhood shine  
With all lowly grace, like Thine:  
Then through all eternity  
We shall live in heaven with Thee.



# Eternal Life

776

ROSEATE HUES C. M. 81.

J. Barnby, c. 1894

1. THE ro - seate hues of ear - ly dawn, The brightness of the day,

The crim - son of the sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way:

Oh, for the pearl - y gates of heaven! Oh, for the gold - en floor!

Oh, for the Sun of righteousness That set - teth nev - er - more! A - men.

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,  
How fast they tire and faint;  
How many a spot defiles the robe  
That wraps an earthly saint:  
Oh, for a heart that never sins,  
Oh, for a soul washed white,  
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,  
Nor weary day or night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,  
And grace to lead us higher;  
But there are perfectness and peace,  
Beyond our best desire:  
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord!  
Oh by Thy life laid down!  
Oh, that we fall not from Thy grace,  
Nor cast away our crown!

# Eternal Life

CASTLE RISING C. M. 81. (Second Tune)

F. A. J. Hervey, 1867

1. THE ro-seate hues of ear-ly dawn, The brightness of the day, The crimson of the sun-set sky, How fast they fade a-way: Oh, for the pearl-y gates of heaven! Oh, for the gold-en floor! Oh, for the Sun of rightousness That set-teth nev-er-more! A-men.

PETERSHAM, No. 2 C. M. 81. (Third Tune)

C. W. Poole (1828—)

1. THE ro-seate hues of ear-ly dawn, The brightness of the day, The crimson of the sun-set sky, How fast they fade a-way: Oh, for the pearl-y gates of heaven! Oh, for the gold-en floor! Oh, for the Sun of right-eous-ness That set-teth nev-er-more! A-men.

# Eternal Life

777 PARADISE, No. 1 8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6

J. Barnby, 1866

1. O PAR - A - DISE, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest;

Where loy al hearts and true,  
Where loy - - - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,

All rap - ture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight? A-men.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
The world is growing old;  
Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
'Tis weary waiting here;  
I long to be where Jesus is,  
To feel, to see Him near;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
I want to sin no more,  
I want to be as pure on earth

As on Thy spotless shore;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
I greatly long to see  
The special place my dearest Lord  
Is destining for me;  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

6 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,  
Oh, keep me in Thy love,  
And guide me to that happy land  
Of perfect rest above,  
Where loyal hearts, etc.

# Eternal Life

PARADISE, No. 2 8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6 (Second Tune)

H. Smart, 1868

1. O PAR - A - DISE, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest; Where loyal hearts and true, Stand ev - er in the light, All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight? A - men.

PARADISE, No. 3 8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6 (Third Tune)

J. B. Dykes, 1868

1. O PAR - A - DISE, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest; Where loyal hearts and true, Stand ev - er in the light, All rap - ture, thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight? A - men.



# Eternal Life

778

ALLELUIA, DULCE CARMEN 8s, 7s. 6l.

E. J. Hopkins, 1872



1. AL - LE - LU - IA, song of sweet-ness, Voice of joy that can - not die;



Al - le - lu - ia is the an - them Ev - er dear to choirs on high;



In the house of God a - bid - ing Thus they sing e - ter - nal - ly. *A-men.*



2 Alleluia thou resoundest,  
True Jerusalem and free;  
Alleluia, joyful mother,  
All thy children sing with thee;  
But by Babylon's sad waters  
Mourning exiles now are we.

3 Alleluia cannot always  
Be our song while here below;  
Alleluia our transgressions  
Make us for a while forego;  
For the solemn time is coming  
When our tears for sin must flow.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,  
Grant us, blessèd Trinity,  
At the last to see Thy glory  
In our home beyond the sky;  
There to Thee forever singing  
Alleluia joyfully.

Anon. (Latin, 11th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851 H. A. & M., 1875.

# Eternal Life

779 ORIEL 8s, 7s. 6l.

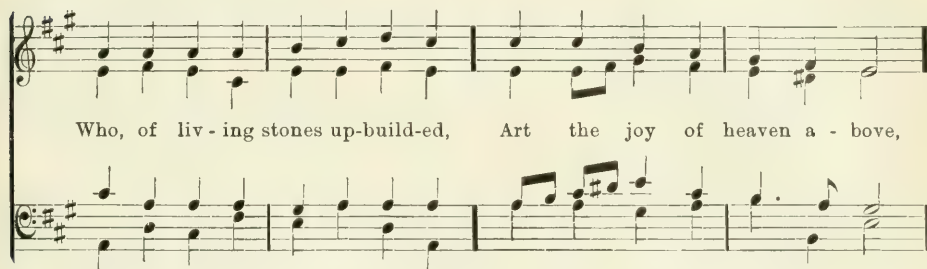
Arr. fr. J. M. Haydn, 1775



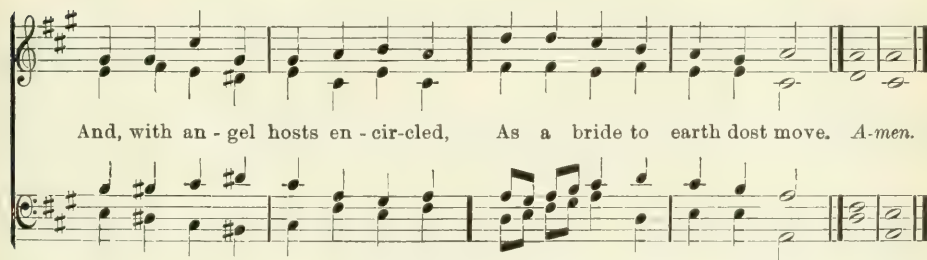
1. BLESS-ED cit - y, heav'n-ly Sa - lem, Vis - ion dear of peace and love,



Who, of liv - ing stones up-build-ed, Art the joy of heaven a - bove,



And, with an - gel hosts en - cir-cled, As a bride to earth dost move. A-men.



(Or to Regent Square, No. 731)

2 From celestial realms descending,  
Bridal glory round thee shed,  
Meet for Him whose love espoused thee,  
To thy Lord shalt thou be led;  
All thy streets, and all thy bulwarks  
Of pure gold are fashionèd.

4 Many a blow and biting sculpture  
Polished well those stones elect,  
In their places now compacted  
By the heavenly architect,  
Who therewith hath willed for ever  
That His palace should be decked.

3 Bright thy gates of pearl are shining,  
They are open evermore;  
And by virtue of His merits  
Thither faithful souls may soar.  
Who for Christ's dear name, in this world  
Pain and tribulation bore.

5 Laud and honor to the Father,  
Laud and honor to the Son,  
Laud and honor to the Spirit,  
Ever Three, and ever One,  
Consubstantial, co-eternal,  
While unending ages run.

Anon. (Latin, c. 6th or 7th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851

(Part II. of this hymn is "Christ is made the sure foundation," No. 731)

# Eternal Life

780 SANCTUARY 8s, 7s. 81.

J. B. Dykes, 1871

1. HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spok-en; "O my peo-ple, faint and few.

Com-fort-less, af-flict-ed, brok-en, Fair a-bodes I build for you;

Thorns of heart-felt trib-u-la-tion Shall no more per-plex your ways;

You shall name your walls Sal-va-tion, And your gates shall all be Praise. A-men.

(Or to Moultrie, No. 12)

2 "There, like streams that feed the garden,  
Pleasures without end shall flow;  
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,  
All His bounty shall bestow:  
Still in undisturbed possession,  
Peace and righteousness shall reign;  
Never shall you feel oppression,  
Hear the voice of war again.

3 "Ye no more your suns descending,  
Waning moons no more, shall see:  
But, your griefs forever ending,  
Find eternal noon in Me:  
God shall rise, and shining o'er you,  
Change to day the gloom of night;  
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,  
God, your everlasting light."

W. Cowper, 1779

# Eternal Life

78I KITTREDGE 8s, 7s. 8l.

J. Barnby, 1869

1. HARK! the sound of ho - ly voic - es, Chant-ing at the crys - tal sea,

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Lord, to Thee;

Mul - ti - tude which none can num - ber, Like the stars in glo - ry stands,

Clothed in white ap - par - el, hold-ing Palms of vic - t'ry in their hands. A - men.

(Or to Sanctuary, opposite Or to Moultrie, No. 12)

2 Patriarch, and holy prophet,  
Who prepared the way for Christ,  
King, apostle, saint, confessor,  
Martyr and evangelist;  
Saintly maiden, godly matron,  
Widows who have watched to prayer,  
Joined in holy concert, singing  
To the Lord of all, are there.

3 Marching with Thy cross, their banner,  
They have triumphed, following  
Thee, the Captain of salvation,  
Thee, their Saviour and their King.

Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffered;  
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;  
And by death to life immortal  
They were born and glorified.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,  
Now they walk in golden light,  
Now they drink, as from a river,  
Holy bliss and infinite:  
Love and peace they taste for ever,  
And all truth and knowledge see  
In the beatific vision  
Of the blessed Trinity.



# Eternal Life

782

WOBURN C. M.

W. Wheall (16 —1745)

1. How BRIGHT these glo-rious spir-its shine: Whence all their white ar-ray?

How came they to the bliss-ful seats Of ev-er-last-ing day? A-men.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 2 Lo, these are they from sufferings great,<br>Who came to realms of light,<br>And in the blood of Christ have washed<br>Those robes which shine so bright. | 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,<br>Nor suns with scorching ray;<br>God is their Sun, whose cheering beams<br>Diffuse eternal day.             |
| 3 Now with triumphal palms they stand<br>Before the throne on high,<br>And serve the God they love, amidst<br>The glories of the sky.                       | 6 The Lamb which dwells amidst the throne<br>Shall o'er them still preside;<br>Feed them with nourishment divine,<br>And all their footsteps guide. |
| 4 His presence fills each heart with joy<br>Tunes every mouth to sing;<br>By day, by night, the sacred courts<br>With glad Hosannas ring.                   | 7 'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock<br>Where living streams appear;<br>And God the Lord from every eye<br>Shall wipe off every tear.        |

I. Watts, 1709 Scottish Draft Trs. & Paraphs., 1745  
W. Cameron, 1781

CANAAN C. M.

(Second Tune)

A. S. Baker (1868—1896)

1. How BRIGHT these glo-rious spir-its shine: Whence all their white ar-ray?

How came they to the bliss-ful seats Of ev-er-last-ing day? A-men.

# Eternal Life

783 ALFORD 7, 6, 8, 6 81.

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. TEN thou - sand times ten thou - sand In spark - ling rai - ment bright,

The ar - mies of the ran - somed saints Throng up the steep - s of light:

'Tis fin - ished! all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin:...

Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in. A - men.

- 2 What rush of alleluias  
 Fills all the earth and sky!  
 What ringing of a thousand harps  
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh!  
 Oh, day, for which creation  
 And all its tribes were made;  
 Oh, joy, for all its former woes  
 A thousand-fold repaid!
- 3 Oh, then what raptured greetings  
 On Canaan's happy shore;  
 What knitting severed friendships up,  
 Where partings are no more!

- Then eyes with joy shall sparkle  
 That brimmed with tears of late;  
 Orphans no longer fatherless,  
 Nor widows desolate.
- 4 Bring near Thy great salvation,  
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain;  
 Fill up the roll of Thine elect,  
 Then take Thy power, and reign:  
 Appear, Desire of nations,  
 Thine exiles long for home:  
 Show in the heav'ns Thy promised sign;  
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

# Eternal Life

784 SYDENHAM S. M. 81.

E. A. Sydenham, 1889

D.C.

1. "FOR - EV - ER with the Lord!" A - men! so let it be! Life from the dead is

FINE. 4th verse only. (optional.)

in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty! A - men. Here, in the bod - y pent.

D.C. Org.

Ab - sent from Him I roam. Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent A day's march near - er home.

2 My Father's house on high,  
Home of my soul, how near  
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,  
Thy golden gates appear!  
Ah! then my spirit faints  
To reach the land I love,  
The bright inheritance of saints,  
Jerusalem above!

3 "Forever with the Lord!"  
Father, if 'tis Thy will,  
The promise of that faithful word  
E'en here to me fulfil.

Be Thou at my right hand,  
Then can I never fail;  
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand;  
Fight, and I must prevail.

4 So when my latest breath  
Shall rend the vail in twain,  
By death I shall escape from death,  
And life eternal gain.  
Knowing as I am known,  
How shall I love that word,  
And oft repeat, before the throne,  
"Forever with the Lord!"

(Or to Schumann, No. 573)

J. Montgomery, 1835

NEARER HOME S. M. 81. (Second Tune)

I. B. Woodbury, 1852

1. "FOR - EV - ER with the Lord!" A - men! so let it be! Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty!

Here, in the bod - y pent. Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
Absent from Him I roam, A day's march nearer home. A - men.

# Eternal Life

785 WILLIAMS 6s, 5s. 81.

T. Morley, 1865

1. THOSE e - ter - nal bow - ers Man hath nev - er trod, Those un - fad - ing

flow - ers Round the throne of God: Who may hope to gain them Af - ter

wea - ry fight? Who at length at - tain them, Clad in robes of white? A - men.

2 He who wakes from slumber  
At the Spirit's voice,  
Daring here to number  
Things unseen his choice:  
He who casts his burden  
Down at Jesus' cross;  
Christ's reproach his guerdon,  
All beside but loss.

3 He who gladly barter  
All on earthly ground;  
He who, like the martyrs,  
Says, "I will be crowned:"  
He whose one oblation  
Is a life of love,  
Knit in God's salvation  
To the blest above.

4 Shame upon you, legions  
Of the heavenly King,  
Citizens of regions  
Past imagining!  
What, with pipe and tabor  
Dream away the light!  
When He bids you labor,  
When He tells you, "Fight"?

5 Jesus, Lord of glory,  
As we breast the tide,  
Whisper Thou the story  
Of the other side;  
Where the saints are casting  
Crowns before Thy feet,  
Safe for everlasting,  
In Thyself complete.

John of Damascus Tr. J. M. Neale, 1862



# Heaven

786

HORA NOVISSIMA 7s, 6s. 8l.

S. S. Wesley (1810—1876)

Part I. 1. THE world is ver - y e - vil, The times are wax - ing late:

Be so - ber and keep vig - il, The Judge is at the gate;—

The Judge that comes in mer - cy, The Judge that comes with might,

To ter - mi - nate the e - vil, To di - a - dem the right. A - men.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,  
Let right to wrong succeed;  
Let penitential sorrow  
To heavenly gladness lead;  
To the light that hath no evening,  
That knows nor moon nor sun,  
The light so new and golden,  
The light that is but one.

3 O home of fadeless splendor,  
Of flowers that fear no thorn,  
Where they shall dwell as children  
Who here as exiles mourn:  
Midst power that knows no limit,  
Where wisdom has no bound,  
The beatific vision  
Shall glad the saints around.

4 O happy, holy portion,  
Refecation for the blest,  
True vision of true beauty,  
Sweet cure of all distrest!  
Strive, man, to win that glory,  
Toil, man, to gain that light;  
Send hope before to grasp it,  
Till hope be lost in sight.

5 O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessed country  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest;  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest.

# Heaven

787

LUDLOW 7s, 6s. 8l.

S. P. Warren, 1896

Copyright, 1896, by The Century Co.

Part II. 1. BRIEF life is here our por - tion; Brief sor - row, short-lived care;  
The life that knows no end - ing, The tear - less life, is there.  
O hap - py ret - ri - bu - tion! Short toil, e - ter - nal rest;  
For mor - tals and for sin - ners A man - sion with the blest! A - men.

(Or to Munich No. 367)

2 And now we fight the battle,  
But then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown;  
And now we watch and struggle,  
And now we live in hope,  
And Zion in her anguish,  
With Babylon must cope;

3 But He, whom now we trust in,  
Shall then be seen and known;  
And they that know and see Him  
Shall have Him for their own.  
And there is David's fountain,  
And life in fullest glow;  
And there the light is golden,  
And milk and honey flow.

4 The morning shall awaken,  
And shadows shall decay,  
And each true-hearted servant  
Shall shine as doth the day;  
Yes! God my King and portion,  
In fullness of His grace,  
We then shall see for ever,  
And worship face to face.

5 O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessed country  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest;  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest.

# Heaven

788

CAROLINE (Chamouni) 7s, 6s. 81.

C. E. Kettle (1833-1895)

Part III. 1. For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep;

For ver - y love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep:

The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,

And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest. A - men.

(Or to Homeland, No. 861)

2 O one, O only mansion !

O Paradise of joy !

Where tears are ever banished,

And smiles have no alloy ;

With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,

Thy streets with emeralds blaze,

The sardius and the topaz

Unite in thee their rays ;

3 Thine ageless walls are bonded

With amethyst unpriced ;

The saints build up thy fabric,

And the Corner-stone is Christ.

The cross is all thy splendor,

The Crucified thy praise ;

His laud and benediction

Thy ransomed people raise.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !

Thou hast no time, bright day !

Dear Fountain of refreshment

To pilgrims far away !

Upon the Rock of Ages

They raise thy holy tower ;

Thine is the victor's laurel,

And thine the golden dower.

5 O sweet and blessèd country,

The home of God's elect !

O sweet and blessèd country

That eager hearts expect !

Jesus, in mercy bring us

To that dear land of rest ;

Who art, with God the Father,

And Spirit, ever blest.

# Heaven

EMMET TEMPLE 7s, 6s. 81. (Second Tune)

J. B. Lott, 1895

1. For thee, O dear, dear country, Mine eyes their vig-ils keep; For ver-y love, be -

hold-ing Thy happy name, they weep: The mention of thy glo - ry Is unc-tion

to the breast, And med-i-cine in sick-ness, And love, and life, and rest. A-men.

ST. ALPHEGE 7s, 6s. 81. (Third Tune)

H. J. Gauntlett, 1848

1. { For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vig - ils keep;  
The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,

For ver - y love, be - hold-ing Thy hap - py name, they weep: }  
And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest. } A - men.



# Heaven

789 EWING 7s, 6s. 81.

A. Ewing, 1853

Part IV. 1. JE - RU - SA - LEM the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest,

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest;

I know not, oh, I know not, What joys a - wait us there;

What ra - dian-cy of glo - ry! What bliss be-yond com-pare! A - men.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,  
All-jubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng;  
The Prince is ever in them;  
The daylight is serene;  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David,—  
And there, from care released,  
The song of them that triumph,  
The shout of them that feast;

And they, who with their Leader,  
Have conquered in the fight,  
For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect!  
Jesus, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest;  
Who art, with God the Father,  
And Spirit, ever blest.

# Heaven

(Second Tune)

URBS BEATA 7s, 6s. 8l. With Refrain

G. F. Le Jeune, 1887

1. JE - RU - SA-LEM the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Be -

neath thy con-tem-pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-prest; I know not, oh, I

know not, What joys a - wait us there; What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry!

## Refrain.

Je - ru - sa - lem, the

What bliss be-yond com-pare! Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey

gold - en, Be - neath

blest, Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest. A - men.

Org.

# heaven

790 PEARSALL 7s, 6s. 81.

St. Gall Katholisches Gesangbuch, 1863

Part V. 1. JE - RU - SA - LEM the glo - rious! The glo - ry of th'e - lect!

O dear and fu - ture vis - ion That ea - ger hearts ex - pect:

E'en now by faith I see thee: E'en here thy walls dis - cern:

To Thee my thoughts are kin - dled, And strive, and pant, and yearn. A - men.

2 Oh, none can tell thy bulwarks,  
How gloriously they rise:  
Oh, none can tell thy capitals  
Of beautiful device:  
Thy loveliness oppresses  
All human thought and heart:  
And none, O Peace, O Zion,  
Can sing thee as thou art.

3 Jerusalem, exulting  
On that securest shore,  
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,  
And love thee evermore!

O sweet and blessed country,  
Shall I ever see thy face?  
O sweet and blessed country,  
Shall I ever win thy grace?

4 I have the hope within me  
To comfort and to bless!  
Shall I ever win the prize itself?  
O tell me, tell me, yes!  
Exult, O dust and ashes!  
The Lord shall be thy part;  
His only, His forever,  
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

# Heaven

79I SOJOURNER 7s, 6s. 81.

R. DeWitt Mallery, 1894

1. A PIL-GRIM and a strang-er, I jour-ney here be-low;

Far dis-tant is my coun-try, The home to which I go.

Here I must toil and trav-el, Oft wea-ry and op-pressed,

But there my God shall lead me To ev-er-last-ing rest. A-men.

2 It is a well-worn pathway,—  
Many have gone before;  
The holy saints and prophets,  
The patriarchs of yore;  
They trod the toilsome journey  
In patience and in faith:  
And them I fain would follow,  
Like them in life and death.

3 So I must hasten forwards,—  
For soon the end will come.  
This land of my sojourning  
Is not my destined home;

That evermore abideth,  
Jerusalem above,  
The everlasting city,  
The land of light and love.

4 There still my thoughts are dwelling,  
'Tis there I long to be!  
Come, Lord, and call Thy servant  
To blessedness with Thee.  
Come, bid my toils be ended;  
Let all my wanderings cease,  
Call from the wayside lodging  
To the sweet home of peace.



# Heaven

792 IMMORTALITY 7s, 6s. 81.

W. F. Sherwin, 1878

1. THERE is a land im - mor - tal, The beau - ti - ful of lands;

Be - side its an - cient por - tal A si - lent sen - try stands;

He on - ly can un - do it, And o - pen wide the door;

And mor - tals who pass through it Are mor - tal nev - er - more. A - men.

2 Though dark and drear the passage  
That leadeth to the gate,  
Yet grace attends the message,  
To souls that watch and wait:  
And at the time appointed  
A messenger comes down,  
And guides the Lord's anointed  
From cross to glory's crown.

3 Their sighs are lost in singing,  
They're blessèd in their tears;  
Their journey heavenward winging,  
They leave on earth their fears:  
Death like an angel seemeth;  
"We welcome thee," they cry;  
Their face with glory beameth—  
'Tis life for them to die!

# Heaven

793 BONAR 8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7

Arr. fr. J. B. Calkin, 1867  
by S. P. Warren, 1896

1. UP - ward where the stars are burn - ing, Si - lent, si - lent  
in their turn - ing Round the nev - er chang - ing pole;  
Up - ward where the sky is bright - est, Up - ward where the  
blue is light - est, Lift I now my long - ing soul. A - men.

2 Far above that arch of gladness,  
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,  
Are the many mansions fair.  
Far from pain and sin and folly,  
In that palace of the holy,  
I would find my mansion there.

3 Where the glory brightly dwelleth,  
Where the new song sweetly swelleth,  
And the discord never comes;  
Where life's stream is ever laving,  
And the palm is ever waving,  
That must be the home of homes.

4 Where the Lamb on high is seated,  
By ten thousand voices greeted,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings.  
Son of Man, they crown, they crown Him,  
Son of God, they own, they own Him;  
With His name the palace rings.

5 Blessing, honor, without measure,  
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,  
Lay we at His blessed feet:  
Poor the praise that now we render,  
Loud shall be our voices yonder,  
When before His throne we meet.

# Heaven

794 SOUTHWELL C. M.

H. S. Irons, 1861

1. JE - RU - SA - LEM, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to me,

When shall my la - bors have an end In joy, and peace, and thee? A - men.

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built  
And pearly gates behold; [walls  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold?

3 O when, thou City of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend,  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know;

Blest seats, through rude and stormy  
I onward press to you. [scenes

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home,  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labors have an end  
When I thy joys shall see.

Anon. (ascribed to J. Montgomery), Eckington Coll., c. 1796  
(based on "F. B. P." in MSS. of 16th or 17th Cent.)

JERUSALEM C. M.

(Second Tune)

C. F. Roper, 1872

1. O MOTH-ER dear, Je - ru - sa - lem! When shall I come to thee?  
O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!

When shall my sor - rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?  
In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil. A - men.

# Heaven

795 MATERNA C. M. 81.

S. A. Ward, 1882

1. O MOTH-ER dear, Je - ru - sa-lem! When shall I come to thee?

When shall my sor-rows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?...

O hap - py har - bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleas - ant soil!...

In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care, no toil. A - men.

- 2 No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,  
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;  
But every soul shines as the sun;  
For God Himself gives light,  
O my sweet home, Jerusalem,  
Thy joys when shall I see?  
The King that sitteth on thy throne  
In His felicity?
- 3 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks  
Continually are green,  
Where grow such sweet and pleasant  
As nowhere else are seen. [flowers]

Right through thy streets, with silver  
The living waters flow, [sound,  
And on the banks, on either side,  
The trees of life do grow.

- 4 Those trees for evermore bear fruit,  
And evermore do spring:  
There evermore the angels are,  
And evermore do sing.  
Jerusalem, my happy home,  
Would God I were in thee!  
Would God my woes were at an end,  
Thy joys that I might see!

D. Dickson (1583-1663)

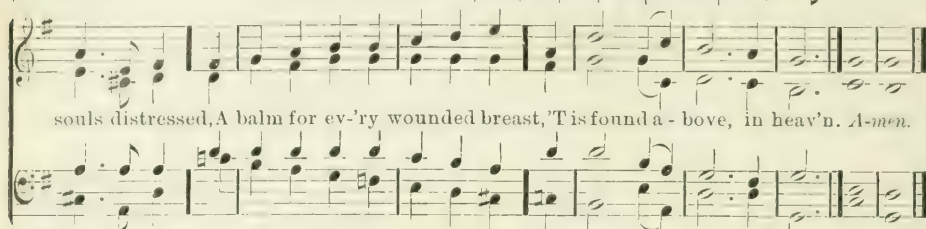
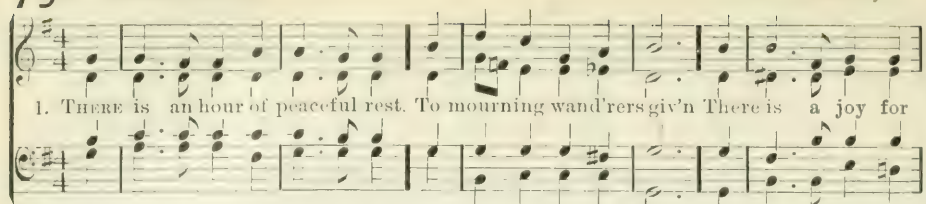
(Founded on "F. B. P." MSS., 16th or 17th Cent.)



# Heaven

796 NEWCASTLE 8, 6, 8, 8, 6

H. L. Morley



2 There is a home for weary souls  
By sin and sorrow driven;

The evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.

When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear but heaven.

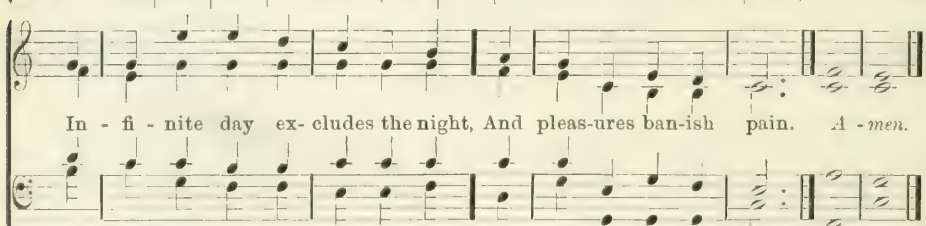
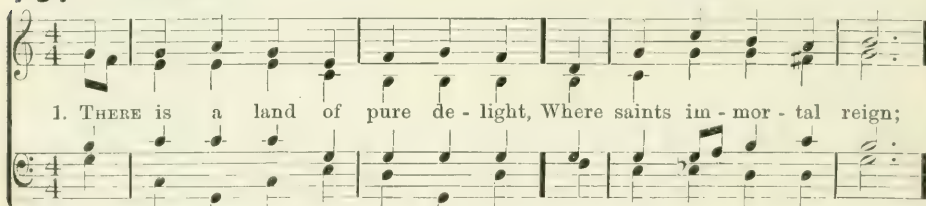
3 There, faith lifts up her cheerful eye,  
To brighter prospects given;  
And views the tempest passing by,

4 There, fragrant flowers, immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given;  
There, rays divine disperse the gloom:  
Beyond the confines of the tomb  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

W. B. Tappan, 1818

797 SHEPHERD C. M.

Arthur Sullivan (1842—)



2 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dressed in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan rolled between.

3 But timorous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea;  
And linger, trembling on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

4 O could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With faith's illumined eyes:

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.

# Heaven

798

FIFTH AVENUE 7, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6

P. Armes (1836—)

1. IN ex - ile here we wan - der, In heaven is our a - bode,— The

cit - y of the an - gels, *p* The cit - y of our God. *f* And

*Major.* here we toil, and strive, and fight, With sin and woe op - prest; There

God will give the sons of light E - ter - nal joy and rest. A - men.

2 Through many sore temptations,  
By many sorrows torn,  
We strive to win the glory;  
Our many falls we mourn.  
But faith holds out the vision bright  
Of our eternal home;  
And hope assures that realm of light,  
When we have overcome.

3 Jesus, our joy and gladness,  
To Thee for aid we flee;  
Give tears of true contrition;  
Our souls from guilt set free:—

And we shall rise in that great day  
In bodies like to Thine,  
And with Thy saints, in bright array,  
Shall in Thy glory shine.

4 There we, as children dwelling,  
Who here as exiles groan,  
God's praises shall be telling  
Before His glorious throne;  
There in our endless home shall rest  
From strife and sorrow free,  
And join the anthem of the blest  
For ever, Lord, to Thee.

# Heaven

799 ST. HELEN 8s, 7s 6l.

G. W. Martin, 1879

*Voices in Unison.*



1. LIGHT'S a - bode, ce - les - tial Sa - lem, Vis - ion whence true peace doth spring,



*Harmony.*



Bright - er than the heart can fan - cy, Man - sion of the high - est King;



Oh, how glo - rious are the prais - es Which of thee the proph - ets sing! A - men.



2 There forever and forever  
Alleluia is outpoured;  
For unending, for unbroken,  
Is the feast-day of the Lord;  
All is pure and all is holy  
That within thy walls is stored.

4 Oh, how glorious and resplendent,  
Fragile body, shalt thou be,  
When endued with so much beauty,  
Full of health, and strong, and free,  
Full of vigor, full of pleasure  
That shall last eternally!

3 There no cloud nor passing vapor  
Dims the brightness of the air;  
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,  
From the Sun of suns is there;  
There no night brings rest from labor,  
For unknown are toil and care.

5 Now with gladness, now with courage,  
Bear the burden on thee laid,  
That hereafter these thy labors  
May with endless gifts be paid,  
And in everlasting glory  
Thou with brightness be arrayed.

Anon. (Latin, 15th Cent.) Tr. J. M. Neale, 1858

1. Oh, what the joy and the glo - ry must be... Those end-less  
 Sab - baths the bless - ed ones see! Crown for the val - iant, to  
 wea - ry ones rest; God shall be all, and in all ev - er blest. A-men.


- 2 What are the Monarch, His court, and His throne?  
 What are the peace and the joy that they own?  
 Oh, that the blest ones, who in it have share,  
 All that they feel could as fully declare!
- 3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,  
 Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore;  
 Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,  
 Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.
- 4 There, where no troubles distraction can bring,  
 We the sweet anthems of Zion shall sing;  
 While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise  
 Thy blessed people eternally raise,
- 5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,  
 Those Sabbath-keepers have one evermore;  
 One and unending is that triumph-song  
 Which to the angels and us shall belong.
- 6 Now, in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,  
 We for that country must yearn and must sigh;  
 Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,  
 Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.
- 7 Low before Him with our praises we fall,  
 Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all;  
 Of Whom, the Father; and in Whom, the Son;  
 Through Whom, the Spirit, with Them ever One.




# The Burial of the Dead

801 REQUIEM 4s. 6s. 8s.

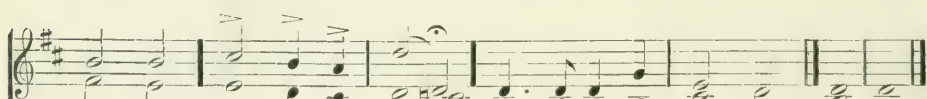
J. Barnby, 1869



1. SLEEP thy last sleep, Free from care and sor - row; Rest, where none weep,



Till th'e - ter - nal mor - row; Though dark waves roll O'er the si - lent



riv - er, Thy faint - ing soul Je - sus can de - liv - er. A - men.

2 Life's dream is past,  
All its sin and sadness;  
Brightly at last  
Dawns a day of gladness:  
Under the sod,  
Earth, receive our treasure,  
To rest in God,  
Waiting all His pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn  
Those in life the dearest,  
They shall return,  
Christ, when Thou appearest:  
Soon shall Thy voice  
Comfort those now weeping,  
Bidding rejoice  
All in Jesus sleeping.

# The Burial of the Dead

802 REPOSE L. M.

F. R. Statham (1844—)

1. A-SLEEP in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep;

A calm and un - dis-turbed re-pose, Un - brok-en by the last of foes. A-men.

(Or to St. Crispin, No. 411)

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet;  
With holy confidence to sing  
That death hath lost its venom'd sting.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me  
May such a blissful refuge be;  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
Waiting the summons from on high.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,  
Whose waking is supremely blest;  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour  
That manifests the Saviour's power.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee  
Thy kindred and their graves may be;  
But thine is still a blessed sleep,  
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Mrs. M. Mackay, 1832

REST L. M.

(Second Tune)

W. B. Bradbury, 1843, arr.

1. A-SLEEP in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep,

A calm and un - dis-turbed re-pose, Un-brok-en by the last of foes. A-men.

# The Burial of the Dead (For a Child)

803

ST. MILLICENT 7, 7, 4

Arthur Sullivan (1842—)

1. LET no tears to-day be shed; Ho-ly is this nar-row bed.

Al-le-lu-ia! A-men.

2 Not salvation hardly won,  
Not the meed of race well run:—  
Alleluia!

3 But the pity of the Lord  
Gives His child a full reward;  
Alleluia!

4 Grants the prize without the course;  
Crowns, without the battle's force.  
Alleluia!

5 God, who loveth innocence,  
Hastes to take His darling hence,  
Alleluia!

6 Christ, when this sad life is done,  
Join us to Thy little one.  
Alleluia!

7 And in Thine own tender love,  
Bring us to the ranks above.  
Alleluia!

Anon. *Paris Mssal*, 1764 Tr. R. F. Littledale, 1865

MEINHOLD 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

German

1. GEN-TLE Shep-herd, Thou hast stilled Now Thy lit-tle Lamb's brief weep-ing;

Ah, how peace-ful, pale, and mild, In its nar-row bed 'tis sleep-ing,

And no sigh of an-guish sore Heaves that lit-tle bo-som more. A-men.

# The Burial of the Dead

804 MOCCAS S. M.

A. R. Reinagle (1799—1877)

1. It is not death to die; To leave this wea - ry road, And

'midst the broth - er - hood on high To be at home with God. A - men.

2 It is not death to close  
The eye long dimmed by tears,  
And wake, in glorious repose  
To spend eternal years.

4 It is not death to fling  
Aside this sinful dust,  
And rise, on strong exulting wing,  
To live among the just.

3 It is not death to bear  
The wrench that sets us free  
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air  
Of boundless liberty.

5 Jesus, Thou Prince of life!  
Thy chosen cannot die;  
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,  
To reign with Thee on high.

H. A. C. Malan, 1832 Tr. G. W. Bethune, 1847

## For a Child

805 (MEINHOLD) 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7

1 GENTLE Shepherd, Thou hast stilled  
Now Thy little lamb's brief weeping;  
Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild,  
In its narrow bed 't is sleeping,  
And no sigh of anguish sore  
Heaves that little bosom more.

2 In this world of care and pain,  
Lord, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;  
To the sunny, heavenly plain  
Dost Thou now with joy receive it;  
Clothed in robes of spotless white,  
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we  
Where it lives may soon be living,  
And the lovely pastures see  
That its heavenly food are giving:  
Then the gain of death we prove  
Though Thou take what most we love.

J. W. Meinhold, 1835 Tr. C. Winkworth, 1858



# The Burial of the Dead

806 REQUIESCAT 7, 7, 7, 8, 8

J. B. Dykes, 1875

1. Now THE la - borer's task is o'er; Now the bat - tle - day is past;

Now up - on the far - ther shore Lands the voy - a - ger at last. Fa - ther,

*poco rall.*  
*dim.*  
in Thy gra - cious keep - ing Leave we now Thy ser - vant sleep - ing. A - men.

2 There the tears of earth are dried;  
There its hidden things are clear;  
There the work of life is tried  
By a juster Judge than here.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

3 There the sinful souls, that turn  
To the cross their dying eyes,  
All the love of Christ shall learn  
At His feet in Paradise.  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

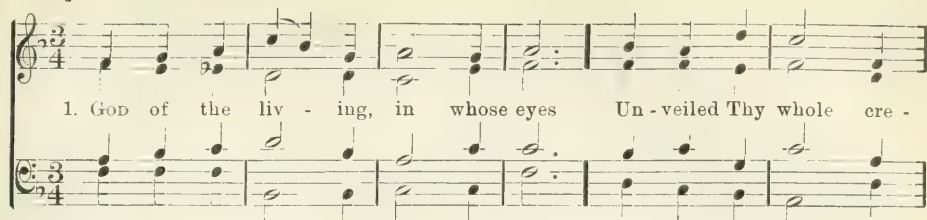
4 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust;"  
Calmly now the words we say;  
Left behind, we wait in trust  
For the Resurrection-day,  
Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.

J. Ellerton, 1871

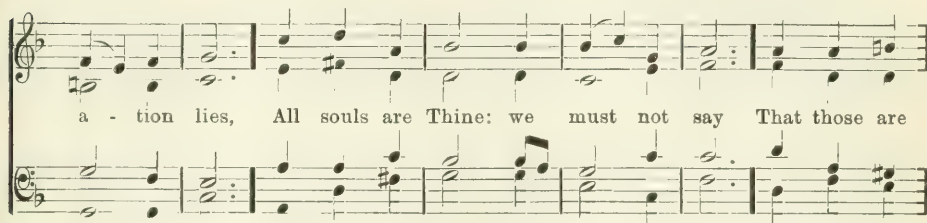
# The Burial of the Dead

807 PATER OMNIUM L. M. 61.

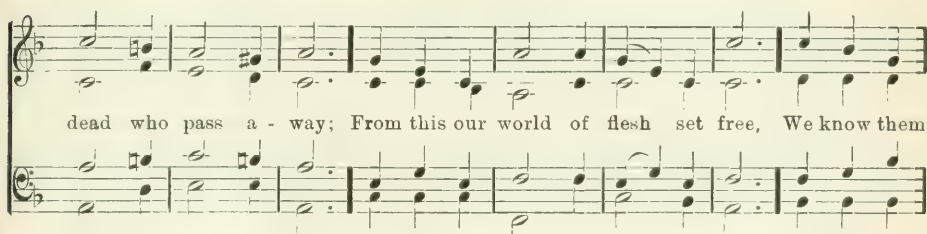
H. J. E. Holmes, 1875



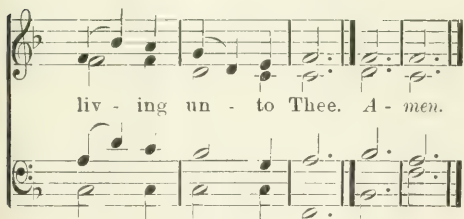
1. God of the liv - ing, in whose eyes Un - veiled Thy whole cre -



a - tion lies, All souls are Thine: we must not say That those are



dead who pass a - way; From this our world of flesh set free, We know them



liv - ing un - to Thee. A - men.

(Or to Adoro, No. 503)

2 Released from earthly toil and strife,  
With Thee is hidden still their life;  
Thine are their thoughts, their works,  
their powers,  
All Thine, and yet most truly ours;  
For well we know, where'er they be,  
Our dead are living unto Thee.

3 Not spilt like water on the ground,  
Not wrapp'd in dreamless sleep pro-  
found,

Not wandering in unknown despair  
Beyond Thy voice, Thine arm, Thy  
care;

Not left to lie like fallen tree:  
Not dead, but living unto Thee.

4 Thy word is true, Thy will is just;  
To Thee we leave them, Lord, in trust;  
And bless Thee for the love which gave  
Thy Son to fill a human grave,  
That none might fear that world to  
see,  
Where all are living unto Thee.

5 O Breather into man of breath,  
O Holder of the keys of death,  
O Giver of the life within,  
Save us from death, the death of sin;  
That body, soul, and spirit be  
Forever living unto Thee!

J. Ellerton, 1871

# The Burial of the Dead

808 RUTHERFORD 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 4

Chrétien D'Urhan, 1834  
Har. E. F. Rimbault, 1867

1. THE sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of Heav - en breaks,

The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.

Oh! dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land. A - men.

2 Oh, Christ, He is the fountain,  
The deep, sweet well of love!  
The streams of earth I've tasted;  
More deep I'll drink above.  
There to an ocean fullness  
His mercy doth expand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Emmanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment  
My web of time He wove,  
And aye the dews of sorrow  
Were lusted with His love:

I'll bless the hand that guided,  
I'll bless the heart that planned  
When throned where glory dwelleth  
In Emmanuel's land.

4 The bride eyes not her garment,  
But her dear bridegroom's face;  
I will not gaze at glory,  
But on my King of grace;  
Not at the crown He giveth,  
But on His pierced hand:  
The Lamb is all the glory  
Of Emmanuel's land.

# General

809 LEOMINSTER S. M. 81.

Anon. Har. Arth

810

*Slowly.*

1. ONE sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,— N

day, am I Than e'er I've been be - fore. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny

man - sions be; Near - er to - day the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea. A - men.

2 Nearer the bound of life  
Where burdens are laid down;  
Nearer to leave the heavy cross;  
Nearer to gain the crown.  
But, lying dark between,  
Winding down through the night,  
There rolls the silent, unknown stream  
That leads at last to light.

3 Ev'n now, perchance, my feet  
Are slipping on the brink,  
And I, to-day, am nearer home,—  
Nearer than now I think.  
Father, perfect my trust;  
Strengthen my spirit's faith;  
Nor let me stand, at last, alone  
Upon the shore of death.

P. Cary, 1852

DULCE DOMUM S. M. 81. (Second Tune)

R. S. Ambrose

1. { ONE sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er,—  
Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny man - sions be;

Near - er my home, to - day, am I Than e'er I've been be - fore }  
Near - er to - day the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea. } A - men.



# General

808 BENEDIC ANIMA 8s, 7s, 6l.

J. Goss, 1867

1. PRAISE, my soul, the King of heav - en, To His feet thy trib-ute bring;

Ransom'd, heal'd, re-stor'd, for - giv - en, Who, like me, His praise should sing?

Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him, praise Him, Praise the Ev - er - last - ing King. A-men.

(Or to Regent Square, No. 731)

2 Praise Him for His grace and favor  
To our fathers in distress;  
Praise Him, still the same for ever,  
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
Glorious in His faithfulness.

3 Father-like, He tends and spares us;  
Well our feeble frame He knows;  
In His hands He gently bears us,

Rescues us from all our foes;  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
Widely as His mercy goes.

4 Angels, help us to adore Him;  
Ye behold Him face to face;  
Sun and moon, bow down before Him;  
Dwellers all in time and space,  
Praise Him, praise Him,  
Praise with us the God of grace.

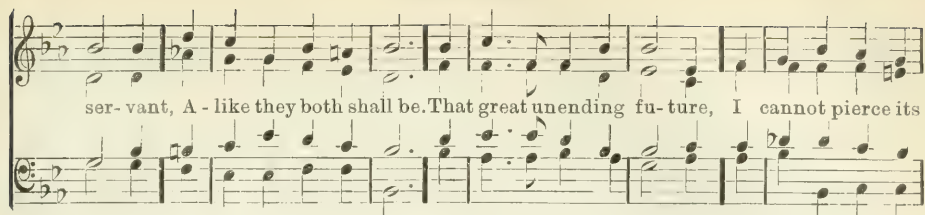
H. F. Lyte, 1834

811 GLADNESS, No. 2 (Magdalena) 7s, 6s. 8l.

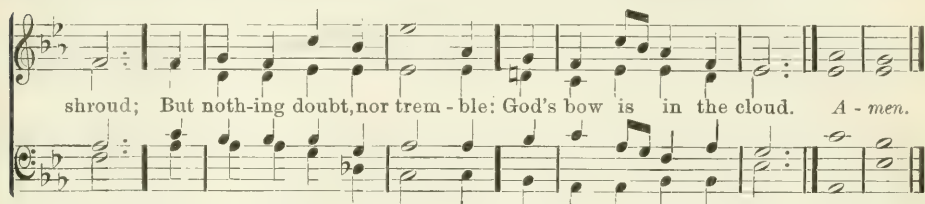
J. Stainer, 1875

1. FA-THER! the light and darkness Are both a - like to Thee; Then, to Thy waiting

## General



ser- vant, A - like they both shall be. That great unending fu- ture, I cannot pierce its



shroud; But noth- ing doubt, nor trem - ble: God's bow is in the cloud. A - men.

2 To Him I yield my spirit;  
On Him I lay my load;  
Fear ends with death: beyond it  
I nothing see but God.

Thus moving towards the darkness,  
I calmly wait His call,  
Seeing and fearing nothing,  
Hoping and trusting all.

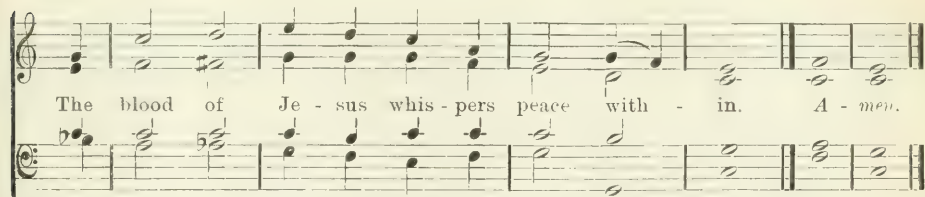
S. Greg (1804—1877)

## 812 PAX TECUM 10s. 21.

G. T. Caldbeck, 1877



1. PEACE, per - fect peace, in this dark world of sin:...



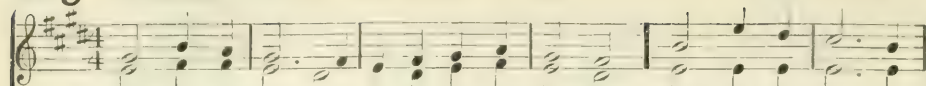
The blood of Je - sus whis - pers peace with - in. A - men.

- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed:  
To do the will of Jesus,—this is rest.
- 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round:  
On Jesus' bosom nought but calm is found.
- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away:  
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown:  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
- 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours:  
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
- 7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease,  
And Jesus call us to Heaven's perfect peace.

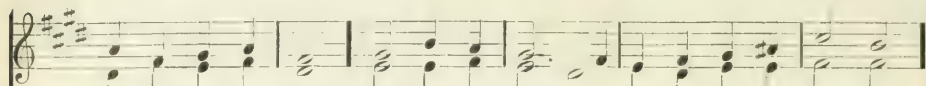
# General

813 PILGRIMS 118, 108. With Refrain

H. Smart, 1868



1. HARK! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and




o - cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing



*Refrain.*

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,



An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night! A - men.

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"  
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
The music of the gospel leads us home.—*Ref.*
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.—*Ref.*
- 4 Rest comes at length: though life be long and dreary,  
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;  
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,  
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—*Ref.*
- 5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—*Ref.*

# General

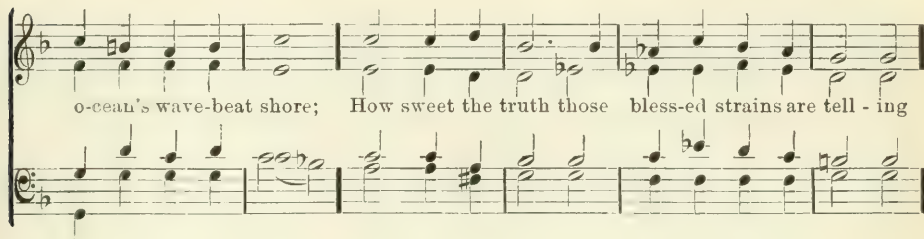
(Second Tune)

VOX ANGELICA 11s, 10s. With Refrain

J. B. Dykes, 1868



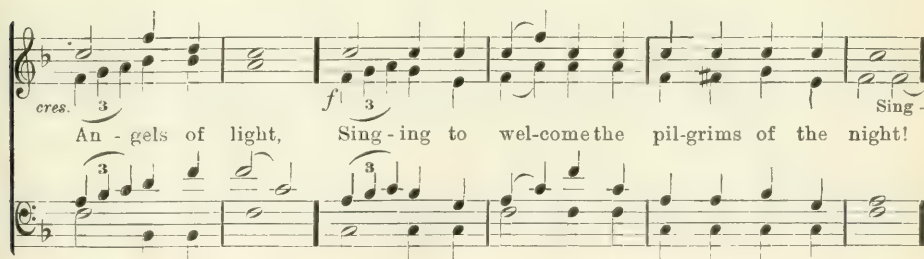
1. HARK! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and



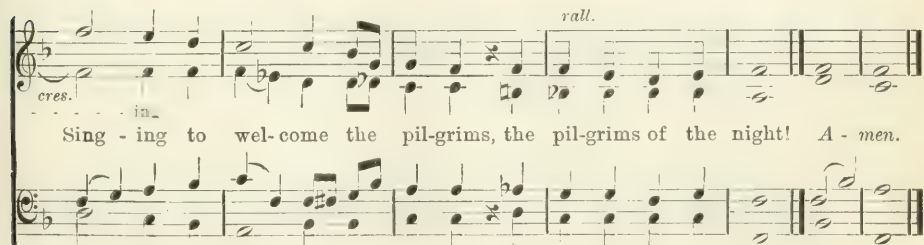
o - cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless-ed strains are tell - ing



*Refrain.*  
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,



*cres.* 3 *f* 3 Sing -  
An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night!



*cres.* *rall.*  
Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims, the pil - grims of the night! A - men.



# General

(Third Time)

ANGELS OF JESUS 118, 108. With Refrain

J. Barnby, 1868

1. HARK! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green

fields, and o - cean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are

*Refrain.*  
tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,

pp An - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night! A - men.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come ;"  
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
The music of the gospel leads us home.—*Ref.*

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.—*Ref.*

# General

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,  
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;  
Faith's journeys end in welcome to the weary,  
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.—*Ref.*

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;  
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.—*Ref.*

P. W. F. 1854

(Fourth Tune)

ANGELIC SONGS 11s, 10s. With Refrain

J. E. Roe (—1871)

1. HARK! hark, my soul! An - gel - ie songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and

Org. Ped.

o - cean's wave - beat shore; How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing

*Refrain.*

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,

An - gels of light, Sing - ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night! A - men.

# General

814

LUX BENIGNA

10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10

J. B. Dykes, (1823—1876)

1. LEAD, kind-ly Light, a-mid th'en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on;

cres. Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see.....

dim. p The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me. A - men.

- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead Thou me on.  
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.
- 3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone;  
And with the morn those angel-faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

# General

NEWMAN 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10 (Second Tune)

J. Barnby, 1868

1. LEAD, kindly Light, a-mid th' en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis-tant scene,—one step e-nough for me. A-men.

LUX BEATA 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10 (Third Tune)

A. L. Peace, 1885

1. LEAD, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis-tant scene,—one step e-nough for me. A-men.



# General

815 MENDON L. M.

German Melody Arr. S. Dyer, 1814

1. We thank Thee, Lord, for this fair earth, The glit-t'ring sky, the sil-ver sea;  
For all their beau-ty, all their worth, Their light and glo-ry, come from Thee. A-men.

(Or to Mainzer, No. 715)

- 2 Thine are the flowers that clothe the ground,  
The trees that wave their arms above,  
The hills that gird our dwellings round,  
As Thou dost gird Thine own with love.
- 3 Yet teach us still how far more fair,  
More glorious, Father, in Thy sight,  
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,  
One heart that owns Thy Spirit's might.
- 4 So while we gaze with thoughtful eye  
On all the gifts Thy love has given,  
Help us in Thee to live and die,  
By Thee to rise from earth to heaven.

G. E. L. Cotton, 1866

CAMBRIDGE S. M.

R. Harrison, 1784

1. STAND up, and bless the Lord, Ye peo-ple of His choice;  
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God, With heart, and soul, and voice. A-men.

# General

**816** · JEHOVAH (Worship) 115, 105. (Or to Versalius, No. 876) E. J. Hopkins (1818--)

1. PRAISE ye Je - ho - vah! praise the Lord most ho - ly, Who cheers the  
con-trite, girds with strength the weak; Praise Him who will with glo - ry  
crown the low - ly, And with sal - va - tion beau - ti - fy the meek. A - men.

- 2 Praise ye the Lord, for all His loving Resting in Him, His peace and joy possess-  
kindness, ing,  
And all the tender mercy He hath shown; All things are ours, for we have all in Him.  
Praise Him who pardons all our sin and  
blindness, 4 Praise ye the Father, God the Lord who  
And calls us sons, and takes us for His own. gave us,  
With full and perfect love, His only Son;  
3 Praise ye Jehovah, source of every blessing Praise ye the Son who died Himself to save  
Before His gifts earth's richest boons are us;  
dim; Praise ye the Spirit, praise the Three in One.

M. Cockburn-Campbell, 1842

**817** (CAMBRIDGE) S. M.

(Or to St. Thomas, No. 524)

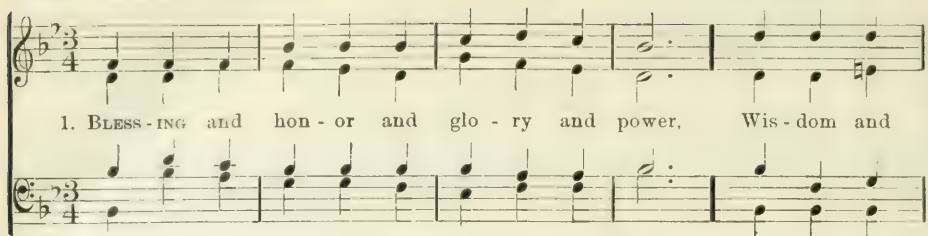
- 1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,  
Ye people of His choice;  
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,  
With heart and soul and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,  
Above all blessing high,  
Who would not fear His holy name,  
And laud, and magnify?
- 3 Oh, for the living flame  
From His own altar brought,  
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,  
And wing to Heaven our thought!
- 4 There, with benign regard,  
Our hymns He deigns to hear;  
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,  
The spirit feels Him near.
- 5 God is our strength and song  
And His salvation ours;  
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed  
With all our ransomed powers.
- 6 Stand up, and bless the Lord;  
The Lord your God adore;  
Stand up, and bless His glorious name,  
Henceforth for evermore.

J. Montgomery, 1824

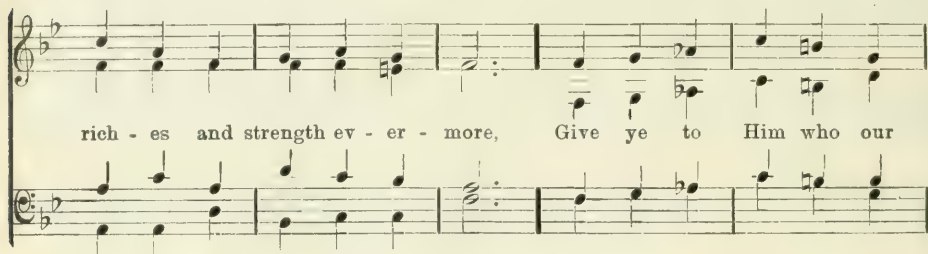
# General

818 CHRIST CHURCH 105.

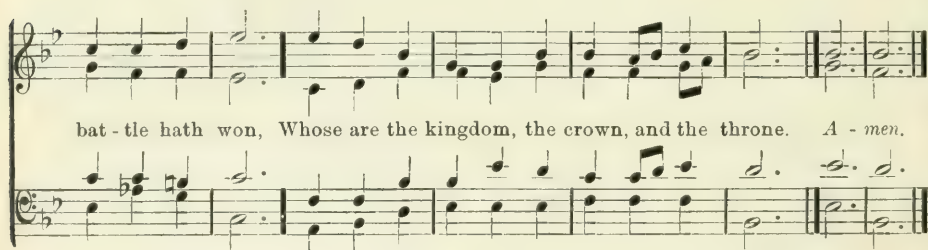
J. Barnby (1838—1896)



1. BLESS-ING and hon - or and glo - ry and power, Wis - dom and



rich - es and strength ev - er - more, Give ye to Him who our



bat - tle hath won, Whose are the kingdom, the crown, and the throne. A - men.

(Or to Costa, opposite)

- 2 Past are the darkness, the storm, and the war;  
Come is the radiance that sparkled afar;  
Breaketh the gleam of the day without end;  
Riseth the sun that shall never descend.
- 3 Ever ascendeth the song and the joy,  
Ever descendeth the love from on high,  
Blessing and honor and glory and praise,  
This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.
- 4 Life of all life, and true Light of all light,  
Star of the dawning, unchangingly bright,  
Sun of the Salem, whose light is the Lamb,  
Theme of the ever-new, ever-glad psalm!
- 5 Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb,  
Take we the robe and the harp and the palm,  
Sing we the song of the Lamb that was slain,  
Dying in weakness, but rising to reign.

# General

819 COSTA (Naaman) 108.

M. Costa Arr. W. H. Callcott

1. Hon - or and glo - ry, thanksgiv - ing and praise, Mak - er of all things, to

Thee we up - raise; God the Al - might - y, the Fa - ther, the Lord; God by the

an - gels o - beyed and a - dored. A - men.

2 Thou art the Father of heaven and earth;  
Worlds uncreated to Thee owe their birth;  
All the creation, Thy voice when it heard,  
Started to life and to light at Thy word.

3 Earth with the mountain, the river, the plain,

Sky with the dew-drop, the wind, and the rain,  
Beast of the forest, wild bird of the air,  
All are Thy creatures, and all are Thy care.

4 Ocean the restless, and waters that swell,  
Lightnings that flash over flood, over fell,  
Own Thee the Master Almighty, and call  
Thee the Creator, the Father, of all.

5 Yea, Thou art Father of all, and Thy love  
Pity for man that is fallen doth move;  
Guide us in life, and protect to the last;  
And, at Thine Advent, Lord, pardon the past.

E. A. Dayman, 1872. 46.

ASTRA MATUTINA 108. (Second Tune)

E. H. Thorne (1834—)

1. Hon - or and glo - ry, thanks-giv - ing and praise, Mak - er of

all things, to Thee we up - raise; God the Al - might - y, the Fa - ther, the

Lord; God by the an - gels o - beyed and a - dored. A - men.



# General

## 820 NUREMBERG 7s.

J. R. Ahle, 1664

1. GLO - ry be to God on high, God, whose glo - ry fills the sky;

Peace on earth to man for-given, Man, the well - be-loved of heaven. A - men.

- 2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,  
Thee we now presume to sing;  
Glad, Thine attributes confess,  
Glorious all, and numberless.
- 3 Hail, by all Thy works adored,  
Hail, the everlasting Lord:  
Thee, with thankful hearts we prove  
God of power, and God of love.
- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own,  
Christ, the Father's only Son;

- Lamb of God, for sinners slain,  
Saviour of offending man.
- 5 Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow;  
Hear, the world's atonement Thou:  
Jesus, in Thy name we pray,  
Take, O take our sins away.
- 6 Hear, for Thou, O Christ, alone  
Art with Thy great Father One;  
One, the Holy Ghost with Thee;  
One supreme, eternal Three.

C. Wesley, 1739

## 821 FEDERAL STREET L. M.

H. K. Oliver, 1832

1. JE - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man a-shamed of Thee?

Ashamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days? A - men.

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star:  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon  
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:  
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He,  
Bright morning star, bid darkness flee.

# General

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No, when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere His name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,

No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
And oh, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

J. Grigg, 1765

## 822 LONGWOOD 108.

J. Barnby, 1883

1. SPIR - IT of God, de - scend up - on my heart; Wean it from

earth, through all its puls - es move; Stoop to my weak - ness,

might - y as Thou art, And make me love Thee as I ought to love. A-men.

- 2 I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies,  
No sudden rending of the veil of clay,  
No angel visitant, no opening skies;  
But take the dimness of my soul away.
- 3 Hast Thou not bid us love Thee, God and King?  
All, all Thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind;  
I see Thy cross—there teach my heart to cling:  
Oh, let me seek Thee, and oh, let me find.
- 4 Teach me to feel that Thou art always nigh;  
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,  
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;  
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.
- 5 Teach me to love Thee as Thine angels love,—  
One holy passion filling all my frame;  
The kindling of the Heaven-descended Dove,  
My heart an altar, and Thy love the flame.

# General

823 ALLELUIA PERENNE 10. 10. 7

W. H. Monk, 1868

1. SING Al - le - lu - ia forth in du-teous praise, Ye cit - i - zens of

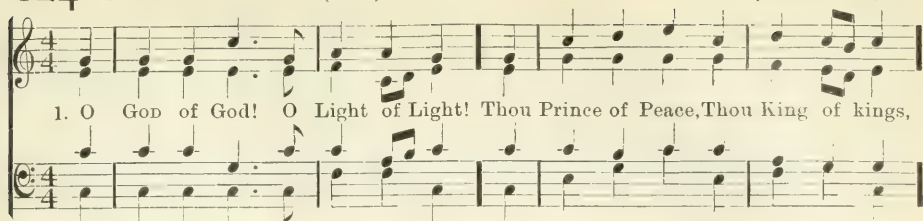
heav'n, oh, sweet - ly raise An end - less Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.

- 2 Ye powers, who stand before the eternal Light,  
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height  
An endless Alleluia.
- 3 The Holy City shall take up your strain,  
And with glad songs resounding wake again  
An endless Alleluia.
- 4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice  
To render to the Lord with thankful voice  
An endless Alleluia.
- 5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,  
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,  
An endless Alleluia.
- 6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring  
The strains which tell the honor of your King,  
An endless Alleluia.
- 7 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought back,  
This is glad food and drink which ne'er shall lack  
An endless Alleluia.
- 8 While Thee, by whom were all things made, we praise  
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays  
An endless Alleluia.
- 9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices sing  
Glorious for evermore; to Thee we bring  
An endless Alleluia.

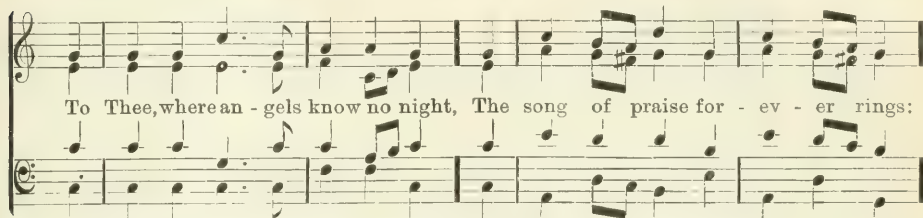
# General

824 PETERBOROUGH (Goss) L. M. 81.

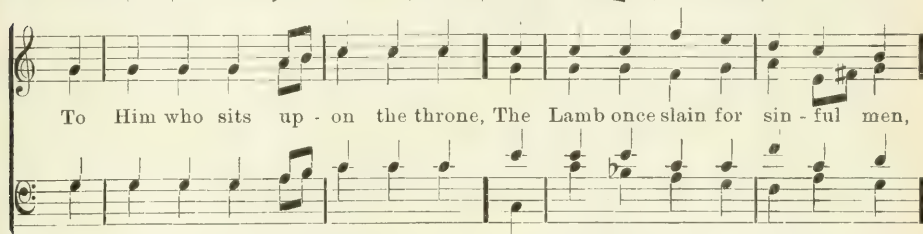
J. Goss, 1864



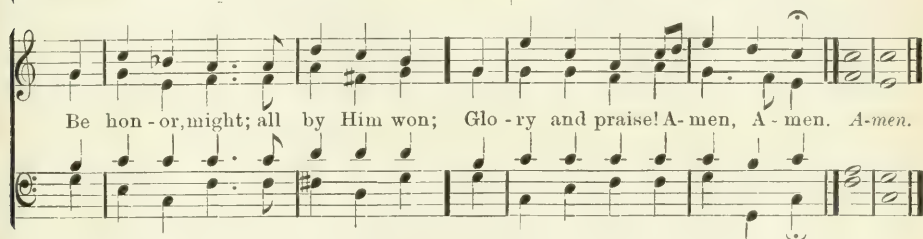
1. O God of God! O Light of Light! Thou Prince of Peace, Thou King of kings,



To Thee, where an - gels know no night, The song of praise for - ev - er rings:



To Him who sits up - on the throne, The Lamb once slain for sin - ful men,



Be hon - or, night; all by Him won; Glo - ry and praise! A - men, A - men. A - men.

2 Deep in the Prophets' sacred page,  
Grand in the poets' wingèd word,  
Slowly in type, from age to age,  
Nations beheld their coming Lord;  
Till through the deep Judean night  
Rang out the song, "Good-will to men!"  
Hymned by the first-born sons of light,  
Re-echoed now, "Good-will!" Amen.

3 That life of truth, those deeds of love,  
That death of pain, 'mid hate and scorn;  
These all are past, and now above, [thorn.  
He reigns our King! once crowned with  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;  
So sang His hosts, unheard by men;  
Lift up your heads, for you He waits.  
We lift them up! Amen, Amen!

4 Nations afar, in ignorance deep;  
Isles of the sea, where darkness lay;  
These hear His voice, they wake from sleep,  
And throng with joy the upward way.  
They cry with us, "Send forth Thy light,"  
O Lamb, once slain for sinful men;  
Burst Satan's bonds, O God of might;  
Set all men free! Amen, Amen!

5 Sing to the Lord a glorious song,  
Sing to His name, His love forth tell;  
Sing on, heaven's hosts, His praise prolong;  
Sing, ye who now on earth do dwell;  
Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain, [men;  
From angels, praise; and thanks from  
Worthy the Lamb, enthroned to reign,  
Glory and power! Amen, Amen!



# General

## 825 CANONBURY L. M.

Arr. fr. R. Schumann, 1839

1. FORTH in Thy Name, O Lord, I go, My dai-ly la-bor to pur-sue,  
Thee, on-ly Thee, re-solved to know In all I think, or speak, or do. A-men.

- 2 The task Thy wisdom hath assigned  
Oh let me cheerfully fulfil;  
In all my works Thy presence find,  
And prove Thy good and perfect will.
- 3 Preserve me from my calling's snare,  
And hide my simple heart above;  
Above the thorns of choking care,  
The gilded baits of worldly love.
- 4 Thee may I set at my right hand,  
Whose eyes mine inmost substance see,

And labor on at Thy command,  
And offer all my works to Thee.

- 5 Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray;  
And still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to Thy glorious day:
- 6 For Thee delightfully employ [given,  
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath  
And run my course with even joy,  
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

C. Wesley, 1749 Verse 2, l. 4, alt.

## 826 STORRS L. M.

T. R. Matthews, 1855

1. Oh, sweet-ly breathe the lyres a-bove, When an-gels touch the quiv'ring string,  
And wake, to chant Em-manuel's love, Such strains as an-gel-lips can sing. A-men.

# General

2 And sweet, on earth, the choral swell,  
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays,  
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,  
And, grateful, hymn Emmanuel's praise.

3 Jesus, Thy name our souls adore;  
We own the bond that makes us Thine;  
And carnal joys that charmed before,  
For Thy dear sake we now resign.

4 Our hearts, by dying love subdued,  
Accept Thine offered grace to-day;  
Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,  
We bow, and give ourselves away.

5 In Thee we trust—on Thee rely;  
Though we are feeble, Thou art strong;  
Oh, keep us till our spirits fly  
To join the bright immortal throng!

Ray Palmer, 1843

## 827 HEATHLANDS 7s. 6l.

H. Smart (1813—1879)

1. For the beau - ty of the earth, For the beau - ty of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth O - ver and a - round us lies,  
Christ our God, to Thee we raise This our hymn of grate - ful praise. A - men.

2 For the wonder of each hour  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
Sun and moon, and stars of light,  
Christ our God, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.

3 For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth, and friends above,  
For all gentle thoughts and mild:  
Christ our God, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.

4 For Thy Church, that evermore  
Lifteth holy hands above,  
Offering up on every shore  
Her pure sacrifice of love:  
Christ our God, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.

5 For Thyself, best Gift Divine!  
To our race so freely given,  
For that great, great love of Thine,  
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven;  
Christ our God, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.

# General

828 GLASTONBURY 7s. 6l.

J. B. Dykes, 1870

1. QUI - ET, Lord, my fro - ward heart; Make me teach - a - ble and mild,

Up - right, sim - ple, free from art, Make me as a wean - ed child;

From dis - trust and en - vy free, Pleased with all that pleas - es Thee. A - men.

- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,  
Let me as a child receive;  
What to-morrow may betide,  
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:  
'T is enough that Thou wilt care;  
Why should I the burden bear?
- 3 As a little child relies  
On a care beyond his own,  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,  
Fears to stir a step alone,—  
Let me thus with Thee abide,  
As my Father, guard, and guide.
- 4 Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,  
Safe from dangers, free from fears,  
May I live upon Thy smiles,  
Till the promised hour appears,  
When the sons of God shall prove  
All their Father's boundless love.

# General

829 MAGDALEN (Rest) L. M. 61.

J. Stainer, 1875

1. THE saints of God, their con-flict past, And life's long bat-tle won at last,

No more they need the shield or sword, They cast them down be-fore their Lord:

*Voices in unison.* O hap-py saints! for ev-er blest, At Je-sus' feet how safe your rest! A-men.  
*Harmony. dim.*

2 The saints of God! Their wanderings done,

That with all saints our rest may be  
In that bright Paradise with Thee.

W. D. MacLagan, 1870

No more their weary course they run,  
No more they faint, no more they fall,  
No foes oppress, no fears appal;  
O happy saints! for ever blest,  
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

3 The saints of God! Life's voyage o'er,  
Safe landed on that blissful shore,  
No stormy tempests now they dread,  
No roaring billows lift their head:  
O happy saints! for ever blest,  
In that calm haven of your rest!

4 The saints of God their vigil keep  
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,  
Till from the dust they too shall rise  
And soar triumphant to the skies:  
O happy saints! rejoice and sing:  
He quickly comes, your Lord and King.

5 O God of saints, to Thee we cry;  
O Saviour, plead for us on high;  
O Holy Ghost, our guide and friend,  
Grant us Thy grace till life shall end;

830

(Or to Prince, No. 501)

1 SURROUNDED by unnumbered foes,  
Against my soul the battle goes!  
Yet though I weary, sore distress,  
I know that I shall reach my rest;  
I lift my tearful eyes above,—  
His banner over me is love!

2 Its sword my spirit will not yield,  
Though flesh may faint upon the field;  
He waves before my fading sight  
The branch of palm, the crown of light;  
I lift my brightening eyes above,—  
His banner over me is love!

3 My cloud of battle-dust may dim,  
His veil of splendor curtain Him,  
And in the mid-night of my fear  
I may not feel Him standing near;  
But, as I lift mine eyes above,  
His banner over me is love!

G. Massey, 1869



# General

831 NUN DANKET 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6

J. Crüger, 1640 Har. S. P. W.

1. Now THANK we all our God, With heart and hands and voice - es,

Who won - drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joice - es;

Who from our moth - er's arms Hath blessed us on our way

With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day. A - men.

2 Oh, may this bounteous God  
Through all our life be near us,  
With ever joyful hearts  
And blessed peace to cheer us;  
And keep us in His grace,  
And guide us when perplexed,  
And free us from all ills  
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God,  
The Father, now be given,  
The Son, and Him who reigns  
With them in highest heaven,  
The One Eternal God,  
Whom earth and heaven adore;  
For thus it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.

M. Rinkart, 1644 1st C. Winkwerth, 1856

# General

832 EIN' FESTE BURG P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6, 7

Martin Luther, 1529  
Har. S. P. W.

1. IN myr - iad forms, by myr - iad names, Men seek to bind and mold Thee;

But Thou dost melt, like wax in flames, The cords that would en - fold... Thee.

Who mad - est life and light, Bring'st morning after night, Who all things did'st create—

No maj - es - ty, nor state, Nor word, nor world can hold Thee! A - men.

2 Great God, to whom since time began  
The world has prayed and striven;  
Maker of stars, and earth, and man,  
To Thee our praise is given.  
Of suns Thou art the Sun,  
Eternal, holy One;  
Who us can help save Thou?  
To Thee alone we bow!  
Hear us, O God in heaven!

# General

833 RISEHOLME 8. 8. 8. 4

H. J. Gauntlett (1805--1876)

1. FA - THER of all, from land and sea The na-tions sing, Thine, Lord, are we;

Count-less in num-ber, but in Thee May we be one! A-men.

2 O Son of God, whose love so free  
For men did make Thee Man to be,  
United to our God in Thee  
May we be one.

Under one Shepherd, in one fold,  
Make us all one.

3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone:  
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own  
Of their two walls the Corner-stone,  
Making them one.

5 O Spirit blest, who from above  
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,  
Calm all our strife, give faith and love;  
Oh, make us one!

4 Join high and low, join young and old,  
In love that never waxes cold:

6 So, when the world shall pass away,  
May we awake with joy and say,  
"Now in the bliss of endless day  
We all are one."

C. Wordsworth, 1871

834 GERMANY L. M.

Arr. fr. Beethoven, 1815

1. PRAISE, Lord, for Thee in Zi - on waits; Pray'r shall be - siege Thy tem - ple gates;

All flesh shall to Thy throne re-pair, And find, thro' Christ, sal-va-tion there. A-men.

(Or to St. Drostan, No. 249)

2 Our spirits faint; our sins prevail;  
Leave not our trembling hearts to fail:  
O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,  
And still be found the sinner's Friend.

3 Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,  
Thy voice the troubled ocean stills;  
Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,  
And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

# General

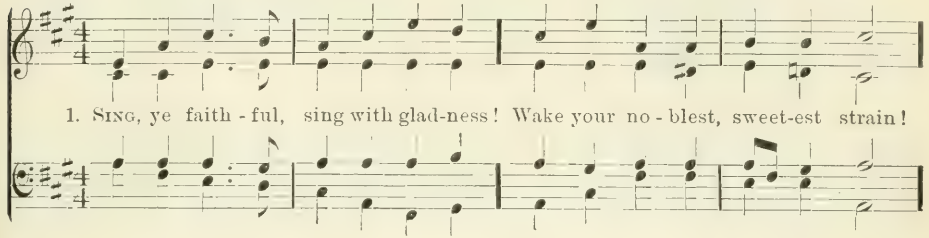
4 The year is with Thy goodness crowned;  
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;  
Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,  
And Nature smiles, and owns her King.

5 Lord, on our souls Thy Spirit pour:  
The moral waste within restore:  
O let Thy love our spring-tide be,  
And make us all bear fruit to Thee.


H. F. Lyte, 1834

835 ELLERTON 8s, 7s. 6l.

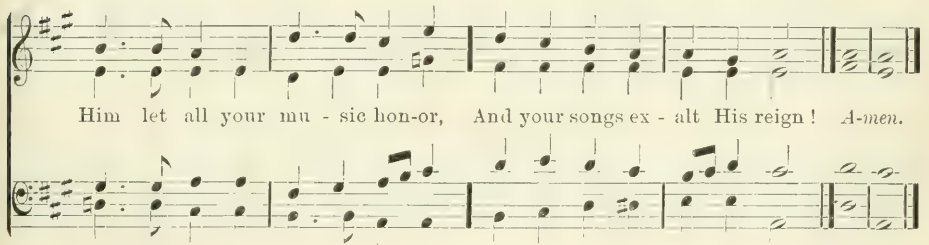
W. S. Hoyte (1844—)



1. SING, ye faith - ful, sing with glad-ness! Wake your no - blest, sweet-est strain!



With the prais - es of your Sav-iour Let His house re - sound a - gain!



Him let all your mu - sic hon-or, And your songs ex - alt His reign! A-men.

2 Sing how He came forth from heaven,  
Bowed Himself to Bethlehem's cave,  
Stooped to wear the servant's vesture,  
Bore the pain, the cross, the grave,  
Passed within the gates of darkness,  
Thence His banished ones to save!

4 Now on high, yet ever with us,  
From His Father's throne, the Son  
Rules and guides the world He ransom'd,  
Till the appointed work be done,  
Till He see, renewed and perfect,  
All things gathered into one.

3 So He tasted death for all men,  
He of all mankind the Head,  
Sinless one among the sinful,  
Prince of life among the dead;  
So He wrought the full redemption,  
And the captor captive led.

5 Day of promised restitution!  
Fruit of all His sorrows past!  
When the crown of His dominion  
He before the throne shall cast,  
And throughout the wide creation  
God be "all in all" at last.

J. Ellerton 1826—1893



# General

836 ST. GERTRUDE 6s, 5s. 81. With Refrain

Arthur Sullivan, 1871

1. ON-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus

Go - ing on be - fore! Christ the roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;

*Refrain.*  
For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go. On - ward, Christian sol - diers,

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore! A - men.  
war, With the cross of

2 At the sign of triumph  
Satan's host doth flee;  
On, then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory!  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise;  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise!  
Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God;  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod;  
We are not divided,  
All one body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity.  
Onward, etc.

# General

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.  
Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people!  
Join our happy throng!  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph song!  
Glory, laud, and honor,  
Unto Christ the King;  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.  
Onward, etc.

S. Baring-Gould, 1865

(Second Tune)

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS 6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain H. J. Gauntlett, 1874

1. ON-WARD, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus

Go-ing on be-fore! Christ the roy-al Mas-ter Leads a-against the foe;

For-ward in-to bat-tle, See, His ban-ners go. Onward, Christian sol-diers,

March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore. A-men.

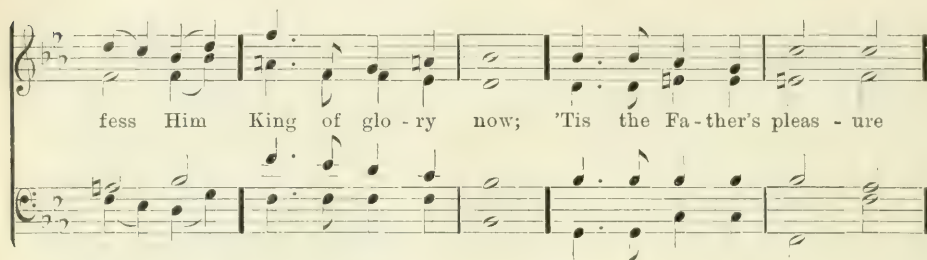
# General

837 BAVARIA 6s, 5s. 81.

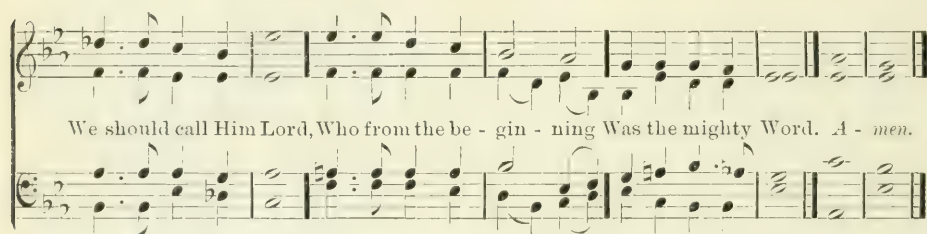
C. R. Gale, 1893



1. At the name of Je - sus Ev - 'ry knee shall bow, Ev - ry tongue con -



fess Him King of glo - ry now; 'Tis the Fa - ther's pleas - ure



We should call Him Lord, Who from the be - gin - ning Was the mighty Word. A - men.

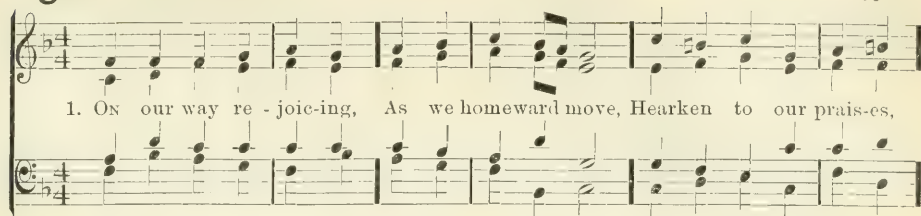
- 2 At His voice creation  
Sprang at once to sight,  
All the angel-faces,  
All the hosts of light,  
Thrones and dominations,  
Stars upon their way,  
All the heavenly orders,  
In their great array.
- 3 Humbled for a season,  
To receive a name  
From the lips of sinners  
Unto whom He came,  
Faithfully He bore it  
Spotless to the last,  
Brought it back victorious,  
When from death He passed:
- 4 Bore it up triumphant,  
With its human light,  
Through all ranks of creatures,  
To the central height:

- To the Throne of Godhead,  
To the Father's breast,  
Filled it with the glory  
Of that perfect rest.
- 5 In your hearts enthrone Him;  
There let Him subdue  
All that is not holy,  
All that is not true;  
Crown Him as your Captain  
In temptation's hour;  
Let His will enfold you  
In its light and power.
- 6 Brothers, this Lord Jesus  
Shall return again,  
With His Father's glory,  
With His angel train;  
For all wreaths of empire  
Meet upon His brow,  
And our hearts confess Him  
King of glory now.

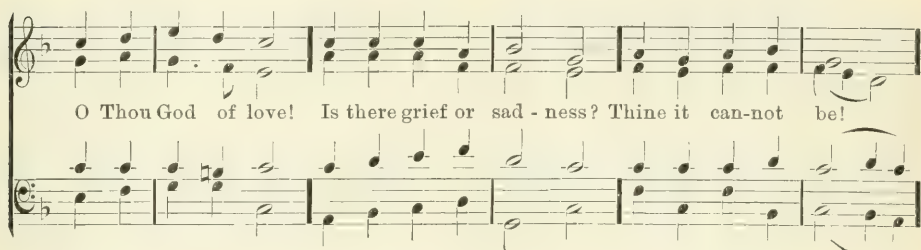
# General

838 TREGARTHEN 6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain

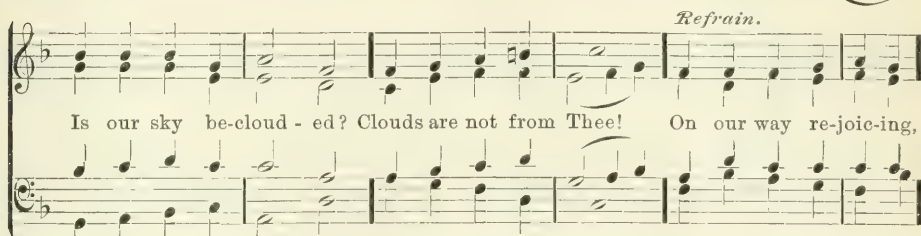
W. B. Gilbert, 1895



1. On our way re-joic-ing, As we homeward move, Hearken to our prais-es,



O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad-ness? Thine it can-not be!



*Refrain.*  
Is our sky be-cloud-ed? Clouds are not from Thee! On our way re-joic-ing,



As we homeward move, Hearken to our prais-es, O Thou God of love! A-men.

(Or to Heras, No. 310)

2 If with honest-hearted  
Love for God and man,  
Day by day Thou find us  
Doing what we can;  
Thou who giv'st the seed-time  
Wilt give large increase,  
Crown the head with blessings,  
Fill the heart with peace.—*Ref.*

3 On our way rejoicing  
Gladly let us go;  
Conquered hath our Leader,  
Vanquished is our foe!

Christ without, our safety;  
Christ within, our joy;  
Who, if we be faithful,  
Can our hope destroy?—*Ref.*

4 Unto God the Father  
Joyful songs we sing;  
Unto God the Saviour  
Thankful hearts we bring;  
Unto God the Spirit  
Bow we and adore,  
On our way rejoicing  
Now and evermore!—*Ref.*



# General

839

LAUS DEO

8, 7, 8, 7, 6, 6, 6, 6, 7

J. W. Elliott (1833 - )

Organ. *f*  
Ped.

*rall.*

Voices in Unison.

1. HARK! hark! the or - gan loud - ly peals, Our thankful hearts in - vit - ing To
2. Hark! hark! the or - gan loud - ly peals, Our thankful hearts in - vit - ing To

*mf*

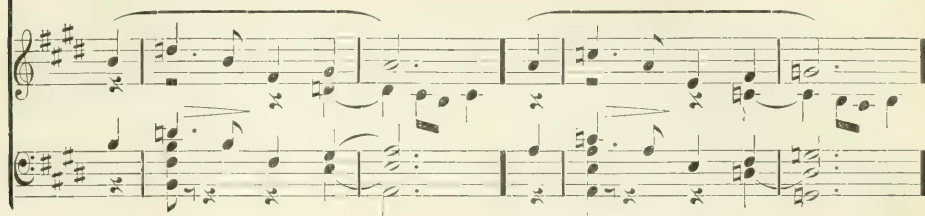
sing our great Cre - a - tor's praise, Both rich and poor u - nit - ing!  
sing the praise of Christ our King, Both rich and poor u - nit - ing!

# General



Ye heavens and earth, re - joice!  
Who left His Throne on high,

And ev - ery heart and voice  
And low - ly came to die,



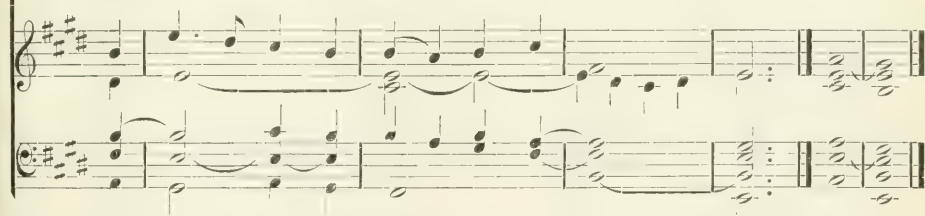
Your joy - ous strains up - raise,  
That we from earth might rise

In notes of end - less praise,  
To realms be - yond the skies,



Be - fore His Throne for ev - er, for ev - - - er.  
And live with Him for ev - er, for ev - - - er.

*A - men.*



3 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,  
Our thankful hearts inviting  
To sing the Holy Spirit's praise,  
Both rich and poor uniting!  
Who bids us flee from sin,  
And makes us pure within,  
Till, warmed with heavenly love,  
We yearn to sing above  
Glad songs of praise for ever!

4 Hark! hark! the organ loudly peals,  
Our thankful hearts inviting  
To high upraise our songs of praise,  
Both rich and poor uniting!  
To God the Father, Son,  
And Spirit, Three in One,  
Till soaring higher and higher,  
We join the heavenly choir  
Before His Throne for ever!

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us. With His

lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His

*FINE. Last verse only.*

holy arms spread o'er us. o'er us. *Amen.* { 1. We come in the might of the Lord of light,  
2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high,  
3. And the choir of an - gels with song a - waits  
4. Then on - ward we march, our arms to prove,

His arm

With ar - mor bright to meet Him; And we put to flight the ar - mies of night,  
Our hel - met is His sal - va - tion, Our ban - ner, the cross of Cal - va - ry,  
Our march to the gold - en Zi - on; For our Cap - tain has brok - en the bra - zen gates,  
With the banner of Christ before us, With His eye of love look - ing down from a - bove.

*D.S.*

That the sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him. {  
Our watch - word, the In - car - na - tion, Our watch - word, the In - car - na - tion. } We  
And burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron.  
And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

# General

84I PRESSING FORWARD 8s, 5s. 81. With Refrain W. B. Gilbert, 1888

*mf With spirit.*

*cres.*

1. PRESS-ING for - ward, reach ing for - ward, To the things be - fore; See! the Church of  
 2. Not as though we ap - pre - hend - ed, Or our work were done; Not as though the

*mf*

God moves on - ward, Ev - er - more and more; Rough the road and stern the tri - al,  
 race were end - ed, Or the vic - t'ry won; Not with - out a fear of fall - ing.

*cres.*

But the end is sure; Faith can smile thro' self - de - ni - al, Cour - age can en - dure.  
 But in faith and love For the prize of our high call - ing To the mark we move.

*f Refrain.*

Press - ing for - ward, pressing for - ward, Pressing for - ward, pressing forward, Pressing forward to the

*ff*

*mf*

things be - fore, See! the Church of God moves onward, onward, onward, Ev - er - more and more. A - men.

3 We have sinned and we are sinning  
 Every passing day;  
 But the Cross our pardon winning  
 Hides our guilt away.  
 Thus the sinful past forgetting  
 Zionward we tend,  
 Firm as flint our faces setting,  
 Faithful to the end.—*Ref.*

4 Angels at our side attend us,  
 Missioned from above;  
 Spirit-hosts unseen befriend us—  
 Ministries of love;  
 God, our Father, still protects us;  
 Jesus is our stay;  
 God, the Holy Ghost, directs us,  
 Through the lifelong way.—*Ref.*

5 Fainting often, yet pursuing,  
 Still our way we make,  
 Looking to our Head, and doing  
 All for Jesus' sake.  
 Glory, honor, wisdom, blessing,  
 Lord, for Thee we claim,  
 Nothing having, yet possessing  
 All in Thy dear name.—*Ref.*

6 Oh, how grand will be the meeting  
 When the race is run;  
 Oh, how sweet will be the greeting,  
 "Faithful one, well done!"  
 Oh, the thought of clearly seeing  
 What we dimly see;  
 Oh, the joy, our God, of being  
 Evermore with Thee!—*Ref.*



# General

842 SENOJWILL 9s, 7s. With Refrain

B. Tours (1838-1897)

*Refrain.*

\*1. HO-LY Ghost, come down up-on Thy chil-dren, Give us grace and make us Thine;

Thy ten-der fires with-in us kin-dle, Bless-ed Spir-it, Dove di-vine! *A-men.*

\* The first verse to be sung as refrain after each succeeding verse

2. For all with-in us, good and ho-ly, Is from Thee, Thy pre-cious gift;  
 3. For Thou to us art more than fa-ther, More than sis-ter in Thy love,  
 4. Oh, we have grieved Thee, gracious Spi-rit! Way-ward, wan-ton, cold are we;  
 5. Now, if our hearts do not de-ceive us, We would take Thee for our Lord.

*D. C.*  
 In all our joys, in all our sor-rows, Wist-ful hearts to Thee we lift.  
 So gen-tle, pa-tient, and for-bear-ing, Ho-ly Spir-it, Heaven-ly Dove!  
 And still our sins, new ev-ery morn-ing, Nev-er yet have wearied Thee.  
 O dear-est Spir-it, make us faith-ful To Thy least and light-est word.

*Refrain.*  
*Refrain.*  
*Refrain.*  
*Refrain.*

# General

## 843 SALVATION P. M. With Refrain

Anon.

1. FAD-ING, still fad-ing, the last beam is shining; Fa-ther in Heav-en, the

day is de-cliping. Safe-ty and in-no-cence fly with the light, Temptation and

dan-ger walk forth with the night. From the fall of the shade till the

*Refrain.*

morning bells chime Shield me from danger, save me from crime. Father, have mercy,

Fa-ther, have mer-cy, Fa-ther have mer-cy, thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord. A-men.

- 2 Father in Heaven, oh, hear when we call;  
 Hear, for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all.  
 Feeble and fainting, we trust in Thy might;  
 In doubting and darkness, Thy love be our light.  
 Let us sleep on Thy breast when the night taper burns,  
 Wake in Thy arms when morning returns.—*Ref.*

# General

844 DANIA 6s, 5s. 8l. With Refrain

F. G. Hsley, 1887

1. HEAR us, Thou that broodedst O'er the wa-try deep, Waking all ere-a-tion

From its prim-al sleep; Ho-ly Spir-it, breathing Breath of life di-vine,

*Refrain.*  
Breathe in-to our spir-its, Blending them with Thine. Light and life Im-mor-tal,

Hear us as we raise Hearts, as well as voic-es, Mingling prayer and praise. A-men.

(Or to Hermas, No. 310)

2 When the sun ariseth  
In a cloudless sky,  
May we feel Thy presence,  
Holy Spirit, nigh;  
Shed Thy radiance o'er us,  
Keep it cloudless still,  
Through the day before us,  
Perfecting Thy will.—*Ref.*

3 When the fight is fiercest  
In the noontide heat,  
Bear us, Holy Spirit,  
To our Saviour's feet;  
There to find a refuge  
Till our work is done,  
There to fight the battle  
Till the battle's won.—*Ref.*

4 If the day be falling  
Sadly as it goes,  
Slowly in its sadness  
Sinking to its close,  
May Thy love in mercy  
Kindling, ere it die,  
Cast a ray of glory  
O'er our evening sky.—*Ref.*

5 Morning, noon, and evening,  
Whensoever it be,  
Grant us, gracious Spirit,  
Quickening life in Thee,—  
Life that gives us, living,  
Life of heavenly love;  
Life that brings us, dying,  
Life from heaven above.—*Ref.*

# General

845 LEBANON S. M. 81.

J. Zundel, 1855

1. I was a wan-d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold;

I did not love my Shep-herd's voice, I would not be con-trolled.

I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home;

I did not love my Fa-ther's voice; I loved a-far to roam. A - men.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,  
The Father sought His child,  
They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er deserts waste and wild;  
They found me nigh to death,  
Famished and faint, and lone;  
They bound me with the bands of love;  
They saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,  
'Twas He that loved my soul,  
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,  
'Twas He that made me whole;

'Twas He that sought the lost,  
That found the wandering sheep,  
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,  
'Tis He that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,  
I would not be controlled;  
But now I love the Shepherd's voice,  
I love, I love the fold;  
I was a wayward child,  
I once preferred to roam;  
But now I love my Father's voice,  
I love, I love His home.



# General

## 846 LOVING-KINDNESS L. M.

American Melody

1. A - WAKE, my soul, in joy - ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem - er's praise:  
He just - ly claims a song from me, His lov - ing kind - ness, oh, how free!  
Lov - ing kindness, lov-ing kind-ness, His lov - ing kind-ness, oh, how free! A - men.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>2 He saw me ruined in the fall,<br/>Yet loved me notwithstanding all,<br/>And saved me from my lost estate,<br/>His loving-kindness, oh, how great!</p> <p>3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,<br/>Where earth and hell my way oppose,<br/>He safely leads my soul along,<br/>His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!</p> | <p>4 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,<br/>And life and mortal powers shall fail,<br/>Oh, may my last expiring breath<br/>His loving-kindness sing in death!</p> <p>5 Then shall I mount, and soar away<br/>To the bright world of endless day;<br/>There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,<br/>His loving-kindness in the skies.</p> |
|---|--|

S. Medley, 1782

## 847 ZEPHYR L. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1844

1. BE-HOLD! a stran-ger's at the door; He gen - tly knocks, has knocked before;  
Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill. A - men.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Oh, lovely attitude! He stands<br/>With melting heart and loaded hands:<br/>Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows<br/>This matchless kindness to His foes.</p> <p>3 But will He prove a friend indeed?<br/>He will; the very friend you need:</p> | <p>The Friend of sinners—yes, 't is He,<br/>With garments dyed on Calvary.</p> <p>4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;<br/>Turn out His enemy and thine,<br/>That soul-destroying monster, sin,<br/>And let the heavenly Stranger in.</p> |
|---|---|

# General

848 PILOT 7s. 6l.

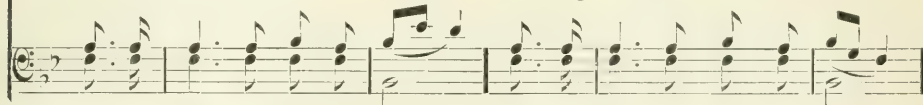
J. E. Gould, 1871



1. JE - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;  
D. C.—Chart and com-pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me. A - men.



Un-known waves be-fore me roll, ... Hid-ing rock and treacherous shoal;



2 As a mother stills her child,  
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;  
Boisterous waves obey Thy will  
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still."  
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,  
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,  
And the fearful breakers roar  
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,  
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,  
May I hear Thee say to me,  
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

E. Hopper, 1871

849 CHILSTON 8s, 7s

A. H. Mann (1850—)



1. MAY the grace of Christ our Sav-iour, And the Fa-ther's boundless love,  
2. Thus may we a-bide in un-ion With each oth-er, and the Lord;



With the Ho-ly Spir-it's fa-vor, Rest up-on us from a-bove.  
And pos-sess, in sweet com-mun-ion, Joys which earth can-not af-ford. A - men.



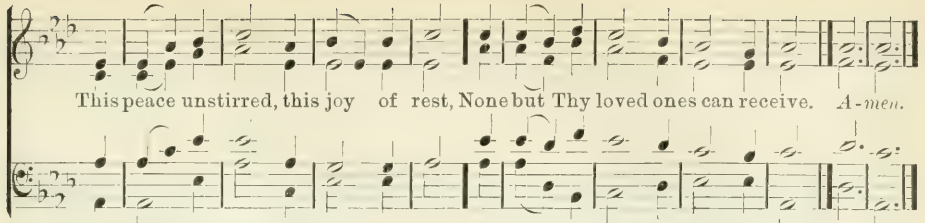
1. I would not live al-way; I ask not to stay Where storm af - ter  
storm ris-es dark o'er the way: The few lu - rid mornings that dawn on us  
here Are e-nough for life's woes, full e-nough for its cheer. A - men.

- 2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,  
Temptation without and corruption within:  
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,  
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway; no, welcome the tomb;  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:  
There sweet be my rest till He bid me arise  
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God?  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,  
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns:
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

W. A. Muhlenberg, 1826

1. JE - sus, the calm that fills my breast No o - ther heart than Thine can give;

# General



This peace unstirred, this joy of rest, None but Thy loved ones can receive. A-men.

2 My weary soul has found a charm  
That turns to blessedness my woe;  
Within the shelter of Thine arm  
I rest secure from storm and foe.

3 In desert waste I feel no dread,  
Fearless I walk the trackless sea;  
I care not where my way is led,  
Since all my life is life with Thee.

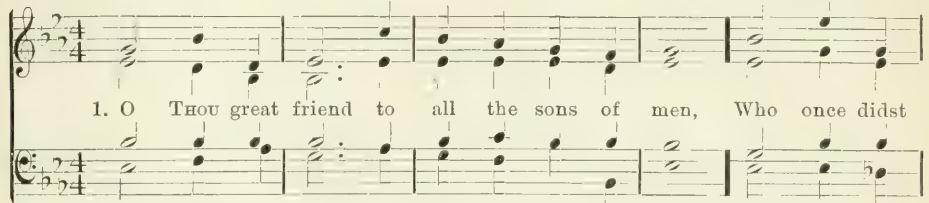
4 O Christ, thro' changeful years my guide,  
My comforter in sorrow's night,  
My friend, when friendless, still abide,  
My Lord, my counsellor, my light.

5 My time, my powers, I give to Thee;  
My inmost soul 't is Thine to move;  
I wait for Thy eternity,  
I wait in peace, in praise, in love.

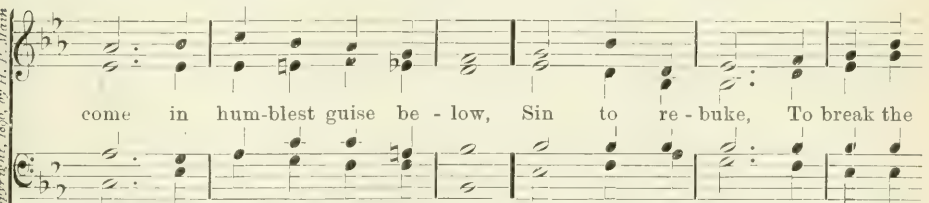
F. M. North

## 852 CASSIDY 108.

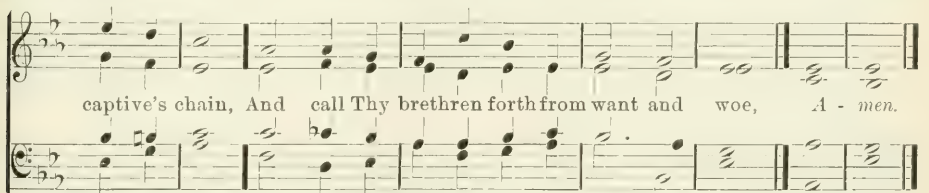
H. P. Main, 1895



1. O Thou great friend to all the sons of men, Who once didst



come in hum-blest guise be-low, Sin to re-buke, To break the



captive's chain, And call Thy brethren forth from want and woe, A-men.

2 We look to Thee; Thy truth is still the light  
Which guides the nations, groping on their way,  
Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,  
Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

3 Yes, Thou art still the Life; Thou art the Way  
The holiest know; Light, Life, and Way of heaven!  
And they who dearest hope and deepest pray,  
Toil by the Light, Life, Way, which Thou hast given.

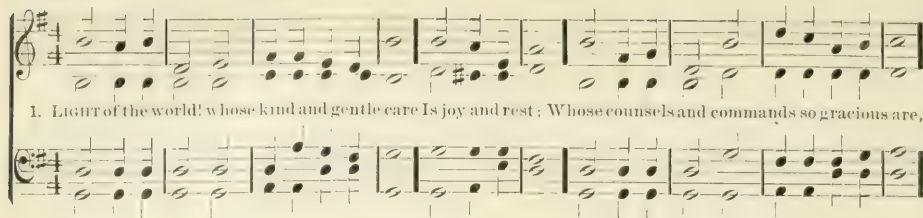


# General

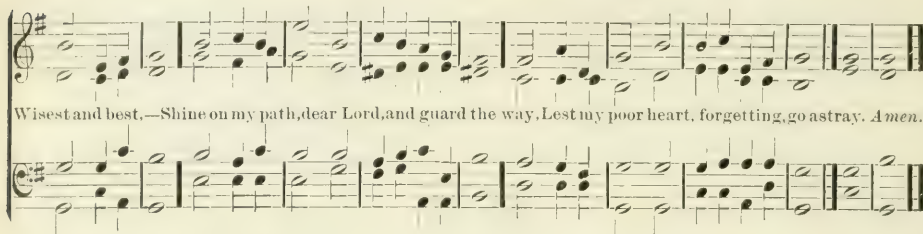
853

COCHRAN 10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10

U. C. Burnap, 1869



1. LIGHT of the world! whose kind and gentle care Is joy and rest: Whose counsels and commands so gracious are,



Wisest and best,—Shine on my path, dear Lord, and guard the way. Lest my poor heart, forgetting, go astray. Amen.

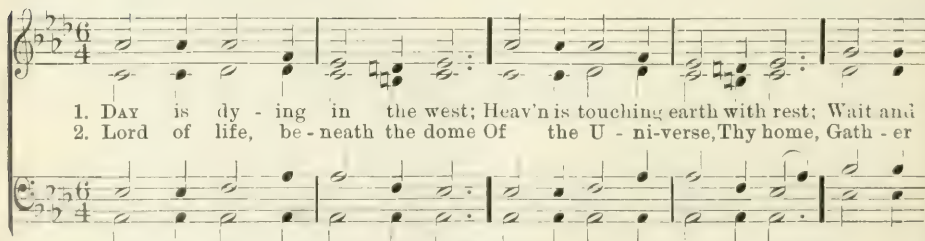
- 2 Lord of my life! my soul's most pure desire,  
 Its hope and peace;  
 Let not the faith Thy loving words inspire  
 Falter, or cease;  
 But be to me, true friend, my chief delight,  
 And safely guide, that every step be right.
- 3 My blessèd Lord! what bliss to feel Thee near,  
 Faithful and true;  
 To trust in Thee, without one doubt or fear,  
 Thy will to do;  
 And all the while to know that Thou, our friend,  
 Art blessing us, and wilt bless to the end.
- 4 And then, oh, then! when sorrow's night is o'er,  
 Life's daylight come,  
 And we are safe within heaven's golden door,  
 At home! at home!  
 How full of glad rejoicing will we raise,  
 Saviour, to Thee our everlasting praise.

H. Bateman, publ. 1875

854

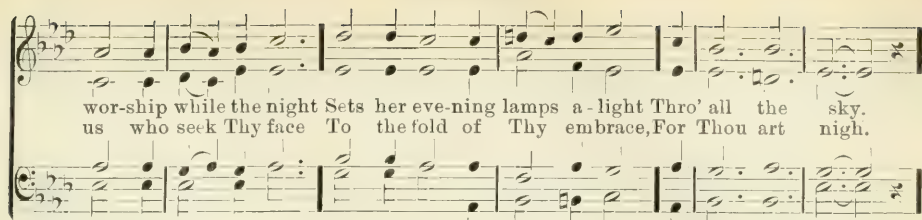
CHAUTAUQUA 7, 7, 7, 7, 4 With Refrain

W. F. Sherwin, 1877



1. DAY is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and  
 2. Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the U - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath - er

# General



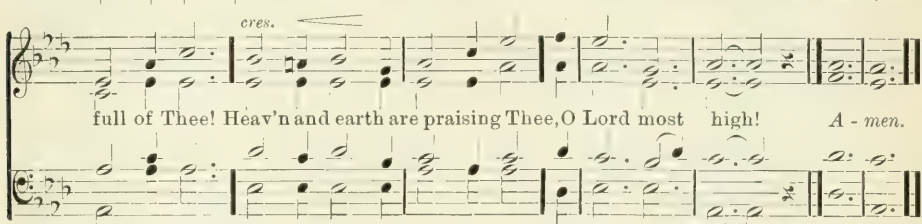
wor-ship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.  
us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.

*Refrain.*



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are

*cres.*



full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - men.

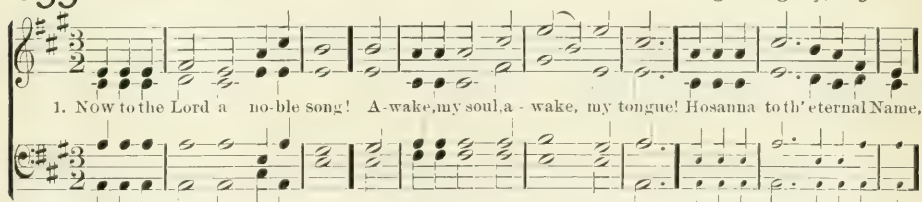
Mary A. Lathbury, 1880

855

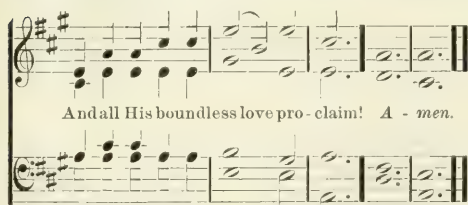
WARE L. M.

(Or to Grostette, No. 143)

George Kingsley, 1838



1. Now to the Lord a no-ble song! A-wake, my soul, a-wake, my tongue! Hosanna to th' eternal Name,



And all His boundless love pro-claim! A - men.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—  
The brightest image of His grace!  
God, in the person of His Son,  
Has all His mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading flood  
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;

And Thy rich glories from afar  
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 But in His looks a glory stands,  
The noblest labor of Thy hands;  
The pleasing lustre of His eyes  
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

5 Grace,—'tis a sweet, a charming theme;  
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:  
Ye angels! dwell upon the sound;  
Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.

6 Oh! may I live to reach the place,  
Where He unveils His lovely face,  
Where all His beauties you behold,  
And sing His name to harps of gold.

# General

856

SHINING SHORE

8s, 7s. With Refrain

G. F. Root, 1855

1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger,

Would not de - tain them, as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger;

*Refrain.*

For, oh, we stand on Jor - dan's strand; Our friends are pass - ing o - ver;

And just be - fore, the shin - ing shore We may al - most dis - cov - er. A - men.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,  
Our heavenly home discerning;  
Our absent Lord has left us word,  
"Let every lamp be burning:"—*Ref.*

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,  
We need not cease our singing;  
That perfect rest nought can molest,  
Where golden harps are ringing:—*Ref.*

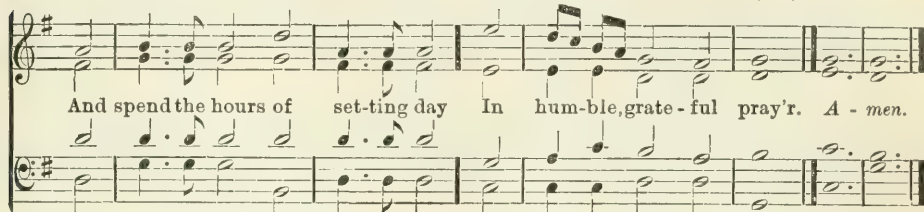
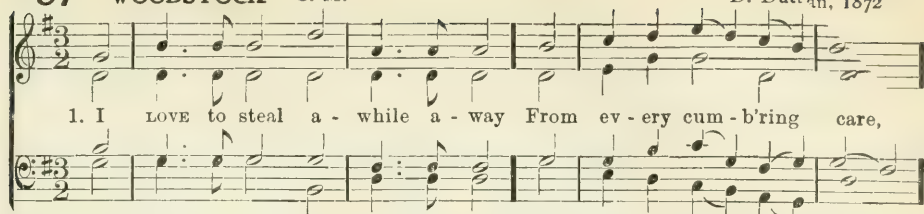
4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
Each cord on earth to sever;  
Our King says, "Come!" and there's our home,  
Forever, oh, forever:—*Ref.*

857

WOODSTOCK C. M.

## General

D. Dutman, 1872



2 I love in solitude to shed  
The penitential tear,  
And all His promises to plead,  
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,  
And future good implore,  
And all my cares and sorrows cast  
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view  
Of brighter scenes in heaven;  
The prospect doth my strength renew,  
While here by tempests driven.

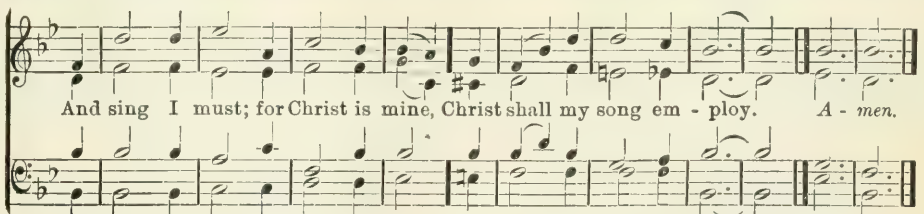
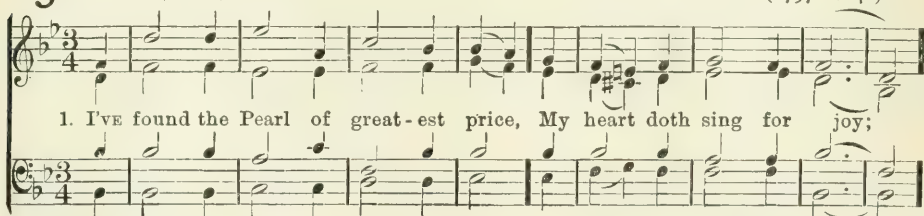
5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
May its departing ray  
Be calm as this impressive hour,  
And lead to endless day.

Mrs. P. H. Brown, 1824

858

RAPHAEL C. M.

Arr. fr. G. Donizetti (1797—1848)



2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;  
A Prophet full of light,  
My great High-Priest before the throne,  
My King of heavenly might.

3 For He indeed is Lord of lords,  
And He the King of kings;  
He is the Sun of righteousness,  
With healing in His wings.

4 Christ is my Peace; He died for me,  
For me He gave His blood;  
And as my wondrous Sacrifice,  
Offered Himself to God.

5 Christ Jesus is my All in all,  
My Comfort and my Love,  
My Life below, and He shall be  
My Joy and Crown above.



# 856

SH  
1830

## General

M S, S, S, 6

J. Barnby, 1883

which Thon hast blessed With healing gifts for souls dis-tressed,

To find in Thee my life, my rest, Christ cru-ci-fied, I come. A-men.

(Or to Elmhurst, No. 718)

2 Thou knowest all my griefs and fears,  
Thy grace abused, my misspent years;  
Yet now to Thee, with contrite tears,  
Christ Crucified, I come.

3 Wash me, and take away each stain;  
Let nothing of my sin remain;

For cleansing, though it be through pain,  
Christ Crucified, I come.

4 And then for work to do for Thee,  
Which shall so sweet a service be  
That angels well might envy me,  
Christ Crucified, I come.

Miss G. M. Irons, 1880

# 860

DORT 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4

J. Mason, 1832

1. CHRIST for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring, With lov-ing zeal; The poor, and

them that mourn, The faint and o-ver-borne, Sin-sick and sor-row-worn, Whom Christ doth heal. A-men.

(Or to Italian Hymn, No. 366 Or to Kirby Bedon, No. 652)

2 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With fervent prayer;  
The wayward and the lost,  
By restless passion tossed,  
Redeemed, at countless cost,  
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With one accord;  
With us the work to share,

With us reproach to dare,  
With us the cross to bear,  
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;  
The world to Christ we bring,  
With joyful song;  
The new-born souls, whose days,  
Reclaimed from error's ways,  
Inspired with hope and praise,  
To Christ belong.

# General

86I HOMELAND 7s, 6s. 81.

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. THE Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of souls free-born!

No gloom-y night is known there, But aye the fade-less morn:

I'm sigh-ing for that Coun-try, My heart is ach-ing here;

There is no pain in the Homeland, To which I'm drawing near. A - men.

2 My Lord is in the Homeland,  
With angels bright and fair;  
No sinful thing nor evil,  
Can ever enter there;  
The music of the ransomed  
Is ringing in my ears,  
And when I think of the Homeland,  
My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the Homeland  
Are waiting me to come  
Where neither death nor sorrow  
Invade their holy home:  
O dear, dear native Country!  
O rest and peace above!  
Christ bring us all to the Homeland  
Of His eternal love.

H. R. Haweis, 1872

# General

862 ARMAGEDDON 6s, 5s. 12 l.

Arr. J. Goss, 1871

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers

Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?

Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,

By Thy grace Di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav-iour, we are Thine. A - men.

2 Not for weight of glory,  
Not for crown and palm,  
Enter we the army,  
Raise the warrior psalm;  
But for Love that claimeth  
Lives for whom He died:  
He whom Jesus nameth  
Must be on His side.  
By Thy love constraining,  
By Thy grace Divine,  
We are on the Lord's side,  
Saviour, we are Thine.

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,  
Not with gold or gem,  
But with Thine own life-blood,  
For Thy diadem:  
With Thy blessing filling  
Each who comes to Thee,  
Thou hast made us willing,  
Thou hast made us free.  
By Thy grand redemption,  
By Thy grace Divine,  
We are on the Lord's side,  
Saviour, we are Thine.

# General

4 Fierce may be the conflict,  
Strong may be the foe,  
But the King's own army  
None can overthrow:  
Round His standard ranging,  
Victory is secure;  
For His truth unchanging  
Makes the triumph sure.  
Joyfully enlisting  
By Thy grace Divine,  
We are on the Lord's side,  
Saviour, we are Thine.

5 Chosen to be soldiers  
In an alien land,  
Chosen, called, and faithful,  
For our Captain's band;  
In the service royal  
Let us not grow cold;  
Let us be right loyal,  
Noble, true, and bold.  
Master, Thou wilt keep us,  
By Thy grace Divine,  
Always on the Lord's side,  
Saviour, always Thine.

F. R. Havergal, 1877

## 863 ANGEL VOICES 8, 5, 8, 5, 8, 4, 3

Arthur Sullivan, 1872

1. AN - GEL voic - es, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light, An - gel harps, for ev - er ringing.

Rest not day nor night; Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee Lord of might. A - men.

2 Thou who art beyond the farthest  
Mortal eye can scan,  
Can it be that Thou regardest  
Songs of sinful man?  
Can we feel that Thou art near us,  
And wilt hear us?  
Yea, we can.

4 Here, great God, to-day we offer  
Of Thine own to Thee;  
And for Thine acceptance proffer,  
All unworthily,  
Hearts and minds, and hands and voices,  
In our choicest  
Melody.

3 Yea, we know Thy love rejoices  
O'er each work of Thine;  
Thou didst ears and hands and voices  
For Thy praise combine;  
Craftsman's art and music's measure  
For Thy pleasure  
Didst design.

5 Honor, glory, might, and merit,  
Thine shall ever be,  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,  
Blessèd Trinity:  
Of the best that Thou hast given  
Earth and heaven  
Render Thee.



# General

864

VOCA ME CUM BENEDICTUS 8s, 7s. 81.

R. P. Stewart, 1895

1. "CALL them in"—the poor, the wretched, Sin-stain'd wand'ers from the fold;

Peace and par-don free-ly of-fer; Can you weigh their worth with gold?

"Call them in"—the weak, the wea-ry, La-den with the doom of sin:

Bid them come and rest in Je-sus; He is waiting: "Call them in." A-men.

2 "Call them in"—the Jew, the Gentile;

Bid the stranger to the feast:

"Call them in"—the rich, the noble

From the highest to the least:

Forth the Father runs to meet them,

He hath all their sorrows seen:

Robe, and ring, and royal sandals

Wait the lost ones: "Call them in."

3 "Call them in"—the little children

Tarrying far away, away;

Wait—oh, wait not for to-morrow,

Christ would have them come to-day.

Follow on, the Lamb is leading!

He has conquered—we shall win:

Bring the halt and blind to Jesus;

He will heal them: "Call them in."

4 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted,

Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;

Speak love's message, low and tender—

'T was for sinners Jesus came:

See! the shadows lengthen round us,

Soon the day-dawn will begin;

Can you leave them lost and lonely?

Christ is coming: "Call them in."

A. Shipton, 1862

# General (Consecration)

865 CONSTANCE 8s, 7s. 8l.

Arthur Sullivan, 1875

1. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;

He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him;

And 'round my heart still close-ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er.

For I am His and He is mine, For ev - er and for ev - er. A - men.

2 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!  
 He bled, He died to save me;  
 And not alone the gift of life,  
 But His own self He gave me.  
 Naught that I have mine own I'll call,  
 I'll hold it for the Giver;  
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all,  
 Are His, and His for ever.

3 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend!  
 All power to Him is given,  
 To guard me on my onward course,  
 And bring me safe to heaven:

Eternal glory gleams afar,  
 To nerve my faint endeavor:  
 So now to watch, to work, to war;  
 And then to rest for ever.

4 I've found a Friend; O such a Friend,  
 So kind and true and tender!  
 So wise a Counsellor and Guide,  
 So mighty a Defender!  
 From Him, who loves me now so well,  
 What power my soul shall sever?  
 Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?  
 No: I am His for ever.

# General

866

HE LEADETH ME L. M. With Refrain

W. B. Bradbury, 1864

Used by perm. The Higdon & Martin Co.

1. HE lead-eth me: O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-

## Refrain.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me; By His own

hand He lead-eth me: His faith-ful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. A-men.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,—  
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

*Ref.*—He leadeth me, etc.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine;  
Content, whatever lot I see,

Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

*Ref.*—He leadeth me, etc.

4 And when my task on earth is done,  
When by Thy grace, the victory's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

*Ref.*—He leadeth me, etc.

J. H. Gilmore, 1861 Lines 3 and 4 of Refrain added

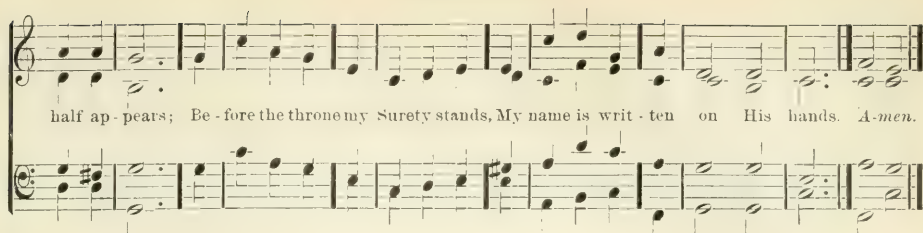
867

CHRIST CHURCH (Steggall) 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8

C. Steggall, 1865

1. A - RISE, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleeding Sac - ri - fice In my be -

# General



half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands. A - men.

2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede,  
His all-redeeming love,  
His precious blood, to plead;  
His blood atoned for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 The Father hears Him pray,  
His dear anointed One:  
He cannot turn away

The presence of His Son;  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.

4 My God is reconciled,  
His pardoning voice I hear;  
He owns me for His child;  
I can no longer fear;  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

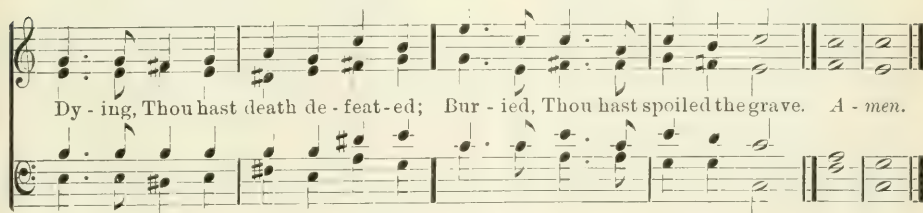
C. Wesley, 1742

## 868 ANDREW 8s, 7s.

E. H. Thorne (1834—)



1. CHRIST, a - bove all glo - ry seat - ed! King tri - umphant, strong to save!



Dy - ing, Thou hast death de - feat - ed; Bur - ied, Thou hast spoiled the grave. A - men.

(Or to Alleluia, No. 330)

2 Thou art gone where now is given  
What no mortal might could gain;  
On th'eternal throne of heaven  
In Thy Father's power to reign.

3 There Thy kingdoms all adore Thee,  
Heaven above and earth below;  
While the depths of hell before Thee,  
Trembling and defeated, bow.

4 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,  
Follow Thee above the sky;

Hear our prayers, Thy grace imploring,  
Lift our souls to Thee on high;

5 So, when Thou again in glory  
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,  
We Thy flock may stand before Thee,  
Owned for evermore as Thine.

6 Hail! all hail! In Thee confiding,  
Jesus, Thee shall all adore;  
In Thy Father's might abiding  
With one Spirit evermore!

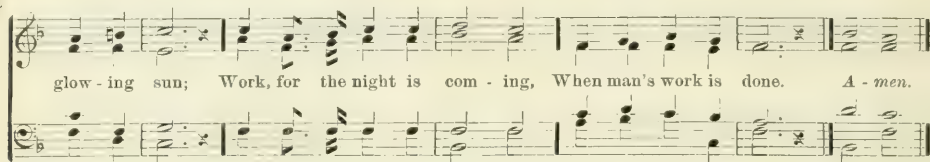
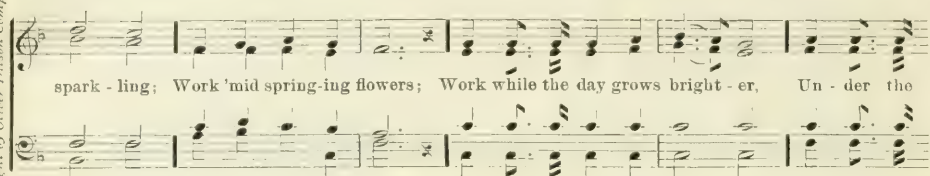
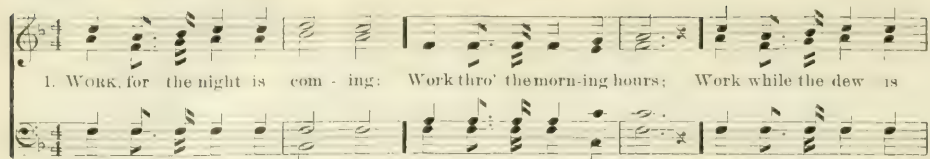


# General

869

WORK SONG 7. 6. 7. 5 81.

L. Mason, 1864



2 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon:  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies,  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies:  
Work, till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work, while night is darkening,  
When man's work is o'er.

A. L. Coghill, c. 1860 Alt.

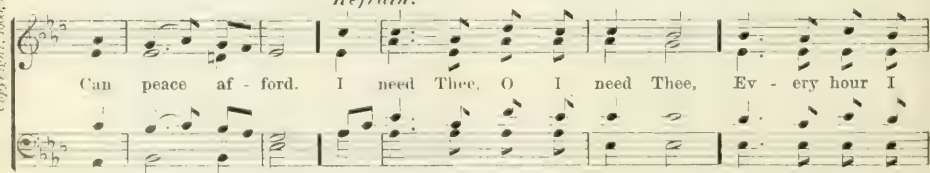
870

NEED 6s, 4s. With Refrain

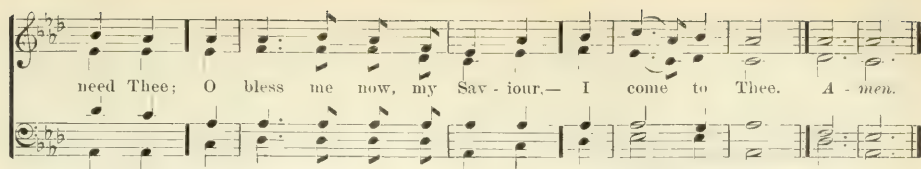
R. Lowry, 1872



## Refrain.



# General



2 I need Thee every hour;  
Stay Thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh.—*Ref.*

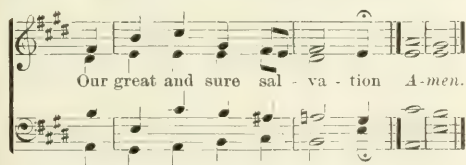
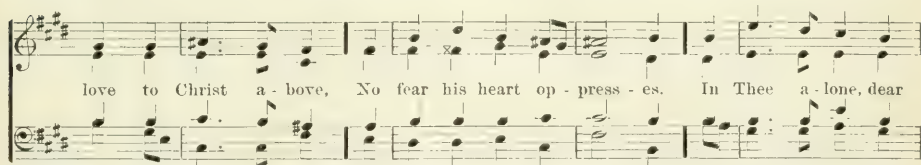
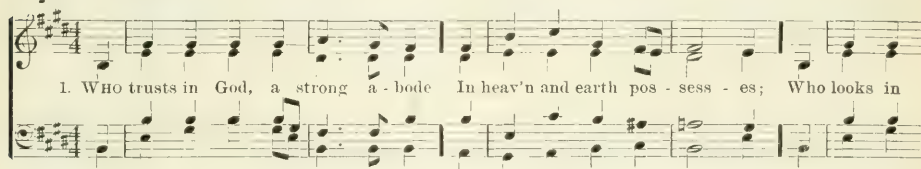
4 I need Thee every hour;  
Teach me Thy will;  
And Thy rich promises  
In me fulfil.—*Ref.*

3 I need Thee every hour,  
In joy or pain;  
Come quickly, and abide,  
Or life is vain.—*Ref.*

5 I need Thee every hour,  
Most Holy One;  
O make me Thine indeed,  
Thou blessed Son.—*Ref.*

A. S. Hawks, 1872 Refrain added by R. Lowry

## 871 JUBILEE 8s, 7s. 8l. Composed for the Queen's Jubilee, by Arthur Sullivan, 1897



2 Though Satan's wrath beset our path,  
And worldly scorn assail us,  
While Thou art near we will not fear,  
Thy strength shall never fail us:  
Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe,  
And guide our steps for ever;

Nor shades of death, nor hell beneath,  
Our souls from Thee shall sever.

3 In all the strife of mortal life  
Our feet shall stand securely;  
Temptation's hour shall lose its power,  
For Thou shalt guard us surely.  
O God, renew, with heavenly dew,  
Our body, soul, and spirit,  
Until we stand at Thy right hand,  
Through Jesus' saving merit.

Joachim Madgeburg, 1572, et al.  
Tr. B. H. Kennedy, 1863 *All.*

# General

## 872 CROSSING THE BAR Irregular

J. Barnby, 1893

1. SUN - SET and even - ing star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no

moan - ing of the bar When I put out to sea. 2. But such a

tide as mov - ing seems a - sleep, Too full for sound and foam, When that which

drew from out the boundless deep Turns a - gain home. 3. Twilight and evening bell,  
home. Twi - - - - light and evening bell,

And aft - er that the dark! And may there be no sad - ness of farewell When I em - bark:

# General

*cres* - - - *cen* - - - *do.* *rit.*

4. For, though from out our bourne of time and place The flood may bear me far,

*f*

I hope to see my Pi - lot face to face When I have crost the bar. A - men.

A. Tennyson, 1889

## 873 WATTS L. M.

S. Neukomm, 1840

1. WITH tear - ful eyes I look a - round; Life seems a dark and stormy sea;

Yet midst the gloom I hear a sound, A heav'nly whisper, "Come to Me!" A - men.

2 It tells me of a place of rest,  
It tells me where my soul may flee:  
O, to the weary, faint, oppress,  
How sweet the bidding, "Come to Me!"

To heaven direct thy weeping eye;  
I am thy portion; Come to Me!"

3 "Come, for all else must fail and die;  
Earth is no resting-place for thee;

4 O voice of mercy! voice of love!  
In conflict, grief, and agony,  
Support me, cheer me from above;  
And gently whisper, "Come to Me!"

C. Elliott, 1841



# General

## 874 MOUNT ZION 7s. 61.

Arthur Sullivan, 1867

1. WHEN this passing world is done, When has sunk yon glaring sun, When we stand with Christ in glo-ry,

Looking o'er life's finished story,— Then, Lord, shall I ful-ly know, Not till then, how much I owe. A - men.

2 When I stand before the throne,  
Dressed in beauty not my own,  
When I see Thee as Thou art,  
Love Thee with unsinching heart,—  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
Not till then, how much I owe.

3 When the praise of heaven I hear,  
Loud as thunders to the ear,  
Loud as many waters' noise,  
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,—  
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,  
Not till then, how much I owe.

R. M. McCheyne, 1837

## 875 SELVIN S. M.

Arr. L. Mason

1. If, through un - ruffled seas, Tow'rd heav'n we calm-ly sail, With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee,

We'll own the fav'ring gale; With grateful hearts, O God, to Thee, We'll own the fav'ring gale. A - men.

2 But should the surges rise,  
And rest delay to come,  
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,  
Which drives us nearer home.

3 Soon shall our doubts and fears  
All yield to Thy control;

Thy tender mercies shall illumine  
The midnight of the soul.

4 Teach us, in every state,  
To make Thy will our own;  
And when the joys of sense depart,  
To live by faith alone.

# General

876

VESALIUS 11s, 10s.

E. C. Perry (1856—)

1. FA - THER, in Thy mys - terious presence kneeling, Fain would our souls feel all Thy kindling love;

For we are weak, and need some deep re - veal - ing Of trust, and strength, and calmness from a - bove. A - men.

2 Lord, we have wandered forth through 3 Now, Father, now in Thy dear presence  
doubt and sorrow, [one; kneeling,  
And Thou hast made each step an onward Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love;  
And we will ever trust each unknown mor - Now make us strong; we need Thy deep  
row; revealing [above.  
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done. Of trust, and strength, and calmness from

S. Johnson, 1846

877

SANCTUARY 9s, 8s.

C. J. Dickinson, 1877

1. THE day Thou gav - est, Lord, is end - ed, The darkness falls at Thy be - hest;

To Thee our morning hymns as - cend - ed, Thy praise shall hallow now our rest. A - men.

2 We thank Thee that Thy Church un -  
sleeping,  
While earth rolls onward into light,  
Through all the world her watch is keeping,  
And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island  
The dawn leads on another day,  
The voice of prayer is never silent,  
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun, that bids us rest, is waking  
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,  
And hour by hour fresh lips are making  
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall  
never,  
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;  
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,  
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway.

J. Ellerton, 1870

# General

878

LAST HOPE 7s.

L. M. Gottschalk, 1854 Ad. by H. P. Main, 1865

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine! Dawn up - on this soul of mine;

Word of God, and In - ward Light, Wake my spir - it, clear my sight. A - men.

- 2 Holy Spirit, Love divine!  
Glow within this soul of mine;  
Kindle every high desire;  
Perish self in Thy pure fire;
- 3 Holy Spirit, Power divine!  
Fill and nerve this will of mine;  
By Thee may I strongly live,  
Bravely bear and nobly strive.

- 4 Holy Spirit, Right divine!  
King within my conscience reign;  
Be my Law, and I shall be  
Firmly bound, forever free.
- 5 Holy Spirit, Joy divine!  
Gladden Thou this heart of mine;  
In the desert ways I sing  
"Spring, O Well, forever spring."

S. Longfellow, 1864

879

HEBER C. M.

G. Kingsley, 1838

1. How SWEET, how heav'n-ly is the sight, When those who love the Lord

In one an-o-th-er's peace de-light, And so ful - fil His word. A - men.

- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,  
And with him bear a part;  
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,  
And joy from heart to heart;
- 3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,  
Our wishes all above,  
Each can his brother's failings hide,  
And show a brother's love;
- 4 When love, in one delightful stream,  
Through every bosom flows;  
When union sweet, and dear esteem,  
In every action glows.
- 5 Love is the golden chain that binds  
The happy souls above;  
And he's an heir of heaven that finds  
His bosom glows with love.

# General

880 GALILEE 8s, 7s.

W. H. Jude (1851—)

1. JE - SUS calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest - less sea;

Day by day His sweet voice sound - eth. Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low me!" A - men.

(Or to Stockwell, No. 106)

2 Jesus calls us from the worship  
Of the vain world's golden store,  
From each idol that would keep us,  
Saying, "Christian, love Me more."

Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,  
"Christian, love Me more than these."

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,  
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,  
Give our hearts to Thy obedience,  
Serve and love Thee best of all.

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,  
Days of toil and hours of ease,

C. F. Alexander, 1852

881 RUTH 6s, 5s. 81.

S. Smith (1804—1873)

1. SUM - MER suns are glow - ing O - ver land and sea; Hap - py light is flow - ing,

Boun - ti - ful and free; Ev - ery thing re - joic - es In the mel - low rays; All earth's thousand

voic - es Swell the psalm of praise. A - men.

2 God's free mercy streameth  
Over all the world,  
And His banner gleameth  
Everywhere unfurled;  
Broad and deep and glorious  
As the heaven above,  
Shines in might victorious  
His eternal Love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness,  
Thy pure radiance pour,  
For Thy loving-kindness  
Make us love Thee more:  
And when clouds are drifting  
Dark across our sky,  
Then, the veil uplifting,  
Father, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee,  
Though Thou veil Thy light:  
Life is dark without Thee,  
Death with Thee is bright;  
Light of light! Shine o'er us  
On our pilgrim way,  
Go Thou still before us  
To the endless day.

W. W. How, 1871



# General

882 BAXTER 6s. 81.

U. C. Burnap, 1872

1. O Love that casts out fear, O Love that casts out sin, Tar-ry no more with -

out, But come and dwell with-in. True Sun-light of the soul, Surround me

as I go; So shall my way be safe, My feet no stray-ing know. A-men.

2 Great Love of God, come in,  
 Wellspring of heavenly peace;  
 Thou Living Water, come,  
 Spring up, and never cease.  
 Love of the Living God,  
 Of Father, and of Son,  
 Love of the Holy Ghost,  
 Fill Thou each needy one.

H. Bonar, 1857

883 PILGRIM (St. Werburgh) 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4

R. P. Stewart, 1868

1. No! nor de-spair-ing-ly Come I to Thee; No! not dis-trust-ing-ly

## General

Bend I the knee. Sin hath gone o - ver me, Yet is this still my plea,

'Je - sus hath died.' A - men.

2 Ah! mine iniquity  
Crimson has been,  
Infinite, infinite,  
Sin upon sin;  
Sin of not loving Thee,  
Sin of not trusting Thee,  
Infinite sin.

3 Lord, I confess to Thee  
Sadly my sin;  
All I am tell I Thee,

All I have been.  
Purge Thou my sin away;  
Wash Thou my soul this day;  
Lord, make me clean.

4 Faithful and just art Thou,  
Forgiving all;  
Loving and kind art Thou  
When poor ones call;  
Lord, let the cleansing blood,  
Blood of the Lamb of God,  
Pass o'er my soul.

5 Then all is peace and light  
This soul within;  
Thus shall I walk with Thee,  
The loved unseen,  
Leaning on Thee, my God,  
Guided along the road,  
Nothing between.

H. Bonar, 1866

## 884 GLORIA PATRI

H. W. Greatorex, 1851

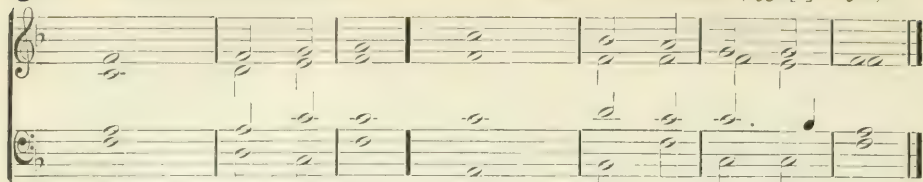
GLO-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it

was in the be-gin-ning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end; A - men, A - men.

# Selections for Chanting

## 901 OPENING SENTENCES

R. Farrant (1530[?]-1580)



1 THE *Lord* is in His | ho-ly | temple || let all the *earth* keep | si- lence be- fore — |  
Him. — *Hab. ii. 20.*

2 O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty ' of | holiness || *fear* be- fore Him | all the |  
*earth.*—*Ps. xcvi. 9.*

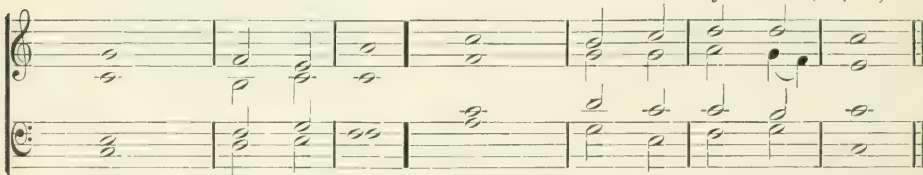
W. Russell (1777-1813)



3 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation | of my | heart || be acceptable in  
Thy sight, O *Lord* my | strength and | my re- | deemer.—*Ps. xix. 14.*

4 O send out Thy light and Thy *truth* that | they may | lead me || and bring me unto  
Thy *holy* | hill and | to Thy | dwelling.—*Ps. xliii. 3.*

J. Stainer (1840—)



5 This is the *day* which the | *Lord* hath | made || we will rejoice | and be | glad in | it.  
*Ps. cxviii. 24.*

6 { I was glad when they *said* | un-to | me || Let us go into the | house -- | of the | *Lord*.  
*Ps. cxvii. 1.*

{ Pray for the *peace* | of Je- ru-salem | they shall | prosper ' that | love — | Thee.  
*Ps. cxvii. 2.*

R. Langdon (1729-1803)



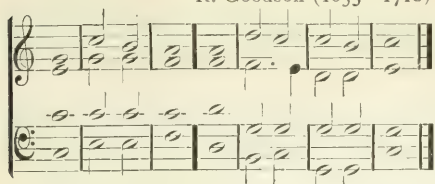
7 I will arise and go | to my | Father || and | will say | un-to | Him || Father, I have  
sinned against *heaven* and be- fore — | Thee || and am no more worthy to be |  
call-ed | Thy — | son.—*Luke xv. 18, 19.*

8 From the rising of the sun even unto the going down | of the | same || My name shall  
be | great a- | mong the | Gentiles || and in every place incense shall be offered un-  
to My Name and a | pure — | offering | for My Name shall be great among the  
heathen | saith the | *Lord* of | hosts.—*Mal. i. 11.*

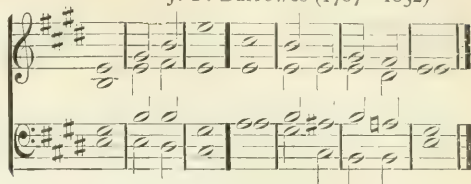
# Selections for Chanting

## 902 VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO (*Ps. xcvi.*)

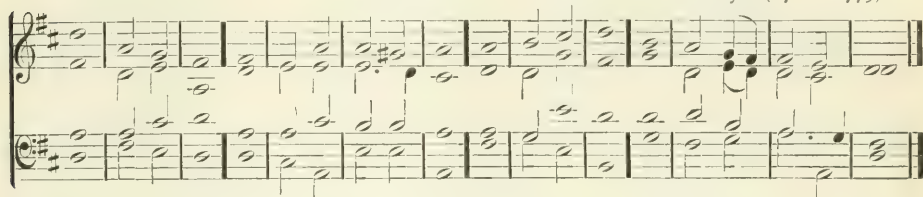
R. Goodson (1655—1718)



J. F. Burrowes (1787—1852)



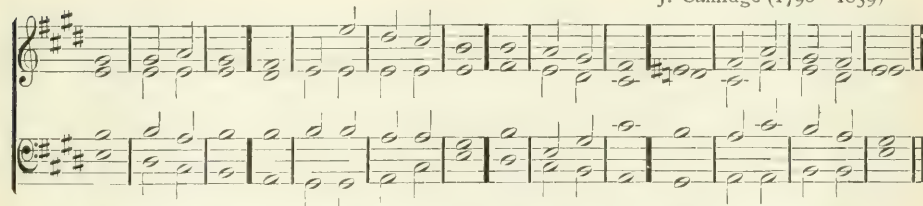
W. Boyce (1710—1779)



W. Russell (1777—1813)



J. Camidge (1790—1859)



- 1 O COME let us *sing* | unto ' the | Lord || let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of |  
our sal- | vation.
  - 2 Let us come before His presence | with thanks- | giving |, and show ourselves | glad  
in | Him with | psalms.
  - 3 For the *Lord* is a | great — | God || and a *great* | King a- | bove all | gods.
  - 4 In His hand are all the corners | of the | earth || and the *strength* of the | hills is |  
His — | also.
  - 5 The sea is *His* | and He | made it || and His *hands* pre- | pared ' the | dry — | land.
  - 6 O come, let us *worship* and | fall — | down || and *kneel* be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
  - 7 For *He* is the | Lord our | God || and we are the people of His pasture and the |  
sheep of | His — | hand.—*Ps. xcvi. 1-7.*
  - 8 O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty ' of | holiness || let the whole *earth* | stand in |  
awe of | Him.
  - 9 \* For He cometh, for He cometh to | judge the | earth || and with righteousness to  
judge the *world* and the | peo-ple | with His | truth.—*Ps. xcvi. 9, 13.*
- Glory be to the *Father* | and ' to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;  
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end.—| *A* — | *men.*

\* Last half of Double Chant.



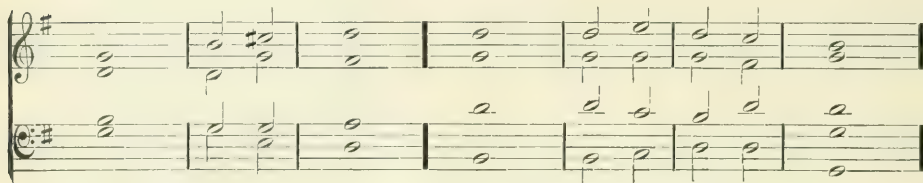
# Selections for Chanting

## 903 GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

Old Chant



- 1 GLORY be to | God on | high || and on *earth* | peace good | will \* towards | men.  
2 We praise Thee, we bless *Thee* we | wor-ship | Thee || we glorify Thee, we give  
*thanks* to | Thee for | Thy great | glory.



- 3 O Lord *God* | Heaven- \* ly | King || *God* the | Fa-ther | Al- — | mighty.  
4 O Lord, the only begotten *Son* | Je-sus | Christ || O Lord God, Lamb of *God* |  
Son — | of the | Father,



- 5 That takest *away* the | sins \* of the | world || have *mercy* up- | on — | us.  
6 Thou that takest *away* the | sins \* of the | world || have *mercy* up- | on — | us.  
7 Thou that takest *away* the | sins \* of the | world || re- | ceive our | prayer.  
8 Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God the | Father || have *mercy* up- | on — |  
us.

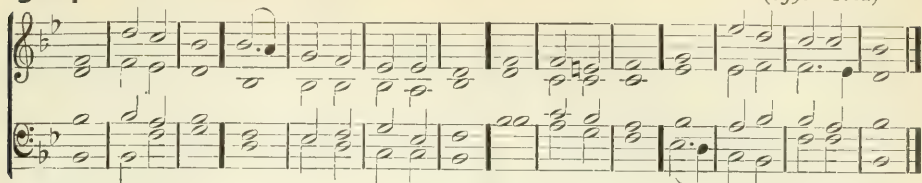


- 9 For Thou only | art — | holy || *Thou* | on-ly | art the | Lord.  
10 Thou only, O *Christ* with the | Ho-ly | Ghost || art most *high* in the | glory \* of |  
God the | Father.

# Selections for Chanting

## 904 TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

H. Lawes (1596—1662)



- 1 WE *praise* | Thee O | God || we *acknowledge* | Thee to | be the | Lord.
- 2 All the *earth* doth | wor-ship | Thee || *the* | Fa-ther | ev-er- | lasting.
- 3 To Thee all *Angels* | cry a- | loud || the *Heavens* and | all the | Powers there- | in.
- 4 To Thee *Cherubim* and | Ser-a- | phim || *con-* | tin-ual- | ly do | cry,
- 5 *Holy* | Ho-ly | Ho-ly || *Lord* | God of | Sab-a- | oth;
- 6 Heaven and earth are *full* of the | Maj-es- | ty || *of* | Thy — | Glo- — | ry.
- 7 The glorious *company* | of · the A- | postles || *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
- 8 The goodly *fellowship* | of the | Prophets || *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
- 9 The noble | army · of | Martyrs || *praise* | — — | — — | Thee.
- 10 The holy *Church* throughout | all the | world || *doth* | — ac- | knowl-edge | Thee;
- 11 *The* | Fa- — | ther || *of* an | in- · finite | Maj-es- | ty;
- 12 *Thine* a- | dor- · able, | true || *and* | on- — | ly | Son;
- 13 \* Also the | Holy | Ghost || *the* | Com- — | fort- — | er.
- 14 *Thou* art the | King of | Glory || O — — | — — | Christ.
- 15 Thou art the *ever-* | last-ing | Son || *of* | — the | Fa- — | ther.

\* Last half of Chant.

R. Cooke (1768—1814)



- 16 When Thou tookest upon *Thee* to de- | liv-er | man || Thou didst humble *Thyself* to  
be | born — | of a | Virgin.
- 17 When Thou hadst *overcome* the | sharpness · of | death || Thou didst open the *King-*  
dom of | Heaven · to | all be- | lievers.
- 18 Thou sittest at the *right* | hand of | God || *in* the | Glo-ry | of the | Father.
- 19 We *believe* that | Thou shalt | come || *to* | be — | our — | Judge.
- 20 We therefore *pray* Thee | help Thy | servants || whom Thou hast *redeemed* | with  
Thy | pre-cious | blood.
- 21 Make them to be *numbered* | with Thy | Saints || *in* | glo-ry | ev-er- | lasting.
- 22 O *Lord* | save Thy | people || *and* | bless Thine | her-it- | age.
- 23 *Gov-* | — ern | them || *and* | lift them | up for- | ever.

Return to chant in *Bb* at the top of page.

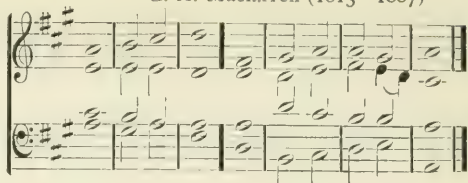
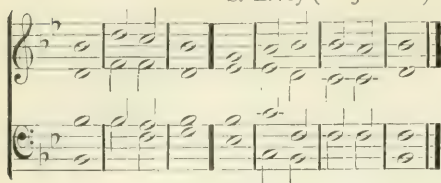
- 24 *Day* | by — | day || *we* | mag-ni- | fy — | Thee;
- 25 *And* we | worship · Thy | Name || *ever* | world with- | out — | end.
- 26 *Vouch-* | safe O | Lord || to keep *us* this | day with- | out — | sin.
- 27 O *Lord* · have | mercy · up- | on us || *have* | mercy · up- | on — | us.
- 28 O Lord, let Thy *mercy* | be up- | on us || *as* our | trust — | is in | Thee.
- 29 O Lord, in *Thee* | have I | trusted || *let* me | nev-er | be con- | founded.

# Selections for Chanting

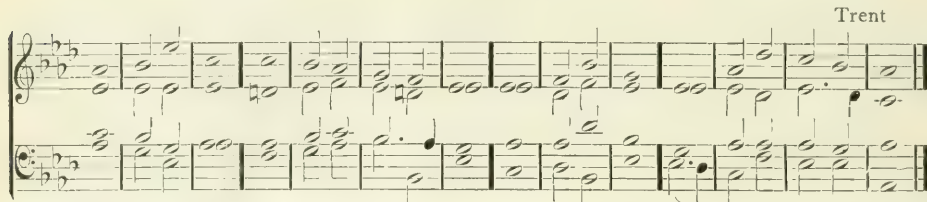
## 905 BENEDICTUS (*Luke i. 68-79*)

S. Elvey (1805-1860)

G. A. Macfarren (1813-1887)



J. Barnby (1838-1896)



Trent

- 1 BLESSED be the Lord *God* of | Is-ra- | el || for He hath *visited* | and re- | deem-ed  
His | people;
  - 2 And hath raised up a *mighty* sal- | va-tion | for us || in the *house* | of His { ser-  
vant | David;
  - 3 As He spake by the *mouth* of His | ho-ly | Prophets || which have *been* | since  
the | world be- | gan;
  - 4 That we should be *sared* | from our | enemies || and from the *hand* of | all that |  
hate — | us;
  - 5 To perform the mercy *promised* to | our fore- | fathers || and to remember His |  
ho-ly | Cov-e- | nant;
  - 6 To perform the oath which He sware to our forefather | A-bra- | ham || *that* | He  
would | give — | us;
  - 7 That we being delivered out of the *hand* of our | en-e- | mies || might *serve* | Him  
with- | out — | fear;
  - 8 In holiness and *righteous-* | ness be- | fore Him || *all* the | days of | our — | life.
  - 9 And thou Child, shalt be called the *Prophet* | of the | Highest || for thou shalt go  
before the face of the *Lord* | to pre- | pare His | ways;
  - 10 To give knowledge of *salvation* | unto ' His | people || *for* the re- | mis-sion | of  
their | sins,
  - 11 Through the tender *mercy* | of our | God || whereby the day-spring *from* on | high  
hath | visit- ' ed | us;
  - 12 To give light to them that sit in darkness, and *in* the | shadow ' of | death || and  
to guide our *feet* | into ' the | way of | peace.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and ' to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;  
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |  
*A — | men.*

# Selections for Chanting

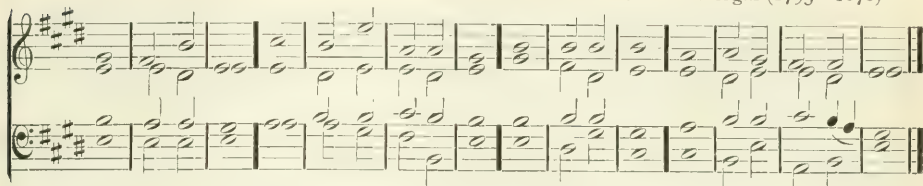
## 906 JUBILATE DEO

J. Nares (1715—1783)

Oxford Chant



W. H. Havergal (1793—1870)



1 O BE joyful in the *Lord* | all ye | lands || serve the Lord with gladness, and come be-  
fore His | pres-ence | with a | song.

2 Be ye sure that the *Lord* | He is | God || it is He that hath made us, and not we our-  
selves, we are His people and the | sheep of | His — | pasture.

3 O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and *into* His | courts with |  
praise || be thankful unto *Him* and | speak good | of His | Name.

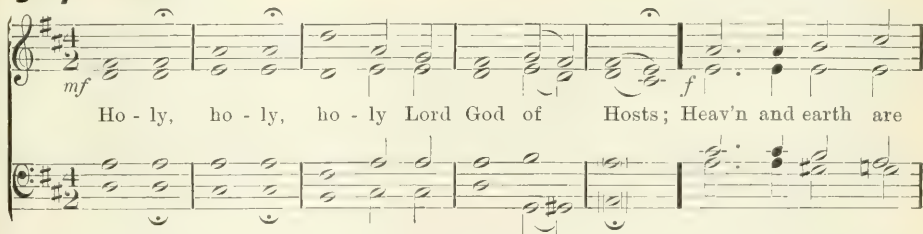
4 For the Lord is gracious, His *mercy* is | ev-er- | lasting || and His truth endureth  
from *gener-* | ation \* to | gen-er- | ation.

Glory be to the *Father* | and \* to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;

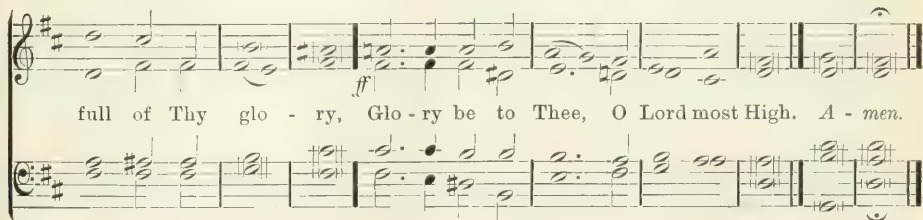
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ever | shall be || *world* without | end — | A — | men.

## 907 SANCTUS

A. S. Cooper (1835—)



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts; Heav'n and earth are



full of Thy glo - ry, Glo - ry be to Thee, O Lord most High. A - men.

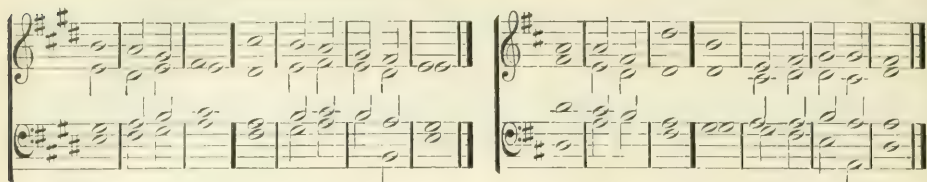


# Selections for Chanting

## 908 CANTATE DOMINO (Ps. xcvi)

A. R. Reinagle (1799—1877)

J. Battishill (1738—1801)



R. Woodward (c. 1744—1771)

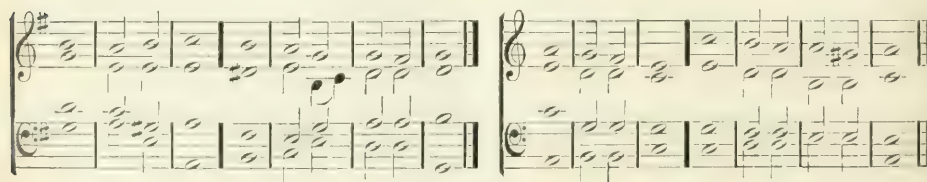


- 1 O SING unto the *Lord* a | new — | song || for *He* hath | done — | mar-vellous | things.  
 2 With His own right hand and *with* His | ho-ly | arm || *hath* He | gotten ' Him- | self the | victory.  
 3 The *Lord* declared | His sal- | vation || His righteousness hath He openly *showed* in  
 the | sight — | of the | heathen.  
 4 He hath remembered His mercy and truth *toward* the | house of | Israel || and all  
 the ends of the world have *seen* the sal- | va-tion | of our | God.  
 5 Show yourselves joyful unto the *Lord* | all ye | lands || *sing* re- | joice and | give — |  
 thanks.  
 6 Praise the *Lord* up- | on the | harp || sing to the *harp* with a | psalm of | thanks- — |  
 giving.  
 7 With *trumpets* | also \* and | shawms || O show yourselves *joyful* be- | fore the |  
*Lord* the | King.  
 8 Let the sea make a noise, and *all* that | there-in | is || the round *world* and | they that |  
 dwell there- | in.  
 9 Let the floods clap their hands and let the hills be joyful together be- | fore the |  
*Lord* || *for* He | cometh \* to | judge the | earth.  
 10 With righteousness shall He | judge the | world || *and* the | peo-ple | with — | equity.  
 Glory be to the *Father* | and \* to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;  
 As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |  
*A- — | men.*

## 909 DEUS MISEREATUR (Ps. lxxvii)

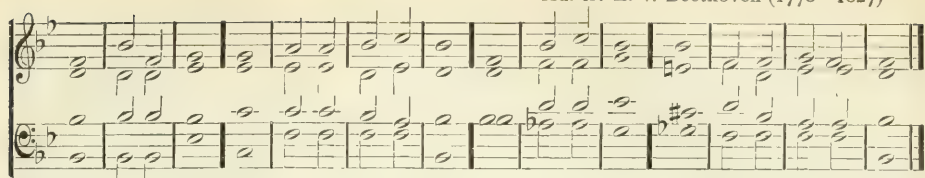
H. Aldrich (1647—1710)

W. Croft (1678—1727)



# Selections for Chanting

Ad. fr. L. v. Beethoven (1770—1827)



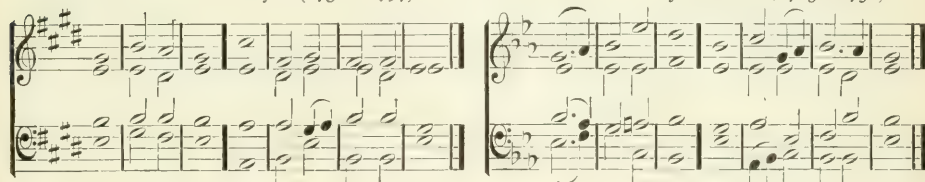
- 1 GOD be merciful unto | us and | bless us || and show us the light of His countenance,  
and be | merci-ful | un-to | us ;
- 2 That Thy way may be known up- | on — | earth || Thy saving | health a- | mong all |  
nations.
- 3 Let the people praise | Thee O | God || yea let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.
- 4 O let the nations rejoice | and be | glad || for Thou shalt judge the folk righteously,  
and govern the | nations ' up- | on — | earth.
- 5 Let the people praise | Thee O | God || yea let | all the | peo-ple | praise Thee.
- 6 Then shall the earth bring forth her | increase || and God, even our own God  
shall | give — | us His | blessing.
- 7 \* God | shall — | bless us || and all the ends of the | world shall | fear — | Him.  
Glory be to the Father | and ' to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;  
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ev-er | shall be || world without | end. — |  
A — | men.

∴ Last half of Double Chant.

## 910 BONUM EST CONFITERI (Ps xcii)

P. Hayes (1738—1797)

J. Travers (1703—1758)



S. Matthews



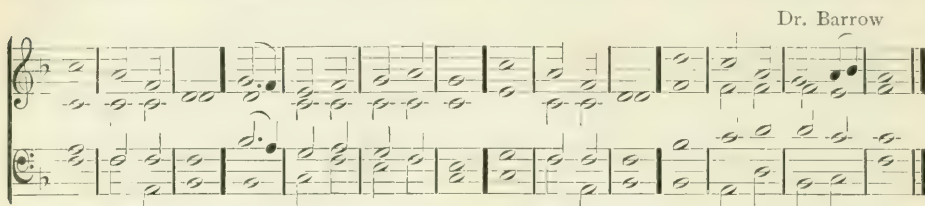
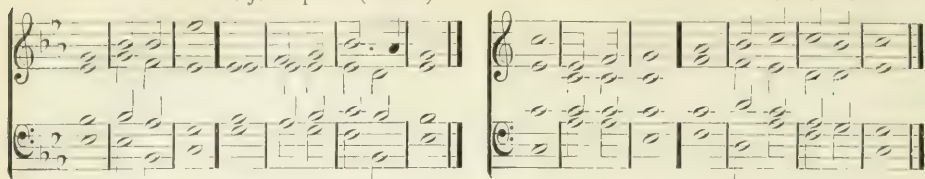
- 1 It is a good thing to give thanks | unto ' the | Lord || and to sing praises unto Thy  
Name | O — | Most — | Highest.
- 2 To tell of Thy loving-kindness early | in the | morning || and of Thy truth | in the |  
night- — | season.
- 3 Upon an instrument of ten strings and up- | on the | lute || upon a loud instrument |  
and up- | on the | harp.
- 4 For Thou, Lord, hast made me glad | through Thy | works || and I will rejoice in giving  
praise for the op- | a-tions | of Thy | hands.
- Glory be to the Father | and ' to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;  
As it was in the beginning, is now and | ev-er | shall be || world without | end. — |  
A — | men.

# Selections for Chanting

## 911 BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA (Ps. ciii. 1-4, 20-22)

E. J. Hopkins (1818—)

E. G. Monk (1819—1900)



Dr. Barrow

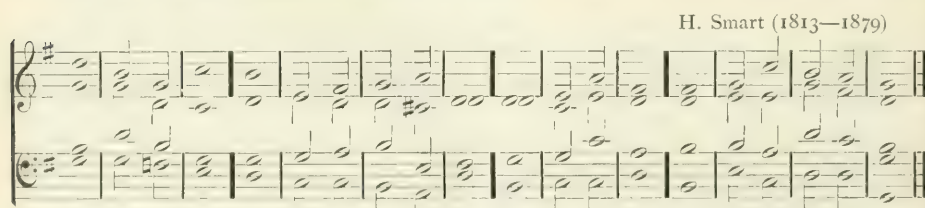
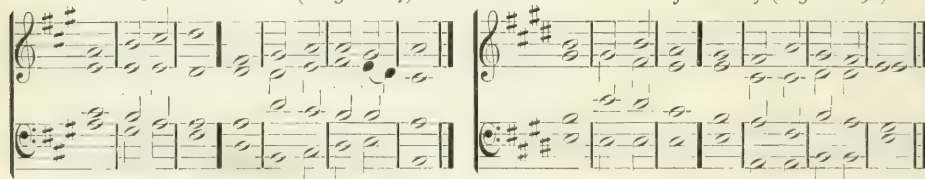
- 1 PRAISE the *Lord* | O my | soul || and all that is within me | praise His | ho-ly | Name.  
 2 Praise the *Lord* | O my | soul || and for- | get not | all His | benefits;  
 3 Who *forgiveth* | all thy | sin || and *healeth* | all — | thine in- | firmities;  
 4 Who saveth thy *life* | from de- | struction || and crowneth *thee* with | mercy \* and |  
 lov-ing- | kindness;  
 5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of His, *ye* that ex- | cel in | strength || ye that fulfil His  
 commandment, and *hearken* unto the | voice — | of His | word.  
 6 O praise the *Lord* all | ye His | hosts || ye *servants* of | His that | do His | pleasure.  
 7 \* O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of His, in all *places* of | His do- | minion |  
 praise *thou* the | Lord — | O my | soul.  
 Glory be to the *Father* | and \* to the | Son, || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;  
 As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end — | A- — | men.

\*: Last half of Double Chant.

## 912 MAGNIFICAT (Luke i. 46-55)

G. A. Macfarren (1813—1887)

J. Barnby (1838—1896)



H. Smart (1813—1879)

- 1 My soul doth *magni-* fy the | Lord || and my spirit *hath* re- | joiced \* in | God  
 my | Saviour.  
 2 *For* He | hath re- | garded || the *lowli-* ness of | His hand- | maiden.

## Selections for Chanting

- 3 For be- | hold from | henceforth || all *gener-* | ations \* shall | call me | blessed.
- 4 For He that is *mighty* hath || magni- \* fied | me || *and* | ho-ly | is His | name.
- 5 And His mercy is on | them that | fear Him || *through-* | out all | gen-er- | ations.
- 6 He hath showed *strength* | with His | arm || He hath scattered the proud in the  
imagin- | a-tion | of their | hearts.
- 7 He hath put down the *mighty* | from their | seat || and *hath* ex- | alted \* the | hum-  
ble \* and | meek.
- 8 He hath filled the *hungry* | with good | things || and the *rich* He hath | sent — |  
empty \* a- | way.
- 9 \* He remembering His mercy hath holpen His *servant* | Is-ra- | el || as He promised  
to our forefathers, *Abraham* | and his | seed for- | ever.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and \* to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
- As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end — |  
*A- — | men.*

\* Last half of Double Chant.

### 913 NUNC DIMITTIS (Luke ii. 29-32)

W. Felton (1714—1769)

C. A. Wickes



J. Turle (1802—1882)



- 1 LORD, now lettest Thou Thy *servant* de- | part in | peace || ac- | cord-ing | to  
Thy | word.
- 2 For mine | eyes have | seen || *Thy* — sal- | va- — | tion,
- 3 Which Thou | hast pre- | pared || before the | face of | all — | people;
- 4 To be a *light* to | lighten \* the | Gentiles || and to be the *glory* of Thy | peo-ple | Is-  
ra- | el.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and \* to the | Son || *and* | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;
- As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end — |  
*A- — | men.*



# Selections for Chanting

## 914 BAPTISMAL CHANT

R. Farrant (1530—1580)



Before the Administration.

(Ps. ciii. 17, 18)

- 1 THE mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon | them that | fear  
Him || And His righteousness | un-to | children's | children.  
2 To *such* as | keep His | cove-nant || And to those that remember *His* com- | mand-  
ment's to | do — | them.

T. Tallis (c. 1520—1585)



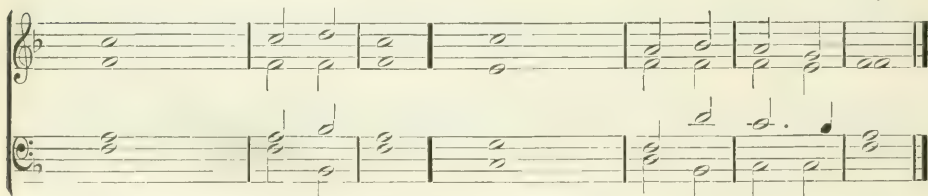
(Mark x. 14)

- 3 Suffer the little children to come unto *Me* and for- | bid them | not || *For* of | such  
is the | kingdom of | heaven.

(Acts ii. 39)

- 4 For the promise is unto *you* and | to your | children || And to all that are afar off,  
even as many as the | Lord our | God shall | call.

Old Melody



After the Administration.

(Ezek. xxxvi. 25, 26)

- 5 Then will I sprinkle clean | water up- | on you || And ye shall | be — | clean :  
6 A new heart also | will I | give you || And a new spirit | will I | put with- | in you,  
7 And I will take away the stony heart | out of your | flesh || And I will | give you a  
heart of | flesh.

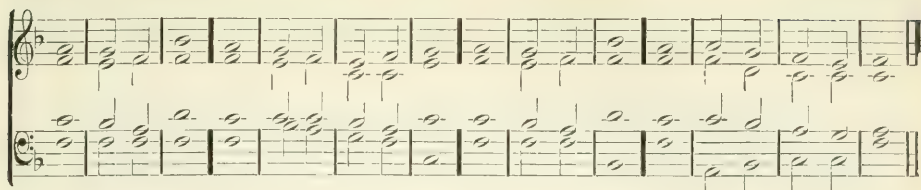
(Is. xlv. 3, 4)

- 8 I will pour my Spirit up- | on thy | seed || And my | blessing up- | on thine | offspring :  
9 And they shall spring up as a- | mong the | grass || As willows | by the | wa-ter- | courses.

## Selections for Chanting

### 915 DOMINUS REGIT ME (Ps. cxiii.)

Anon.



- 1 THE *Lord* | is my | shepherd || *I* | shall — | not — | want.
  - 2 He maketh me to lie *down* in | green — | pastures || He leadeth *me* be- | side the | still — | waters.
  - 3 *He* re- | storeth \* my | soul || He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness | for His | name's — | sake.
  - 4 Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of *death* I will | fear no | evil || for Thou art with me; Thy *rod* and Thy | staff they | com-fort | me.
  - 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the *presence* | of mine | enemies || Thou anoint-est my head with *oil* my | cup — | run-neth | over.
  - 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the *days* | of my | life || and I will dwell in the *house* | of the | Lord for- | ever.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and \* to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost ;  
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — |  
*A- — | men.*

### 916 DE PROFUNDIS (Ps. cxxx.)

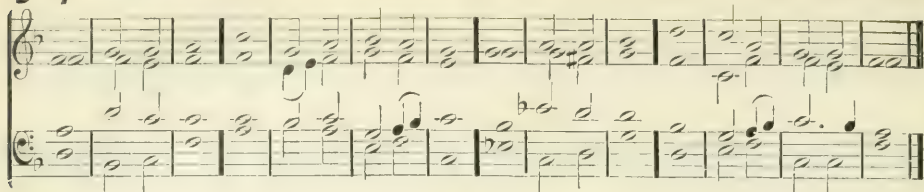


- 1 OUT of the deep have I called unto *Thee* O | Lord || *Lord* hear my | voice.
  - 2 O let Thine ears consider | well || the voice of *my* com- | plaint.
  - 3 If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is *done* a- | miss || O Lord, who *may* a- | bide it.
  - 4 For there is *mercy* with | Thee || therefore shalt *Thou* be | feared.
  - 5 I look for the Lord, my soul doth *wait* for | Him || in His *word* is my | trust.
  - 6 My soul *fleeth* unto the | Lord || before the morning watch, I say before the *morn-*ing | watch.
  - 7 O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the *Lord* there is | mercy || and with Him is *plenteous* re- | demption.
  - 8 And He shall *redeem* Isra- | el || from *all* his sins.
- Glory be to the *Father*, and to the | Son || and to the *Holy* | Ghost ;  
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and *ever* shall be || *world* without *end*. *A- | men.*

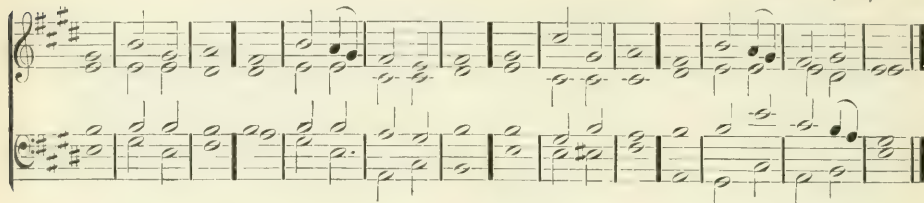
# Selections for Chanting

## 917 THE BEATITUDES (*Matthew v. 3-12*)

J. Turler (1802-1882)



S. P. Warren, 1872



- 1 BLESSED are the | poor in | spirit || for | theirs ' is the | kingdom ' of | heaven.
  - 2 Blessed are | they that | mourn || for | they — | shall be | comforted.
  - 3 Blessed | are the | meek || for | they ' shall in- | herit ' the | earth.
  - 4 Blessed are they which do hunger and *thirst* after | right-eous- | ness || for | they — | shall be | filled.
  - 5 Blessed are the | mer-ci- | ful || for | they ' shall ob- | tain — | mercy.
  - 6 Blessed are the | pure in | heart || for | they shall | see — | God.
  - 7 Blessed are the | peace- — | makers || for they shall be *called* the | children | of — | God.
  - 8 Blessed are they which are persecuted for | righteous- ' ness' | sake || for | theirs ' is the | kingdom ' of | heaven.
  - 9 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile *you* and | perse- ' cute | you || and shall say all manner of evil *against* you | false-ly | for my | sake.
  - 10 Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is *your* re- | ward in | heaven || for so persecuted *they* the | prophets ' which | were be- | fore you.
- Glory be to the *Father* | and ' to the | Son || and | to the | Ho-ly | Ghost;  
As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | ev-er | shall be || *world* without | end. — | A — | men.

## 918 THE LORD'S PRAYER

J. Blow (1648-1708)



- 1 OUR Father which | art in | heaven! || Hallowed | be — | Thy — | name.
- 2 Thy | kingdom | come || Thy will be done *in earth* | as it | is in | heaven.
- 3 Give us this *day* our | daily | bread || and forgive us our *debts* as | we for- | give our | debtors.
- 4 And lead us *not* | into ' temp- | tation || but de- | liv-er | us from | evil:
- 5 For Thine is the kingdom and the | power ' and the | glory || for | ever. | A — | men.

## Selections for Chanting

## 919 RESPONSES TO THE COMMANDMENTS

## Ancient Chant

1—9. Lord, have *mercy* up - on us,    and incline our *hearts* to..... keep this law.  
 10. Lord, have *mercy* up - on us,    and write all these Thy laws in our {  
    hearts (*p*) we be - - - - } seech.... Thee

W. B. Gilbert (1829—)

) *After 9 Commandments.*

After 9 Commandments.

Lord, have mer-cy up-on us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

) *After the 10th Commandment.*

us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.

C. F. Gounod (1818—1893)

) *After 9 Commandments.*

After 9 Commandments.

Lord, have mer - cy up - on us, and in-cline our hearts to keep this law.

) *After the 10th Commandment.*

*Piu lento.*

After the 10th Commandment. *Piu lento.*

us, and write all these Thy laws in our hearts, we be - seech Thee.



# Selections for Chanting

## 920 OFFERTORY SENTENCES

J. Barnby (1838—1896)

*Andante.*

*f* To do good, to do good, and to dis-tribute, for-get not; *dim.* *mp* For with such

sac-ri-fi-ces, God is well pleased, with such sa-cri-fi-ces, God is well pleas-ed.

B. Rogers (1614—1698)

*Moderato.*

*mf* Who-so hath this world's good, and see-eth his broth-er have need, and

*Voices in Unison.*


shut-teth up his com-pas-sion from him: How dwelleth the love of God in him?

W. H. Monk (1823—1889)

Give alms of thy goods, and nev-er turn thy face from a-ny poor man, and then the  
give alms, and and then the

## Selections for Chanting

the Lord..... shall not..... be turn - ed a - way..... from thee.

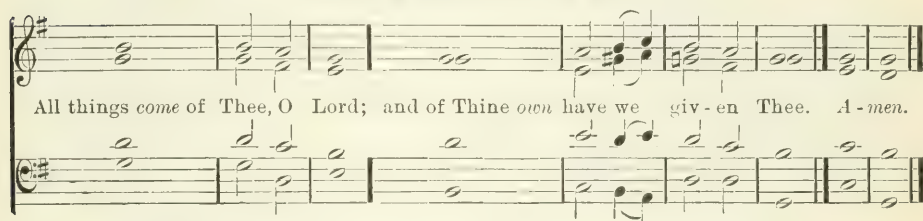


face of the Lord shall not be turn - ed .. a - way..... from thee.

turn - - - ed a - - way..... from thee.

On the Presentation of the Alms.

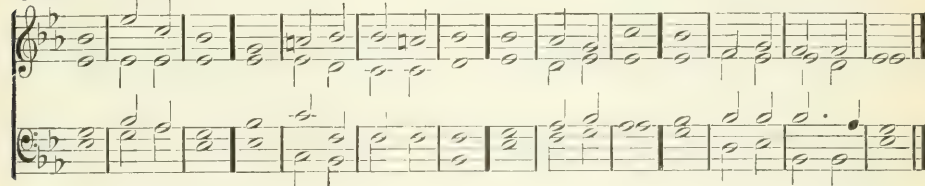
Anon.



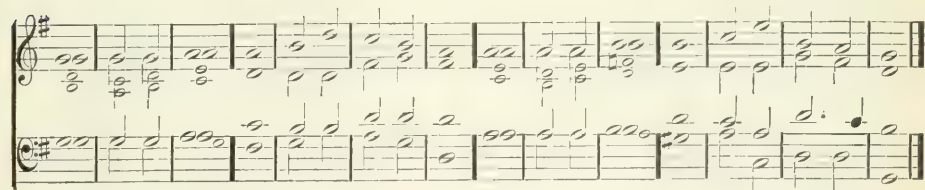
All things come of Thee, O Lord; and of Thine own have we giv - en Thee. A - men.

### 921 GLORIA PATRI

J. Robinson (1682—1762)



G. M. Garrett (1834—1897)



Arr. fr. M. Luther, by S. P. Warren.



Glory be to the *Father* | and \* to the | *Son* || and | to the | *Ho-ly* | *Ghost* ;  
 As it was in the beginning, is *now* and | *ev-er* | shall be || *world* without | *end*. — |  
 A — | *men*.

# Dorologies

- 1                      GLORIA PATRI
- See Chant No. 921
- 2                      L. M.
- See Hymn No. 1.
- 3                      L. M. 6 l.
- To God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
Be honor, praise, and glory given,  
By all on earth, and all in heaven. AMEN.  
I. Watts 1709
- 4                      L. M. 8 l.
- ALL might and wisdom, Lord! are Thine:  
From age to age Thy splendors shine,  
Thy righteousness, Thy radiant grace —  
Eternal light Thy dwelling-place.  
O God — the Father and the Son  
And Spirit — Holy, Mighty, One!  
We praise, we bless Thee, and adore:  
To Thee, all glory evermore! AMEN.  
R. G. Greene 1896
- 5                      C. M.
- To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be ever more. AMEN.  
Tate and Brady 1696
- 6                      C. M. 8 l.
- LET thrones and powers in heaven give  
praise;  
Let earth, with glad accord,  
Thy Name exalt to endless days,  
Who art the only Lord.  
O Holy, Blessed, Mighty One,  
Thou God whom we adore;  
To Thee, all glory! — Father, Son,  
And Spirit — evermore. AMEN.  
R. G. Greene 1896
- 7                      S. M.
- ETERNAL, Holy Lord!  
Thy Name we glorify —  
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost —  
Jehovah, God Most High. AMEN.  
R. G. Greene 1896
- 8                      H. M. or 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.
- O BLESSED, Holy One!  
All worship, praise, and Love,  
To Thee — the Father, Son,  
And Spirit — God above!  
Let earth and heaven with one accord  
Sing Thine eternal glory, Lord. AMEN  
R. G. Greene 1896
- 9                      6s. 4s. 7 l.
- O GOD, most Glorious One —  
The Father and the Son  
And Spirit — blest!  
To Thee whom we adore,  
Who wast all worlds before,  
And shalt be evermore,  
Be praise addressed. AMEN.  
R. G. Greene 1896
- 10                      7s. 6s. 8 l.
- O MIGHTY God and Holy,  
Fount of unchanging grace,  
Whose mercy ever shineth —  
The brightness of Thy face;  
To Thee, all praise and glory,  
Thou God of love and might!  
The Father, Son, and Spirit —  
Thou uncreated Light! AMEN.  
R. G. Greene 1896
- 11                      7s.
- THEE, Eternal God, Most High,  
Thee we laud and magnify;  
Glorious o'er the heavenly host —  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. AMEN.  
R. G. Greene 1896
- 12                      8s. 7s.
- PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven,  
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,  
As it was, and is, be given  
Glory through eternal days. AMEN.  
Anon. 1827
- 13                      8s. 7s. 6 l.
- PRAISE and honor to the Father,  
Praise and honor to the Son,  
Praise and honor to the Spirit,  
Ever Three and ever One;  
One in might and one in glory  
While eternal ages run. AMEN.  
J. M. Neale 1851
- 14                      8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.
- GLORY be to God the Father,  
Glory be to God the Son,  
Glory be to God the Spirit,  
Great Jehovah, Three in One:  
Glory, Glory,  
While eternal ages run. AMEN.  
H. Bonar 1866
- 15                      10s.
- O FATHER and Son and Spirit, above —  
Thou God only One! to Thee be all love:  
From earth and from heaven, all glory to  
Thee,  
As ever was given and ever shall be. AMEN.  
R. G. Greene 1896

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